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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
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Poetry.

The Old and the New.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells across the snow;
The year is going, let him go,
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor—
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out—ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free—
The larger heart, the kinder hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Select Literature.

JULES JANIN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"Eighteen hundred and four! What a good year to be born in!" exclaimed Janin. A more glorious year was never counted in the catalogue of past centuries! In that year, the hero of Marigny received the imperial crown; in that year, the prince of critics was born. The blessed place was St. Etienne, near Lyons. His parents were poor but honest. We are happy to mention the very day this great event occurred; it was the twentieth of December. The name given to him at the baptismal font was "Jules Gabriel."

In the Lyceum of the second city of France, our hero began those studies, which served him so well, in after years, to sport with Tacitus, to murder Juvenal, to torture Suetonius, to butcher Virgil, and to slay old father Horace. At fifteen, he is nicknamed the "Little Prodigy."

"Dispatch this prodigious youth to the college of Louis the Great, in Paris," exclaimed an old uncle; "he will there win the first honors, and then we shall see all the other institutions disputing the glory of educating him gratuitously."

The idea was excellent. A great aunt, who had rocked the baby in his cradle, promised to pay his first year's expenses.

Jules tells us, in his "Contes Nouveaux," a magnificent book, forgotten by the present ungrateful generation, that this old aunt loved him so much, she could not endure the pains of parting, and left the house a week before he set out for Paris.

The hour of departure is at hand. Jules quits his mother with dry eyes. "I would have made her weep, if I had shed tears myself," remarked the considerate young man.

Was ever heard a more remarkable and touching instance of filial affection? "Twas an unexamined act of heroism, that such a boy as Janin could give to the world."

In the stage, he finds himself beside a courtesan: she is a clever girl; her conversation is quite instructive; her discourse contains all the morality which is wanting in her conduct; she exhorts him to shun bad company; and when they separate in the capital, the kind girl kisses him, the pretty boy, on both his cheeks. They say such kisses bring good luck.

Once installed in college, all the prophecies and predictions about him fail. His teachers discover that he knows nothing; he does not gain a single prize; in college language, they call him a "slow coach." Preceptors suffer for it afterward. He was particularly severe on the Jesuits, and made a general slaughter of the clergy—this same young rebel, who read Voltaire in secret, and vented the encyclopedic gall on all who had the misfortune to incur his displeasure. The only trace to his satire was in the refectory; he was fond of eating.

At last his college days are over, and not an honor gained. He is ashamed to go back to Saint Etienne, among his mocking comrades, to his family, disappointed in their fondest hopes.

"I will remain in Paris," exclaimed the determined youth, "if I have to die of hunger here!"

Excellent resolve! But Jules thinks his old aunt might help him, so he writes to her. She comes. Rent is high in Paris, and it absorbs half the old dame's income. "You must work, my boy," she said to Jules, "or we may suffer."

He bestirs himself, and gives private lessons in Greek, Latin, geography, and history, though he knew very little of either. "Zounds!" said he, "give me eight days' notice, and I'll undertake to teach Hebrew and Syriac!"

This put money in his purse; and as "aunt" understood cooking better than "sonny" did the dead languages, the table was excellent, and they fared finely.

Now boon companions began to flock around him, and gentle friends to seek his favor. Oh! delicious times were those! What nice suppers, with dainty wines and love-sick songs! And, don't you think, the foolish youth had the indiscretion to mention names! Lily, Rose, and Alexandrine can never pardon him. Listen to his rhapsodies about them:

"By heavens! it is not a dream, the grissette of Paris! She is the beau-ideal of a poet's poor existence! . . . Poor little things they used to come and see me of winter evenings, with a rosy 'phiz,' and little 'paws' benumbed with cold!"

In the era of his history where we find ourselves, Jules was dying to possess a dog. All his thoughts, all his expressions turn on dogs. He hastens to the canine market, bent on the purchase of a dog. His heart flutters at the sight of so many barking, growling, whining, nosy, nasty, living animals. He passes from the greyhound to the bull-dog, from the setter to the mastiff, from the Newfoundland to the Spaniel, from the Saint Bernard to the terrier. Yes, because a short-eared, stiff-haired, tailless terrier extended his paw more kindly than the rest, Janin purchased him.

The poor dog little suspected what an ungrateful master he was going to have. The purchase-money amounted to the heavy sum of five-and-twenty francs. The dog is christened with the name of Azor, and then introduced to "aunt." At first, the good old lady was very much distressed at the odd purchase; but when she found the dog and Jules were such good friends, she became reconciled to the bargain, and said to the neighbors: "It was wrong to complain; Jules and Azor are like brothers!"

With a dog, friends and pretty girls, and a well-replenished purse, Jules led a life of silk and gold.

When summer came, his pupils deserted him for the country. No more lessons, no more suppers. He next got a situation in a boarding-school, at fifty francs a month. The master of this college, named Bimar, was not successful; pupils began to leave him; and at last, the sheriff came to seize his furniture. Janin had taught three months in the school, and had not received a sou of his wages; one hundred and fifty francs were due him; so he invented this plan to secure his debt.

"Have you not a cask of wine in the cellar?"

"Yes," answered the dominie.

Janin goes out, disguises himself in a cap and jacket, fills an old wine-cask with water, puts it on a wheelbarrow, and rolls it to Bimar's house.

"Go, tell Mr. Bimar," said he to the unsuspecting porter, "that I wish to change the last cask of wine he bought of me; and then come back and lend me a hand."

The wine was wheeled away and sold, and the cask of water left in its stead. As soon as he could change his clothes, Janin returned to the *magister*, and said: "Now I have my money; come to Vefour's, and I'll give you a receipt. Let the old house and furniture go to the devil, and the officers with it, if they choose; but you come with me." He dragged the school-master away with him, gave him a monster breakfast, and they both got gloriously drunk.

When Janin tells this anecdote, he sums the bill of fare, the list of wines, the sum-total of costs, and winds up by saying:

"Poor Bimar! I succeeded in consoling you a whole day, for your ruin; it was the best act of my life; and the breakfast was the best I ever tasted!"

During the reception he delights in the writings of Geoffroy, the theatrical critic; he sees the power of the pen.

"Oh! if I could only be a journalist!" sighed our hero.

He was walking on the Boulevard when this sight escaped him, and Azor was skipping around him, in the company of an accidental playmate.

"Come here, Flora," exclaimed an elegant lady; "you shan't keep company with such an ugly brute as that," striking Azor with her parasol.

"If you please, Madam, do not strike my dog, if he is ugly," returned our hero.

The lady's companion turning, rushed into Janin's arms. They were old school-mates. "You are looking so well!"

"But I am not doing well," meekly answered Janin.

"Fi, don't despair! If you have no profession, do as I do: make a pen, and write for the papers."

"I was just thinking of that very thing," said Jules, with animation.

"Come and dine with us this evening, and then we will go to the Comic Opera, where the lady has a box."

From this time forward, Jules disliked his dog, just because the actress had called him ugly. Jules began to love the lady better than his dog, and the dog became disheartened, and soon died; the malicious whisper, from the effects of poison. And the dog was the cause of the acquaintance that made Jules what he was; the dog gave him that day, the protection of an editor, a comfortable dinner, an arm-chair in a front box, by the side of a pretty woman, and endless hopes. The dog made him, and he killed the dog; such is human gratitude! But this is not the first dog

that ever complained of man's ingratitude. Janin's first trial was at the "Lorgnette." His chief duty was to criticize the pieces performed at the "Ambigu Comique." The nymphs of that region smile on him, to obtain a flattering notice in his paper; while they ridicule him in his back, and call him "Jean-Jean," a nick-name he detests.

After his aunt's death, Janin moved to an attic in St. James's street, though his circumstances would have permitted a better lodging.

He dropped the "Lorgnette" after eight months' trial, and took up "Figaro." He says of this Journal:

"It was full of gall and bitterness; every morning some new thunder pealed, and vivid lightning flashed. We were wicked without malice, and unconsciously cruel!" and he ought to have added: "Witty without wit, and ignorantly amusing!"

One of the best things in "Figaro" was the burlesque inaugural of the Duke of Montmorency, when made a member of the French Academy. Janin was on the point of being prosecuted for the article, when he made this defense:

"Indeed, my lord, you are a member of the Academy, one of the choice forty! I assure your lordship I was ignorant of the fact; and if I have led the people into error, it was unintentional. What I meant is this: Monsieur le Duc, host of the White Horse hotel, at Montmorency, was made a member of the 'Social Choir,' the evening I was there; and I reported his inaugural address, and signed it, 'Le Duc de Montmorency.'"

The double meaning was kept up through the whole discourse. The laughter was on Janin's side; and the most noble duke had to submit to the ridicule. Triboulet, in making fun of his master, Francis the First, was not more lucky.

Now let me tell the origin of the "Dead Donkey," Janin's best tale.

There was a young actress, named Hetty Line, who attracted our hero's attention. She welcomed his advances, and he fancied his conquest would be easy; but she lived with her mother, and he could not desecrate the maternal mansion. But that did not prevent the cunning gipsy from finding her way to Janin's lodging, whence she returned with praises and pretty presents. One evening, our lion finds that he has a rival, a handsome painter; a duel is about to ensue; a reconciliation takes place, and they swear never to see the girl again.

Three days after, Janin stole to see her, and found his rival there! In his vengeance, he began the story of the "Dead Donkey." It was not quite a prophecy; the painter and the girl were married soon. She was a prudent wife, and kind mother, and had the esteem of the world, and her husband's love.

When illuminated books began to be the fashion, Jean wrote for many periodicals, and published stories too numerous to mention. Janin never could write a drama; he has tried repeatedly. He attempted to lecture on history, and he failed; the illustrious La Harpe had just preceded him. He is conscious of his impotency, and sticks to criticism; he cannot create, and he will creep. How he mutilates history, geography, everything!

He married in October, 1841; and instead of going to bed, the wedding night, he goes to his office, and writes a history of the affair, for his paper, the "Debats." Was the like ever known before? A few days after, Mr. Rolla, of the "National," makes a scorching reply to Janin's epithetism.

The poor Benedict, crushed by ridicule, made no response.

Not long after this he suffered a terrible chastisement from the author of the "Démocrate de Saint-Cyr." Dumas nearly annihilated him, for having severely criticized his play. Roqueplan gave him a last and finishing blow, almost unnecessary, by the way, for our poor critic had not recovered from his other late misfortunes.

Janin, now humbled, makes a confession, and acknowledges his faults. As age creeps upon him, he descends from his exalted station, and proposes to make amends. He has put on a hermit's dress, and has become a good apostle. He will notice common people now, and if you take off your hat to him, he will return the salutation. He goes to the "Cafe Vernon" every night, and plays dominoes with the first comers. He is not very proud at present. When he quits the Cafe, he condescends to stop and talk an hour with the tobacco woman on the Italian Boulevard.

He desires the friendship of everybody now, and seeks to make many friends. He is endeavoring to rebuild what he has been twenty years in pulling down. We cordially thank heaven for his conversion.

His present virtues have so far compensated for his past vices, that I am sorry I have written so many unpleasant truths about him.

Occasionally his old habits return, and we see the ancient wolf of criticism growl and show his jagged teeth. He means no harm; he has forgotten that his bite is no longer venomous; and yet he strikes his breast, and laments the lambskins of the flock, which he has voraciously devoured.

We hope they are not crocodile tears!

Some disagreeable person says: "I've not known as much as her daughters of the present day. Had they been in her place instead of being deceived, they would have deceived the devil!"

Aunt Miriam's Adventure.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Evening had closed darkly round the little brown farm-house in the hollow; gray November night-fall and the wild Niagara of crimson sunset fire had poured its flaming tides long since into the great unseemly chalice of splendor that lies hidden somewhere beyond the western horizon line—the monuments around where rest untombed alike, the days crowned with roses, and those baptised in tears. There was no sound without, save the branches of the huge sycamore tree chafing uneasily against the moss-enameled roof, and the plaining wind among the brown and scarlet drifts of leaves that carpeted every dingle of the woods. Within, the red bricks of the hearth had been swept until they shone as if carved in coral, and the many tongues of flame danced and crackled among the gigantic logs like a band of elfin sprites.

The cricket that harbored somewhere in the chimney corner had commenced his vespers, and Aunt Miriam Fenner's brisk knitting needles shone and glanced in the fire-light as she sat there in an old-fashioned cap-border and spectacles, looking almost as pretty—so Uncle Peter thought—as she used to look in the days when he came sparking, and was wont to contemplate the evolutions of her gleaming needles while he considered what it was best to say next!

Nobody would have suspected Peter of any such romantic meditation, as he sat there sorting out seed corn and packages of blue beans on his round table, and labeling them with portentous deliberation! So little do we know what is passing in one another's minds!

There was a third person, sitting in the red leather glow, however; a young man of about twenty-four years of age, with dark brown hair and eyes to correspond, who amused himself by tantalizing Aunt Miriam's kitten with the good old lady's ball of yarn—the animal, like all the rest of her sex, becoming more and more anxious for the woolly sphere the higher it was held!

"So you've really made up your mind to get married, James—do stop teasing that kitten!" said the old lady, with a constrained voice.

"Yes, Aunt Miriam; it isn't good for man to be alone, you know."

There was a silence again. James Arnett wound and unwound his yarn very unnecessarily; Uncle Peter eyed his seed-pans thoughtfully, and Mrs. Fenner knit energetically on, with pursed-up lips and a scarcely perceptible shrug of the shoulders.

"Aunt Miriam, I wish you could see Millicent," said the young man at length.

"I can't say I have any desire to see your city young ladies, James," said Aunt Miriam, coldly; "they're too fine spun for an old woman like me. White hands and piano playin' may be very grand—I dare say it is—but it don't suit my taste."

"But, Auntie, I am sure you would like her. Come, now, do be reasonable, and go over to Squire Brownell's with me to-night; she is spending a week at her grandfather's, and she would be so much gratified to see you!"

"Thank you, I ain't curious on the subject," responded Aunt Miriam primly.—"Only I heard that Miss Brownell had a bad stroke of rheumatism, and I don't see how she gets along to wait on her new-fangled granddarter!"

"I can't understand why you are so prejudiced against poor Millicent, Aunt Miriam," said the young man, uneasily. "I won't disguise from you that it makes me very unhappy to think of marrying without the approval of one who has been a mother to me, and yet—"

"And yet you're determined to go your own gait; that's the plain English of it, James," said Aunt Miriam. "Well, I suppose you can do without my consent; you'll never get it, anyhow!" And she poked the fire vigorously as the old clock began to strike.

"Seven o'clock!" ejaculated James, starting up, "and I promised to be at the post-office by this time. There's to be a meeting about the minister's Thanksgiving donation party, you know, Uncle Peter! Bless me, I didn't imagine how late it was!"

And, with a gay parting nod to his aunt, he disappeared.

"There he goes—as good a boy as ever lived," said Uncle Peter; "but I guess afore the evenin' comes to an end, he'll contrive to get round to Squire Brownell's. Miriam, you may as well say yes to that affair, at once; he's determined to marry the gal, rings and city fashions and all."

"I wish we'd never sent him to college in New York," signed Mrs. Fenner; "then he would not have come across this city sweet-heart."

"Then he'd had come across somebody else; so it's as broad as it is long," remarked Uncle Peter, philosophically.

"Yes, but it might have been a smart stirring gal who knew how to keep house, not a useless toy, good for nothin' but to hang gay clothes on. I tell you, Peter, I can't approve of it, no how."

Uncle Peter whistled "Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound," and returned once more to the contemplation of his melon seeds and corn kernels.

Nine o'clock; the fire covered with a mound of brown ashes; the cricket chirping drowsily, and Uncle Peter snoring melodiously from an inner room, still Mrs. Fenner sat there mechanically playing her knitting needles, yet unconscious that the kitten was frisking about, and hopelessly entangling her precious ball of homespun yarn—deaf and blind to everything but her own thoughts.

"After all," she mentally resumed the next minute, "there can't be any harm in it, if I just slip on my hood and shawl and go through the orchard path, across to Squire Brownell's. Not that I'd go in—not a bit of it; but I'd merely take a peep in at the keepin'-room window as I went past. I would like to see what sort of a face it was that has bewitched James so completely; but he must never be any the wiser for it!"

She pondered a second or two longer, then rose hurriedly, extinguished the little candle that stood in a shining brass candlestick on the mantel, listened a moment to the unbroken monotony of Uncle Peter's snores, and muffled a shawl round her head, withdrew the bolt of the kitchen door, and crept out into the starless gloom of the November night!

It was but a short distance, under the branches of the gnarled old apple-trees and into the turnpike road. Aunt Miriam felt a little conscience-stricken as she lifted the wicket of Squire Brownell's gate, and stole noiselessly up the chrysanthemum bordered walk; she couldn't help wondering what Elder Oliver would say if he were to become aware that she, the sagacious old lady in the congregation, were prowling about here like a thief in the night.

"It's all for James's sake," said the venerable dame, under her breath, as she pushed aside the great sweetbrier that hung over the panes, and peeped slyly into the window.

Mrs. Brownell sat in a big arm-chair by the fire, her feet swathed in flannel; the squire was smoking his pipe over a three-days old newspaper; and before a pine table, at the other end of the room, stood a rosy-cheeked girl of perhaps seventeen, the sleeves of her crimson merino dress rolled up above a pair of exquisitely dimpled elbows, and her hands buried in a wooden tray of flour-engaged, in fact, in the operation which housekeepers call "setting a sponge." So much at home did she seem in the culinary art, that Aunt Miriam said to herself, very decidedly, "This can't be the city visitor; I wonder where she is?" when her doubts were all dispelled by Mrs. Brownell's voice:

"Millicent, I wish you'd write out the receipt for the cake you made for tea—I don't see where you learned to be so handy about the house!"

"Why, grandmother!" said the young lady gaily, "you seem to forget that my mother was educated under your eye. She does not believe that French and music are everything a girl needs to learn. Now do put those stockings down—I'll see that they are duly mended, by-and-by."

Aunt Miriam turned away from the window more bewildered than ever, but with a very satisfied feeling stirring under the heap of prejudices that had filled her kind, old heart. If it were the much-talked-of Millicent, things might not be so very bad, after all. And Milly worked away at her sponge, the merry smiles dimpling over her face, utterly unconscious of the audience of "one," who was now contemplating a retreat.

But the adventures of the night were not yet at a close. As Aunt Miriam groped her way towards the path, lamenting the pitchy darkness of the night, and the crackling of the crisp leaves as her not very elastic foot shuffled through them, every pulse in her frame came to a sudden pause of terror, as a pair of muscular arms were thrown round her, and a moustache came in contact with her cheek.

Such a kiss—Aunt Miriam could not remember its like since the days when Peter Fenner courted the beauty of the village. In vain she struggled breathlessly to escape—wherever the individual might be, he didn't do things by halves, and evidently had no disposition to relinquish his prize.

"My darling little Milly! how did you know I was coming to-night?"

Then came another kiss, before Aunt Miriam could exclaim, in stifled accents—

"James Arnett, are you crazy? do let go of me, and behave like a sensible creature!"

The arms unclasped with electric speed.

"Aunt Miriam! how on earth—"

"Hush! don't speak above your breath! There now—if you're going to laugh like that, you'll raise the town!"

"I—I can't help it, Aunt Miriam," gasped James, clinging to the gate-post, and vainly trying to check the gusts of laughter that would come. "What will Uncle Peter say? Who would have expected to find Mrs. Fenner, Vice President of the Dorcas Society?"

"James, hold your tongue, if you don't want me to box your ears. And if you breathe a word of this to any living soul—"

"Well, I won't, auntie—I won't upon my word; only the whole affair is so supremely ridiculous."

"Nonsense," said Aunt Miriam, slipping through the gate. "There, you needn't turn back with me, you silly boy. Go in and see Milly—I know that's what you prefer. And James—"

"Well, Aunt Miriam."

"I've changed my mind about that little Milly of yours. I don't believe you can find a prettier wife, or a better, so settle matters as soon as you please, and we'll see whether your old Aunt Miriam has forgotten how to make wedding cake."

"But are you in earnest, aunt?"

"Never was more so in my life."

"What has altered your convictions? surely I may ask that one question?"

"That isn't at all to the purpose, young man. But remember, not a word of this ridiculous adventure."

"You know how to administer bribes, Aunt Miriam," said the youth gayly, as he unfolded the old lady in his arms, and gave her yet a third kiss.

Through the starless darkness she hurried—under the wind-tossed apple trees, and beneath the friendly shadow of her own porch, where Uncle Peter's snores yet resounded like muffled trumpets.

"What makes you so late, wife?" demanded a drowsy voice from the inner apartment, as she glided around, replacing shawls and wrappers. "I've been as fast asleep as a dormouse, I do believe—but I did think I heard the click of the bolt."

"It must have been the kitten among the tin-pans," quoth Aunt Miriam—the nearest approach to fib she ever indulged in, before, or after.

And in subsequent life, when the firm conviction seized her, that James Arnett had imparted her secret—in strict confidence of course—to his pretty wife, she consoled herself by saying, mentally:

"Well, I don't care if he has—for my part, I shall always be glad of that peep into Squire Brownell's window."

The Afflicted Family.

Young ladies should know that the "French twist," which is so popular among them, as a style of dressing the hair, is a dangerous adornment. One of our eminent surgeons was called upon, a few days ago, to perform an operation upon the head of a young lady, who had actually torn the skin from the cranium, by reason of the tightness of the "twist." The family of which she is a member, has been peculiarly afflicted.

A young sister, a short time since, had the carriage of both her ears torn by the weight of her ear-rings, and one of her arms became paralyzed in consequence of the tightness of her bracelet. This happened on the same day she put her thumb out of joint, endeavoring to get a tight kid glove upon her hand. An older sister was so much addicted to the use of cosmetics, that having been attacked by the measles, the disease was unable to work its way out, in consequence of the manner in which the pores of her face were put up with pearl powder. Saffron and warm drinks were unavailing. The disease struck in, the unfortunate young lady died, and on her death-bed confessed that she had choked out her own fate.

Another sister, agonized at this afflictive dispensation, went into a rapid decline, the consequence of an acute spinal disease, caused by the "odious style of long dresses" now in vogue. The fact produced such an excitement upon another, the last child of this unfortunate family, that in her anxiety on the subject of the "Bloomer dress," she has become an incurable lunatic, and is confined in a cell adjoining that of the mother of this afflicted family, whose insanity was caused by lacing herself so tightly that she nearly starved herself by choking up the alimentary canal. Awful, indeed!—*Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch*

PHYSICAL SUFFERING IN DEATH.—There seems to be a great diversity of opinion as to the amount of actual suffering in the final struggle of death. This, of course, must depend very much on the nature of the disease as well as the strength of the constitution.

"In many cases I have witnessed," says the late Dr. J. C. Warren, "I have felt a deep interest in ascertaining whether the approach of death was accompanied, as was commonly supposed, with a degree of suffering. The laborious respiration, the frequent groans, convulsive struggles of the patient, lead his friends to believe that he is undergoing great distress. In such a state the physician may generally arouse the patient from an apparent stupor, common in those cases, sufficient to make him comprehend the question, 'Are you in pain?' The answer is, 'No.'"

"Have you any particular suffering?" "No." "What do you feel?" "I cannot tell." Such are the answers which I have always received to my questions. If the patient is not in a condition to answer such questions, he cannot be in a state of suffering. Whatever may be the physical agitation of the chest, face, limbs, or of the whole frame, they are not recognized by the penitent principle."

CURE FOR EARACHE.—An exchange paper recommends the following as a certain cure for the earache: Take a small piece of cotton batting, or cotton wool, make a depression in the centre with the end of the finger, and fill it with as much ground pepper as will rest on a five cent piece, gather it into a ball and tie it up; dip the ball into sweet oil and insert it in the ear, covering the latter with cotton wool, and use a bandage or cap to retain it in its place. Almost instant relief will be experienced, and the application is so gentle that an infant will not be injured by it, but experience relief as well as adults.

"Heroine" is perhaps as peculiar a word as any in our language. The first two letters of it are male, the first three are female, the first four a brave man, and the whole a brave woman.

A Strange but True Story.

A circumstance which fully illustrates the saying that "truth is stranger than fiction," recently came before Judge Sharswood, in the District Court. Had it not been for the legal question involved in the events to which we refer, they would have never, probably, had any publicity given them. Some time since there was a couple residing in this city, who were surrounded with many blessings. The husband possessed a comfortable share of worldly goods, his wife and himself were fondly attached to each other, and together they doated upon an only child. The first blow to their happiness was in the death of the little one, who sickened and died, leaving its parents heart broken. The death of the child fell like a shadow upon the household; the parents became unhappy, morose, and in the train of their melancholy, and absolute aversion for each other's society followed. The sored and discontented pair finally determined upon a separation and a divorce was procured.

After a time both married again, and they became utter strangers to each other, so far as social intercourse was concerned. It so happened that it became necessary to remove the remains of the dead child from the grave where it had been interred, and the father was notified of the fact. A handsome lot was procured by the latter in one of the cemeteries north of the city, and a day was fixed for the reinterment. The father notified the former wife, and the mother of the child, of the circumstance, and informed her by note, that if she thought proper she could attend the burial of the remains. The mother accepted the invitation, and with her second husband repaired to the cemetery. The father, with his second wife was already there. The little coffin was placed near the open grave, and the parents of its occupant advanced to it while the second wife and husband stood in the background. The couple who had been so long estranged, and who again met so strangely over their dead hopes, gazed earnestly at each other, the solemnity of the hour revived their old tenderness, and falling into each other's arms, burst into tears. The reinterment took place and the parties returned to their proper homes.

With the respect of all who were interested in the father of the dead child visited on terms of friendship, his former wife, and they were in the habit of riding out together.

Not long after this singular reconciliation, the father of the child took sick and died.

Before his death he placed in the hands of a friend two city bonds of a thousand dollars each, to be handed over to his first wife in the event of his death. In his will he appointed, as his executors, the friend who was the custodian of the bonds, and his first and second wives. The friend in his capacity of trustee was uncertain as to the legality of the gift under the circumstances, and he made application to the court for a decision in the matter, so as to secure himself from loss. The legal heirs of the deceased offered no

The Middlesex Journal,

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

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AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading.—Dr. J. D. MANFIELD.
Woburn.—E. T. MOODY.
Worcester.—JOSIAH HOVEY.
Reading.—THOMAS RICHARDSON.

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TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 4, 1862.

The Mason and Slidell controversy has been concluded, very much to the relief of the public mind. The "august personages," whose arrest raised the bellicose spirit of the English nation so very high, took their leave of Fort Warren on Wednesday forenoon, in a tug boat, which carried them to Provincetown, where the British man-of-war Rinaldo awaited their coming. The transition of these men from the protection of the Stars and Stripes to that of the Union Jack, was quiet and unostentatious. Doubtless Commander Hudson felt much annoyance while performing the duty involved upon him by his government. Well, now that they are off and the trouble about them settled, the country breathes freer, and trusts that its naval captains will not again place it in so unenviable a position. But why should we be said against Captain Wilkes's proceeding, when the learned of the country adhered to it and justified it? But still we cannot help thinking how much better it would have been, had he let those settlers of their country proceed upon their contemptible errand, instead of arresting them and counselling his government to choose between the alternative of returning them or accepting a foreign war.

Earl Russell, in presenting the case to Mr. Seward through Lord Lyons, is very careful not to enter upon a discussion of international law bearing upon the subject, but confines himself to a statement of the transaction on board the Trent as related to his government by Williams, the mail agent on board that vessel; his belief that the United States Government did not prompt their officer to the act, and the demands to be made by Lord Lyons upon Mr. Seward. Consequently we think that all the old and cherished ideas of England upon international law remain intact, and that Mr. Seward's belief that she, in making the demand for the surrender of Mason and Slidell, showed her acceptance of the doctrines of the United States as given to James Monroe, while minister to England in 1804, by James Madison then Secretary of State, will not prove correct, however just it may be. Nations are like individuals in their dealings with each other; they take advantage of every quibble that presents itself, to further their aims and give an air of legality to their proceedings. M. Thouverin in his despatch to M. Mercier, French Minister at Washington, says, "that which constitutes contraband of war is not yet, it is true, exactly settled," and it is just this that leads us to think that England will not renounce her policy, but that she will cling to it with as much tenacity as ever. Time alone can prove the correctness of this belief.

To our mind, the Trent affair has demonstrated one fact very clearly, and that is that we have little of a friendly nature to expect from Europe, but much that is unfriendly. England, in demanding the restitution of the rebel commissioners, was backed by France, and perhaps other powers, which no doubt gave her more courage to make her demands peremptory. France we have ever considered our friend, even before we had a national existence, but just at this moment she is not in a position to incur the displeasure of England with impunity. Her finances are in a precarious situation, and Louis Napoleon knows too much to engage in a war with England with a depleted treasury. He knows that English gold proved the downfall of his uncle, and that it might prove the same to him. However much he might like to avenge Waterloo, he is now compelled to wait with patience for a better season. He must follow, for a time at least, in the footsteps of his powerful rival across the channel; consequently he is powerless to help us and it is possible that he might be forced to throw in his weight against us. If we are not much mistaken by the signs of the times, there has been a secret "understanding," by these two nations, upon our affairs. This understanding may develop itself sooner than many imagine. It is an easy matter for them to agree to help each other in the accomplishment of their ends. If France desires the acquisition of more territory in Europe, in order to draw attention away from home matters, and if England wants cotton from America, and it may be also a protectorate over the Southern States, it is not to be supposed that there will be any trouble in mak-

leg arrangements accordingly. The pulse of both nations will beat in unison, and the color of France will float side by side with the cross of St. George, as was the case in '54. The fact of the matter is this, we have more to fear from foreign interference, than we have from the combined power of the rebels. If the rebellion is uncrushed six months hence, or it may be a shorter time, we must not be surprised if we see ourselves in the position of an invalid, and attended by Drs. France and England, whose pills at this time may be as large and as hard to take as were those they prescribed for Russia seven years ago.

If this is to be the case, and even if it is not to be, what is our duty now, and henceforth until every vestige of the power of secession is obliterated? Need we answer this question, when it has already been answered in the mind of the reader? We think not; it is too potent not to be understood and felt. We must have a forward movement of the army in Virginia just as soon as it is prudent; and when we have gained one success, do not let us stop to glorify it, but let us march on and gain new advantages at every step, until Jeff. Davis and his minions are prostrate at our feet begging for their forfeited lives; then we can have one great and grand glorification that will be felt where ever there is one human being that is true to liberty and just government.

Rev. Mr. March's Resignation.

We have the pleasure of stating this week, that Mr. March has withdrawn his resignation as Pastor of the First Congregational Church, and that the act has been approved by the Parish. The causes for this change in Mr. March's intentions, are mentioned in his letter of withdrawal which we publish below. We congratulate the Church, and also the town—for had Mr. March left us, it would have been a loss to the town as well as to the Society—that circumstances have arisen which preclude his departure from among us, yet we do not for a moment forget his severe family afflictions, but hope and trust that they will be so ameliorated as to render his future residence in Woburn both pleasant and satisfactory.

At a meeting of the First Congregational Parish, held on Thursday evening last, on Article 11 of the Warrant, J. G. Pollard was chosen Moderator. On Art. 24, L. L. Whitney was chosen Parish Clerk in place of Dr. Rickard, deceased. At this stage of the meeting, the Moderator read the following letter from Rev. Mr. March:—

"To Messrs. Thomas Richardson, Jotham Hill, and William A. Stone, Committee of the First Congregational Parish in Woburn, Gentlemen,

Last week stated to you that in my judgment a proper regard for the health of my family would require me to ask a dismission from my charge as Pastor of the First Church in Woburn. And I then requested you to call a meeting of the Parish to hear and act upon my resignation.

The circumstances which led me to ask a dismission, have now so far changed as to lead me to think that the object which I had in view in proposing a removal would not be gained by carrying it into effect. I therefore, at your suggestion, and in accordance with my own views and feelings, now withdraw my resignation.

Very respectfully yours,
DANIEL MARCH.
Woburn, Jan. 2, 1862."

It was then voted that Art. 3d, which related to Mr. March's resignation, be dismissed.

The following resolution was then unanimously adopted, which is the same in import as that passed by the Church at its meeting on Wednesday evening:—

Resolved, That the First Congregational Parish in Woburn, tender its warmest sympathy to Rev. Mr. March in his continued domestic afflictions, and desire to express the hope that he may long continue the Pastor of this people, and that his ministry may be as satisfactory and useful to them in the future as it has so eminently been in the past.

On motion the following resolution was adopted:—

WHEREAS, it has pleased God in his providence to remove by death, since our last meeting, our esteemed and efficient Clerk, Dr. T. Rickard, and it is Resolved, that we hereby express our satisfaction and gratitude for his faithful and pre-eminently superior performance of his prolonged services.

Resolved, That this expression of our appreciation be put on record in the Parish books as a memorial, and also be communicated to his family by the Clerk.

OLD BOREAS ON A FROLIC.—The king of the elements enjoyed New Year's Day by having a regular North West blow out, and by playing severe antics with roofs, chimneys, and anything else that was exposed to his caprice. In Woburn, several chimneys were blown down, portions of buildings removed, and much glass broken. In West Cambridge, a friend tells us, one of the large chimneys belonging to Griffith's Saw Factory was blown down. It was 120 feet high, and in falling damaged an adjacent building and its contents, which consisted of machinery, &c. to the amount of \$1,000. Also, we learn from the same source, that half the roof of a shed belonging to Mr. Elbridge Farmer, at the "foot of the rock" in West Cambridge, was taken off and carried two rods. The Boston papers detail many similar casualties. Take it altogether, we think, that the old man had things pretty much his own way; at any rate he handled the ladies rather roughly.

A correspondent in North Woburn, proposes to have the clock on the old Congregational Meeting House, removed to that people there. We cannot see any great reason why this plan should not be favorably considered by our citizens. If the people of North Woburn will take the clock and keep it in good running order, they might as well have it, because as it is now kept, it is of no use to the Center; and further the one on the new church will serve all practical purposes in this section. At any rate it will not do any harm to consider the subject,

Mr. Everett's Lecture.

This lecture, which was delivered on Tuesday evening, was attended by a very large number of persons, every available place in the hall being occupied. Mr. Everett listened to for an hour and a half, while portraying the history of this rebellion from nullification times down to the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and while giving his own opinions upon the subject, with the greatest attention and pleasure. The latter portion of his lecture, was truly eloquent, and delighted his hearers. The many truths which Mr. Everett put forth, will not soon be forgotten by those who had the pleasure of hearing them.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR—I noticed a little squib in your paper some few weeks ago, relative to the old town clock, and as that faithful old servant has not been set a going, I have a proposition to make. My proposition is that you of the Center consent to allow it to be removed to North Woburn, for the benefit of the people there, who have no means whatever, of a public nature, of being warned of the flight of time. Hoping that my proposition will receive a passing thought.

I remain, yours, &c., Z. Y. X.

North Woburn, Jan. 1, 1862.

The scholars of the Unitarian Sabbath School with their teachers, and others, spent a very pleasant time in Lyceum Hall, on New Year's evening. All the children received presents, and after enjoying themselves in various ways, the pleasures of the evening were brought to a close by dancing.

YOUNG AMERICA IN ENGLAND.—Mr. G. F. Train, being invited to lecture in Tunstall Staffordshire, England, in aid of the Athenaeum there, alluded to the Trent question and unmistakably expressed his patriotic sympathy with America, his confidence in her sense of justice, and her courage in any contingency. He was frequently interrupted by insulting remarks from some of the audience, and created great confusion when he said—"I would have tried the Commissioners in a prize court in New York; I would have convicted them of high treason,—and then sent them to England, if England insisted on their being given up." The chairman threatened to call the police and eject the rioters, and Mr. Train protested that he had a right to speak his mind. The hisses were tempestuous, but Mr. Train was not intimidated, and with admirable tact and dignity silenced the bolder ones who interrupted him, continued his severe condemnation of England's impetuosity, and not only finished his remarks, but extorted a vote of thanks from the Tunstallers for what he had said!

GEN. LANE.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Times furnishes the following in regard to the Texan General:—

It is understood that Gen. Lane will, with the approbation of the Government, make the experiment of employing slaves of rebels, in his military operations in the West, using them in the transportation and commissary departments mainly. By taking hand-mills, it is thought that the slaves can grind corn enough daily to subsist the army anywhere in Arkansas or Texas.

Champion Vaughan will be on Gen. Lane's staff, with the rank of Colonel. He is a South Carolinian, but for many years a noted Anti-Slavery man. When Lane was confirmed a Brigadier General by the Senate, the other day, Vaughan sent a dispatch to Leavenworth in these words: "Lane is confirmed. Glory to God! Let the rebels hunt their holes!"

Thurlow Weed has been seeing all the snobs in London: Sir Henry Holland, Sir John Wilson, Earl Russell and others.—Among them Lord Lyndhurst, the Nestor of English Jurisprudence, now midway between his ninetieth and hundredth year with sight and hearing slightly impaired, but with his intellectual faculties in all their vigor and brightness. He is a native of Boston, though born before the Revolution, and Mr. Weed says deprecates the possibility of war, though quite sure that it was wrong to take Slidell and Mason from under the British flag.—Mr. Weed had a private conversation with Earl Russell, but does not disclose its import. The Countess Russell was very polite to him, showed him the country house, entertained him at luncheon, and introduced her children to him. The veteran editor seems to be enjoying himself hugely, and was "off to Paris" at last accounts.

THE BRITISH SOLDIERS IN PORTLAND.—Permission has been given, in a very courteous manner, to pass the British troops through Maine into Canada. As the navigation of the St. Lawrence is closed, and the transport of troops island from Halifax to Canada, in midwinter, would be expensive, tedious, and hazardous, England will appreciate this courtesy as one of no ordinary importance.

ARMS FOR INDIANA.—The State of Indiana had a large contract in England for Enfield rifles, at the sum of \$19 each. The last installment, consisting of 3500 rifles, was on board the steamer Australasian, when the order of the British government against the exportation of arms arrested their departure. The result of this is that Indiana is now short of arms, and Robert Dale Owen is at Washington, on behalf of the State, urging the General Government to supply the deficiency.

DENTAL.—It is with pleasure that we call attention to the card of Dr. J. R. Dillingham. He is meeting with great success in performing ALL Dental Operations without pain. His preparation for deadening the sensibility of a tooth, preparatory to filling, has given him a large practice in that department of his profession; and his long experience, and the beauty and utility of his operations, rank him as one of our first Dentists.—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION.—The following is the tenth annual protest of Dr. Frederick U. Tracy, Treasurer, and the Assessors, and other authorities of the City of Boston generally, and the Legislature in particular:—

Boston, Dec 17, 1861.
To Frederick U. Tracy, Treasurer, and the Assessors, and other authorities of the City of Boston generally, and the Legislature in particular:—

An external version of the Declaration of Independence has caused our civil war. "All men are born free and equal,"—rendered whites and males through ignorance, love of power and self-love,—thereby crushing the colored race, making *insane* those who hold them in bondage—*thus our civil war*—to clear away the impediments to an understanding of the word *freedom*, which knows neither sex nor color.

"Governments derive their power from the consent of the governed." Had this principle been recognized in its essence, *see above* could not have monopolized the right of suffrage; males, interperate, vicious, one shade removed from guardianship, can appear at the polls, ignoring a proper qualification of this highly important act.

Woman in her womanhood could never have permitted slavery, an institution which blights every thing she holds sacred, through her conjugal and maternal nature—even the expense of such a system would have attracted her economic eye.

Now, she is to be taxed to bear her part in a civil war, which she has had nothing to do in creating—family life protected,—and is being ruined by the death of the most aggravating—widows and fatherless children, to be thrown upon the world. Man, through taxation is to derive and control the means to meet these exigencies; while *woman* is passively to submit to his decisions, though it reduce her property to a minimum of its former value; *so taxation without representation*, assumes a deeper significance than ever before in the history of our country.

Shams, cheats, falsities, still continue in our municipal affairs, attracting the solemn consideration of our best minds, and qualifications for suffrage, will yet be a necessity, growing out of enlightened public conscience.

In this period of civil war, in this struggle for a higher perception of Freedom, in this signal era of our country, when bondage after bondage is being removed, that *bondage* may be seen in its true light, when our national eagle is spreading her wings over those hitherto only faintly protected,—and is beginning to take courage and is willing to time, till man shall be morally strong enough, to recognize her right as citizen in a republic.

This is respectfully submitted.

HABRIOT K. HUNT.

REBEL EMISSARIES IN CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.—Recent advices from our Ministers to Central and South America state that agents from the Rebel Government have made their appearance in those countries, upon an errand of mischief undoubtedly. A vigilant watch is kept upon the movements of these emissaries. The sympathy of the people throughout these States is said to be strongly with the Federal Government.

FIDELITY OF RUSSIA.—In a letter to the American Minister at St. Petersburg, forwarded by the late Steamer, Prince Gortschakoff says:—"The Emperor has never ceased to avow his hopes for the grandeur of the American Union."

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

On Friday evening of last week, Henry Morford, Esq., of New York, delivered a poem before the South Reading Literary Association. Subject, "Fun." The speaker, in commencing, said he had a few words of sober prose to utter, for as his subject was "fun," it might be inferred that he himself possessed the ingredient of fun, but he said this was a great mistake, fun was no part of his nature, but he should treat it as something important and valuable. After this announcement, the audience were prepared to hear a grave dissertation on "Fun" with all the fun left out. But evidently he did not take credit to himself for all the powers he possessed. The denial however had its effect for when he cracked his jokes and puns, they were all the more relished because not expected. Without questioning the ability of the speaker, the moral effect of the doctrine advanced might possibly be questioned by some of his audience, who, last fall, had their trees and vines stripped of the choicest fruit. The argument was that these acts are not usually committed, so much for the pleasure of eating or possessing the forbidden fruit, as for the sport of the thing. To gratify this propensity for fun, hen-roosts are robbed—gardens and orchard fruits are pilfered, and many serious tricks are played upon persons and property. Surely our lawmakers could not have understood the subject, for they have made these *spoils*, state prison offences. This new code of ethics may be readily accepted by a certain class of persons, but not by those who suffer by their depredations. Perhaps the orator would disclaim entertaining the sentiments that were justly attributable to the language of the discourse.

The last of a series of meetings of the Home Educational Society was held on Monday evening, at which the question was discussed—"What is the best method of cultivating a spirit of benevolence and of self sacrifice for others?"

Some half a dozen gentlemen favored the meeting with their views, and a good interest was manifested by those present. But the audience was small, and it was thought expedient to take breath again, until the evenings should be less occupied. The association was not dissolved, but indefinitely postponed, which will amount to the same thing. There are three or four other meetings held regularly on Monday evenings, and sometimes five or six, and all the other evenings are occupied. It is not probable that there will ever be a time when less will be going on here than now, and it is unreasonable to suppose that the time will soon arrive when more will be attempted. We are decidedly a busy people, and what is not accomplished during the day, we finish up in the evening.

We ought to be making progress in the march of improvement, and it is gratifying to believe that such is the case.

An accident occurred on the Boston and

Maine Rail Road, on Wednesday night, a little south of the Station in South Reading. The Freight cars which were left on the side track near the Boston and Maine Foundry were started from their fastenings by the heavy wind, and moved down upon the track of the Boston and Maine. Soon after the half past nine evening train from Reading started from the South Reading station, it struck the fugitive train diagonally, and several cars were thrown off the track, considerably damaging the forward passenger car, and the freight cars. Several passengers were on board but all escaped unhurt.

Ten Third lecture before the South Reading Literary Association will be delivered on Monday evening January 13, by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher of New York.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Opinions.

FIRST. There will be no war between the United States and Great Britain. Neither country can afford it. Diplomacy will settle difficulties.

SECOND. The government of the United States is not strong enough to maintain the Union in its integrity, and uphold Slavery. One or the other must perish.

THIRD. Quartermasters and Suters are not the only persons that would grieve at an early termination of the war; nor are extravagance, favoritism and fraud confined only to the "Army of the West." The love of money exists in Massachusetts.

FOURTH. The privates in our army, are, in general, more patriotic, reliable and brave, than their officers. They should not be sacrificed to incompetency.

FIFTH. The Union force is larger by two hundred thousand, than the rebel army.—Strange, that, in nearly every battle, the rebels should outnumber the federals.

SIXTH. It is possible, if not probable, that President Lincoln still hopes and expects to preserve the Union by "conciliatory measures."

"The more the pity."

SEVENTH. President Jackson, could he revisit the earth, would marvel at the widespread, pious reverence for his name, and the almost universal prayer that God would make another man like him. The good that men do sometimes lives after them. FERRET.
So. Reading, Dec. 24.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

A small box weighing less than twenty lbs., was dispatched last week from this town, to Williamsport, Md., where a part of the 13th Regt. M. V., is about to go into winter quarters. The box was sent by Harnden's Express and mention is made of it for the purpose simply of calling attention to the exorbitant price demanded for transporting packages thitherward. One dollar was demanded for this box which is more than five cents per lb. The freight on a barrel of flour, at this rate, would be about eleven dollars, or more than the original cost of the best article in the market. It has been said that corporations have no souls, and I can see no good reason why the same saying will not apply, with equal force, to the Express Companies diverging from Boston to the seat of war. Why do they charge such an exorbitant price? Is it because they must follow in the wake of government contractors and gauge all they can from the government and the people, thereby taking advantage of one's necessities? Articles were forwarded to our three months men, who, owing to their hasty departure, could not then be properly supplied with needed clothing, and the freight bill on the same was thirty dollars. Government undoubtedly does the best it can to furnish the soldiers with every comfort, but if private individuals step forward and supplying any deficiency which may exist, at their own expense, would it not be well for the government to adopt some plan by which needed articles could be forwarded without being subjected to such enormous exactions by express companies now on the route. If government is not disposed to move in this matter, then let every regiment or brigade adopt some plan by which desired articles can reach them without their friends or themselves being subjected to unreasonable charges. Since the above was written my attention has been called to an advertisement of Harnden's Express in a Boston paper, which states that parcels or packages for soldiers will be carried for one half the usual rates. If then the usual rates are double that charged on the box alluded to, that is to say between Boston and Washington, then it would appear that the usual rates are about ten cents per lb. If railroad companies should charge at the above rate for transporting flour from the Western States, then a poor man in this latitude might safely arrive at the conclusion that he must grub on something grown at home, within our own State.

The Bethesda sewing circle furnished a grand entertainment on New Year's eve, at the vestry, where some two hundred assembled to have a right-good social time, and unless your correspondent was greatly mistaken none went away disappointed. It was not only a social time, but to some extent at least, an intellectual one, judging from the fact that nearly all of the school teachers were present. At half-past six the attention of all was called to a most sumptuous repast which the ladies had provided in great abundance, consisting in part of baked beans, puddings, pies without end (perfectly round), brown bread, and so many other equally good things, that time and space will not allow me to particularize. The Divine blessing was invoked by Mr. Luther Pillsbury, our High School teacher, after which no time was lost in testing the quality of the bounty spread before us. Appearances indicated most unmistakably, that our ladies do know how to cook; I judge so from what I saw all around me, and I am decidedly of this opinion myself, and I presumed while I sat at the table that others thought so too. Aunt Sarah was there of course, and scarcely any one would have felt at home had it

been otherwise, as to dispense with one of our principal institutions would have made a great vacuum in our midst, on this occasion especially. Long may her womanly virtues shine as in years that are past. Several from other societies had the good sense to break away from conventional rules and participate in the enjoyment which the occasion afforded. The choir sang several glees and patriotic songs, such as "Happy New Year," "I have wandered through the meadow," "Sing sisters, sing," "Bells of Freedom," "Star Spangled Banner," "Auld Lang Syne," and other pieces, which elicited hearty applause. It is probable that when another anniversary of this circle shall have arrived that some whose cheerful smiles lent eclat to this occasion, will have passed away, no more to mingle in earthly scenes. Should this be the case may all such participants in scenes of infinitely greater value in Heaven. Begging pardon for the above imperfect and hasty sketch I close without further remark.

A letter received from the 13th Mass. Regt., stationed at Williamsport, Md., does not speak in very complimentary terms of the first Maryland Regt., which has been stationed at that place, as the following extract will show:—"It is composed of the rowdies of Baltimore and some of them acknowledge that they were in the fight with the Mass. Sixth in that city last April. They are the most degraded set of men I have ever met with; they cannot be depended upon at any time; they steal from good union men just the same as from the rebels, and are fighting among themselves all the time. They are up at Four Locks where they pretend to do picket duty. One of them was stationed on the river as picket last week and stayed on two or three hours, when he thought he must have his whiskey; so he left his gun and equipments and started off two or three miles to get some. He found some and got dead drunk. The officers are as bad as the privates." If the above description is anything like a fair specimen of the Southern army then it would appear that we have little to fear in this contest.

Our new postmaster, L. E. Gleason, Esq., performs the duties pertaining to his office very acceptably to the people, and the lady assistant, Miss Fletcher, is very prompt in discharging the duties incumbent upon her position. Everything about the office looks neat and inviting.

Mr. Whitney's Singing School closed on Monday evening, having kept twenty-four evenings. The times being so hard no effort was made to extend it.

The general prayer meeting was largely attended last week at the chapel. This week it is to be held at the Bethesda Vestry on Thursday evening.

LENO.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

LYCEUM.—An adjourned meeting of those interested in the formation of a Literary Association was held on Monday evening last in the Town Hall. The constitution of the "Winchester Lyceum" adopted at the previous meeting, was signed by most of those present. The Committee to nominate officers reported a list, which was accepted. A motion to postpone the choice of officers one week was lost, and the meeting proceeded to an election with the following result:—President, James Russell; Vice President, William F. Young; Secretary, Oliver P. Rogers; Treasurer, Edward P. Boon; Directors, Oliver R. Clark, James Campbell and Sumner Richardson. As all the officers elect, I believe, have had experience in similar associations, there is every reason to feel that a good selection has been made for this society.

In the absence of the President, the Vice President assumed the chair. The Directors were directed to report a plan of operations for the ensuing three months, at the next meeting. Several questions were proposed for debate, at the next meeting and the following one was finally selected:—"Would the cause of the Union be promoted by the abolition of Slavery through the action of our Government?" The Vice President was appointed to open the debate, and from his well known proclivities, it may be assumed that he will take the affirmative side of the question. It is a subject much discussed at the present time, and it is to be hoped that a full audience will be on hand to hear both sides of the question argued, as I trust it will be, with the earnestness of a loving faith in their correctness, but without personalities or recriminations.

In the exercises of this society, the members must not be determined to pick flaws with the manner in which questions for discussion are framed, or with any minor matters of comparatively little importance. We should look at the idea which is sought to be conveyed, rather than waste time in discussing mere technicalities.

Now, that this "Lyceum" is fully organized and under way, although late in the season, let it be productive of much good in the future which is before it. To accomplish this worthy object it will be necessary that our citizens should become members, attend the meetings as regularly as possible, and participate in or listen to the exercises. We need such an institution as this in our town, and it will be a sad reproach to its fair fame if it does not flourish at the present time. We have shown our interest in the education of our children by the liberal appropriations which have been made for the expenses of our High and Common schools, and let us not allow an opportunity to be neglected for the intellectual improvement of our citizens.

MORALIZING.—How often are we led to realize the truth of the saying of the wise man of old, "that the way of the transgressor is hard." Men occupying respectable positions in society, it may be members of a christian church, who enjoy the confidence of the community, are suddenly exposed to public view as guilty of some gross dereliction from duty or as having committed some crime. An illustration of this subject has recently occurred which I would note here as a warning

and example to others. A prominent lawyer who had a large amount of business in the city, has occupied a high official position in the State, was much esteemed for his social qualities, a prominent officer in the military, and formerly the active agent of a once powerful political organization, has recently decamped for parts unknown, leaving business, home and friends, as a fugitive from justice. It appears that he has in some way expended money beyond his receipts, and was led to use the name of a prominent wealthy gentleman upon paper, to raise the needed amount. He expected to be able to take up the notes when they became due, but found his inability; the crime was discovered, an indictment was framed against him, but hearing of it, suddenly disappeared and could not be found by the officer empowered to serve the same upon him. It is said, that the Merchant's Bank holds these notes to the amount of \$20,000—the whole amount being some \$10,000.

Another lawyer, occupying a good position in society and respected among his associates, having a family dependent upon him, left suddenly for California, leaving his family to the care of his brother, a merchant of Boston. The cause of this last departure is of such a character that I will not mention it here, but it is sufficient to blacken his character forever. These two instances in connection with many others which are daily occurring, show that no one can transgress the laws of God or man with impunity. Though they may escape the punishment which our laws would mete out to them, yet they must be as exiles and wanderers from the places that once they visited and friends with whom they associated in business transactions or in the social walks of life, with a stigma attached to their name which can never be effaced. Let the young men in our community, some of whom I fear are indulging in those habits which tend to ruin, beware ere it is too late. Shun every appearance of evil, and manfully resist every temptation to do wrong. Do not spend your time in idleness, which is very apt to lead to the performance of acts which are of a doubtful character in their effect upon the individual. Employ your time in some worthy manner. If nothing else offers, an opportunity is afforded you to serve your country in the defence of her free institutions. Do something that is honest or honorable no matter how humble that occupation may be, rather than be dependent upon others. In this way you will form industrious habits which will keep you from many vices which idleness presents, and lead you to virtue, happiness and heaven.

ACTIONS AT LAW.—Actions have been brought in the Superior Court of this County against our town by the Lowell Institution for Savings, to recover the sum of \$4000, the amount of notes given by the late Treasurer, N. A. Richardson, which the town refused to pay on the ground that they are not liable therefor. The suits have been removed to the Supreme Judicial Court, and will not come up before the April term. Should the actions be decided against the town, then it will seek to recover the amount on the bonds of the late Treasurer. Nothing of importance has as yet been done by the Selectmen in relation to the matter other than the retaining of counsel to defend the suits, and the adoption of certain preliminary measures.

NEW ORGAN.—The Baptist Society have procured a new organ in place of the one heretofore used. Although small in size it is said to be of good tone and a great improvement on the previous one. The new organ was used last Sabbath for the first time, and was generally acceptable.

EXCELSIOR.

BILLERICA.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Your correspondent visited Camp Chase on Tuesday, and as there are not many items of interest to write, and thinking perhaps some of the Journal readers might feel interested by the slight description he might give, he would say—The Camp contains at the present time, two Regiments, one the Bay State Regt., the other the 12th Maine Regt. The Mass. Regt. is under command of Col. S. O. Barri of the U. S. Army. The men present a fine appearance and look as if they were not afraid to meet any of the "Southern Steel," or, if necessary, some of the soldiers from across the great pond. It was expected that the two regiments would go to Ship Island last week, but from some delay in regard to getting the provision on board of the Steamer now at Boston, they did not go. On Tuesday morning orders were given not to let any one in the camp without a pass, not even soldiers unless they had been out on furlough. I will here relate a few incidents that occurred whilst I was standing close to the gate.—One old soldier

potatoes, 200 bushels of corn, a barrel of beef and all the vegetables he had. Strange to say some of the neighbors who lived within a few rods, did not know of the fire till they were told of it the next morning. A Subscription paper is on foot, and by the way some of the people have subscribed, I think Mr. Crosby's loss will be made up.

The scholars of the Congregational Sabbath School had a New Year's Party at the house of their Pastor. I understand they had a good time, and all went home well pleased with the commencement of the year.

Special Notices.

To Consumptives.

The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—acted by desire to benefit the afflicted, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will cheerfully send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), free full and explicit directions or preparing and successfully using the same, which they will find a sure Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to tend to the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Kings County, New York.

Parents have you children suffering from disease or subject to it? Do you know what it is, to force upon the little mouth and down the throat of the struggling sufferer a nauseating dose, and have not you felt in your heart all the time that you was doing the little victim a wrong? Such treatment is fast passing away and soon will be numbered among the customs which future time shall look back upon and perhaps in a spirit of charity only pronounce absurd. Doct. Gifford's Homoeopathic Cures by the popular form in which they are put up and sold throughout the country, and the price at which they are offered, only 25 cents per box, takes away the only excuse that can be made to continue the old practice. A simple, moderate sugar pill which can be dropped into the mouth of the sleeping infant without disturbing it, saves all the trouble and will effect cures which other medicines cannot do. Try No. 3 for Worms, No. 3 for Teething and Colds, No. 4 for Diarrhea, No. 7 for Coughs and Colds, No. 10 for Whooping Cough, No. 12 for Asthma, No. 15 for Stomachic and Colic, &c. Complete assortment is for sale at the Woburn Bookstore, No. 3 Burr & Co., Boston, where a manual free. See that each box has his name.

Married.

BUCKENSTEIN-McINTIRE-In Winchester, 1st inst., by Rev. Mr. Meeson, Mr. Edward F. Buckensteen, of Charlestown, to Miss Sarah M. McIntire, of Winchester.

WADE-WAKEFORD-In Woburn, 1st inst., by Rev. H. P. Bronson, Mr. Alonzo L. Wade, of Stoneham, to Miss Mary Ann Wakeford, of Woburn.

Died.

WHESTER-In Woburn, 29th ult., Mrs. Sophia Wheeler, aged 74 years, 7 months.

ANDRE-In Woburn, 29th ult., Mary A. Abbott, aged 55 years, 8 months.

CHITWOOD-In Woburn, 29th ult., Mrs. L. daughter of Wm. H. and Agnes B. Childs, aged 8 years, 12 days.

BRAYNE-In Skowhegan, Me. 26th ult., of Diphtheria, Rev. Charles Bryant, formerly of South Reading, aged 50 years.

DOWS-In Haverhill, Dec. 28th, Joseph Dows, aged 19 years, 6 months.

BROWN-In Haverhill, Dec. 23d, Jane Brown, aged 4 years, 3 months.

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ONE PRICE ONLY!

Good Fall and Winter

CLOTHING!

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS!

OVERCOATS!

BUSINESS COATS!

DRESS COATS!

PANTALOONS!

VESTS!

UNDERSHIRTS & DRAWERS!

Shirts, Collars,

Cravats, Stockings,

Gloves, &c.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,

Vestings, &c.,

FOR CUSTOM WORK,

MAY BE FOUND AT

MACALLAR, WILLIAMS & PARKER'S,

BOSTON,

192 Washington street,

Opposite the Marlboro Hotel.

COUGHS AND COLDS.

Sweetser's Compound Iceland Moss Cough Candy.

Relieves or Cures COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, TICKLING IN THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMATIC AFFECTIONS.

IF your children have the WHOOPING COUGH, let them use the ICELAND MOSS CANDY, freely, and with ordinary care, no other medicine will be needed.

Sold in Woburn at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE, B. W. CONANT'S and ELBRIDGE THOMAS, and by Apothecaries generally in cities and towns.

The wholesale agents in Boston are George C. Goodwin & Co., Marshall street, M. S. Burr & Co., Tremont street, Carter, Colwell & Preston, Hanover street, Chas. T. Carr, and Weeks & Porter, Wash. street, who will supply all orders, or apply to T. A. Sweetser, the proprietor.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29th, 1861.

DR. WM. B. HURD'S TOOTH POWDER.

THIS POWDER POSSESSES THE CARBONIC WITHOUT THE INJURIOUS PROPERTIES OF THE OTHERS.

It is free from all Acids or Alkalies that can in the least injure the Teeth.

ITS ACTION BEING ENTIRELY MECHANICAL—POLISHING WITHOUT WEARING THE ENAMEL.

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LOCAL NEURALGIA is immediately cured by their application.

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DR. WM. B. HURD'S MOUTH WASH,

A SURE REMEDY FOR A

BAD BREATH,

SORE MOUTHS,

CANKER,

DISEASED BLEEDING GUMS,

NURSING SORE MOUTH,

AND the best specific now in use for any disease condition of the mouth. It is particularly beneficial to persons wearing

ARTIFICIAL TEETH,

completely destroying every taint of the mouth, absorbing and removing all impurities, insuring

A SWEET BREATH

to all who make use of it. No YOUNG LADY or YOUNG GENTLEMAN who is afflicted with a

BAD BREATH

should delay applying this remedy, for it is a certain cure, and is approved and recommended by every physician under whose notice it has been brought.

A BAD BREATH

is an offence for which there is no excuse while

DR. WM. B. HURD'S Mouth Wash,

can be procured.

Many persons carry with them a bad breath, greatly to the annoyance and often to the disgust of those who come in contact with them, without being conscious of the defect. To relieve yourself

USE DR. WM. B. HURD'S MOUTH WASH.

Prepared at Dr. Hurd's Dental Office, No. 77 Fourth Street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Price, 37 cents per Bottle.

A liberal discount made to dealers.

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Wit and Anecdote.

"Care to our Coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin, so merry, draws one out."

An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.

Gleed people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Washington there was a man,⁽¹⁾
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran
Whence'er he went to pay.⁽²⁾

A kind and gentle heart he had
To comfort friends and foes;
The sated evening he laid
When he put on his clothes.⁽³⁾

And in that town a dog⁽⁴⁾ was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both Mougrel, peppy, whelp and bound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends,
But when the pain began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.⁽⁵⁾

Around from all the neighboring streets⁽⁶⁾
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye,⁽⁷⁾
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light
That showed the rogues they lied—
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

(1) This man was our dear old Uncle Sam, a good old fellow in the eyes of all.
(2) Variation—With cotton under work and pay.
(3) It is not known what dog is meant here, but many think that President Buchanan is without doubt alluded to, but they forget the claim of Floyd. The question at this late day will have to be left in doubt. Had the author said old bound, no doubt would exist—curs of low degree, however, would include all scoundrels.
(4) The dog cropped up and sneakingly bit Uncle Sam deep.
(5) Evidently a misprint. It should be stated; but we do not like to take liberties with the writing of others, and leave the line without alteration.
(6) Fide several different London Times, and other kind friends in council.

How did he do it?—The following wonderful story is related in the Courier des Etats Unis, by a Parisian correspondent:

The Emperor was reviewing a body of infantry one day, when his eye was caught by a drummer with only one arm, but who was, nevertheless, still playing.

"Where is your left arm?" said the Emperor.

"At Solferino, sire."

"You shall have a pension of four hundred francs from my private purse."

"And if I should leave the other on the same road, sire?"

"This," replied Napoleon, pointing to his own regiment of an officer of the Legion of Honor.

"The cross!" exclaimed the soldier; and carried away by a transport of enthusiasm, the new Porsenna, with the remaining arm, drew his sabre, and at one vigorous blow cut it clean off!

Jonathan would just like to know what that thing was done.

"Billy" Wilson's Men.—While "Billy Wilson's men" were encamped at Staten Island we one day visited the camp, and heard the following narrative by an officer:

"I saw a fellow try the other day to break guard. The gentiel on duty remonstrated with him, but finding that the intruder was obstinate and persisted in breaking through, he carefully laid down his gun. 'What! was I afraid?' 'Not a bit of it. He went to work with his fists and polished off the fellow in grand style. He hadn't got used, he said, to military weepings.'"

While riding in a city car the other day, the reporter of the N. Y. Sun was amused in making an inventory of the "charms" of a young lady sitting opposite, who kindly afforded every facility for doing so.

The stock on hand was as follows:—2 large pins (one on napkin and one on dress); 3 gold chains, 1 massive gold cross, 1 gold watch key, 1 gold watch chain, 2 heavy bracelets, 2 heavy car drops, 4 rings, 1 pair very white hands, 1 pair very white arms—the whole sedulously and constantly displayed.

A lady much given to gadding, was suddenly taken ill at home one day and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The obedient soul ran part of the way, but then returned to put the important query, "My dear, where shall I find you when I return from the doctor's?"

A handsome young bride was observed to be in deep reflection on her wedding day. One of her bridesmaids asked the subject of her meditation. "I was thinking," she replied "which of my old beaux I should marry in case I became a widow."

A poor Irishman seeing a crowd of people approaching, asked what was the matter. He was answered, "A man going to be buried." "Oh, replied he, I'll stop and see that, for we carry them to be buried in our country."

A woman in love is a very poor judge of character. She can see nothing but excellence where the others see nothing but shallowness and rottenness. Ditto on the other side with a man in love, only more so!

In Russia, monks and bishops cannot marry, but simple priests may. A priest, however, when his wife dies, must put away a second time; and hence the Russian proverb—"Happy as a priest's wife."

"An' sure, it's easy enough to build a chimney," said O'Rourke, "ye should one brick up an' jist slap another one under it."

"Call me pet names, dear," Greeley calls Bennett "a lying old braggart," and Bennett calls Greeley "a galvanized squaw."

SOMETHINGS-OR-NOTHINGS.

"Variety 's the Spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor."

COPERT JESTERS are not the only wits that make fools of themselves.

A Christian, when he comes into the world, lives to die again; but when he goes out of the world, he dies to live again.

Honest men sometimes run for cups, but not half so often as men do.

A rook fellow who pawned his watch says he raised money with a lever.

Goon sayings always suffer by repetition; good deeds never do.

Why are women like bees? Because the younger they are the sweeter.

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he himself will one day want to pass.

Never allow yourself to be seen with a worse face than you wear for the painter—Southey.

GOLDSMITH says that a woman decked out in all her charms is the most terrible object in creation.

The cedars of Lebanon are probably the oldest trees in the world except the elder trees.

RESPECTABILITY is a thing that many people are very willing to run in debt for.

TREAT your family kindly, but put your horses and cattle nightly to the rack.

Is a man cannot argue without swearing and cursing, his disquisitions are too cursory.

A due-bill upon an additional pair of wings to the back of Time.

It is very foolish for people to put themselves to the trouble to be ill-natured.

GOODNESS does not more certainly make men happy than happiness makes them good.

DIFFICULTIES and strong men, like stop and razor, are made for each other.

By constantly doing good, you can put the envious to such torture as you might enjoy if you had the malice of a fiend.

NOTHING is nobler than the aristocracy instituted by God; few things are poorer than that set up by men.

The monument of the greatest should be but a bust and a name. If the name is insufficient to illustrate the bust, let both perish.

WORKSOPHISM cautions a studious friend against "growing double," but the girls think it is the best thing a nice young man can do.

THAT "PRINCE"

—OF—

CLOTHIERS

GEORGE H. LANE.

AT HIS

"Great Bargain Store,"

KNOW AS

LANE'S CLOTHING PALACE,

No. 31 & 32

Dock Square,

BOSTON,

INTENDS the attention of the residents of WOBURN and vicinity, irrespective of party, to his

NEW AND SPLENDID STOCK OF

Fall and Winter

CLOTHING,

AMONG WHICH IS THE

LARGEST & MOST SUPERB STOCK

—OF—

OVERCOATS

TO BE FOUND AT ANY HOUSE,

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL, IN

NEW ENGLAND.

Please remember also, that No Clothing House in Boston can afford to approach OUR PRICES.

All our Customers say so—Everybody says so.

Wholesale Buyers for Cash will find Bargains here that are not to be found elsewhere.

Look until you find the RIGHT PLACE. You will not amply repaid for all time and trouble.

SEE THAT THE SIGN READS

"Lane's Clothing Palace,"

31 & 32 Dock Square,

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Nov. 1, 1861. 3m

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BRONCHIAL CIGARETTES,

Made by C. B. SEYMOUR & Co., 438 Broadway,

Price, 6 per box; sent free by post.

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THE Subscriber has made such arrangements with the various Publishers and Book

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JOSIAH HOVEY.

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H. RAMSDOLL informs the inhabitants of EAST WOBURN that he keeps constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of GROCERIES, of all descriptions, and of the best quality; also, Groceries and Glass Ware; all of which will be sold at the very lowest cash prices.

East Woburn, Sept.

WOBURN BOOK STORE!

A LARGE SUPPLY OF NEW BOOKS
LEARN BOOKS, HOUSE PAPERS, FANCY
GOODS, &c., has just been added to the former
stock, making a large and well-selected

VARIETY OF GOODS,

Consisting of works in History, Theology, Poetry,
Fiction, Agriculture, the Arts, and general
Literature. A constant supply of all the

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American and English
Family, Pocket and School
Bibles and Testaments, a very

large stock; Psalmist, Watts and
Select, Plymouth Collection, and Christian
Hymns; Barnes' Notes and Questions
Books. Note, Bill, Letter, Cap, Bank-Post,
Political and Ornamental Writing Papers. White,
Colored, Ornamental and Wedding Envelopes—

Gillett's and Commercial Pens and Holders of
various kinds. Black, Blue, Red and Indelible
Ink. Covered, Plain, Trans-

parent, and Porcelain Slates, Cart-
ridge, Drawing, Blotting and
Tissue Paper, Whittier's

Patent, Portable, Fan-
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EXTRA ADHESIVE MUCILAGE!

Playing Cards, Portfolios, Ink Erasers, Ivory
Tablets, Super Common and Perfumed Sealing
Wax, Wafers and Stamps, Paper's, Carpenters, and
Common Lead Pencils, Crayons and Holders,
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Brushes, Pen Racks, Paper Teachers, Bill Files,
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Blank Books and Memorandums of all kinds in
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A good supply of House Papers, Borders, Win-
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patterns, at LOW PRICES, always on hand,
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A large variety of Work Boxes, Reticules; Puff,
Bag, Round, Fine, Pocket and Dressing Combs;
Hair, Tooth, Nail, Clothes and Shaving Brushes;
Crochet Needles, Emory Cushions, Port Monnaies,
Wallets, Ladies' Money Bags, Visiting, Playing,
Plain and Ornamental Cards; Dolls in variety, and
toys of all kinds;

WE offer the country trade and consumers, a
complete assortment of every variety of
LIQUORS, WINES, &c., and would say that our
experience of more than FORTY YEARS as Importers
is not only a sufficient guarantee for the
Purity of our Goods, but that it enables us to offer
advantages to buyers that cannot be excelled by
any house in Boston. Owing to the difficulty of
procuring, in many towns, a strictly pure and re-
liable article of Liquors and Wines for medicinal
and other purposes, we have for many years given
special attention to filling orders for Private Use,
and consumers will find it greatly to their advantage
to send their orders to us direct, as we employ
no travelling or other agents whatever. Persons
who require Pure Liquors and Wines, in large or
small quantities, may rest assured that all orders
will receive our best personal attention, and that
every article sent from our house will be satisfac-
tory in every respect. Communications by mail
will receive prompt attention, with full and com-
plete catalogue of goods, prices, &c.

I. D. RICHARDS & SONS,

87 & 89 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Boston, April 6, 1861.—29 1yr

SHIRTS.

PATENTED NOVEMBER 1st, 1858.

THE

MEASURES

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from the Neck

to the Neck

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoughton, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI : No. 15.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Emancipation.

Praise be to Thee, our Father,
Our God who rules the sky,
Oh, let us all united,
Now raise our voices high,
And from each heart this New Year,
Let gratitude ascend,
To Thee our worshipped Father,
Our guardian, God, and friend.

We bless Thee for this hour;
And oh, we humbly crave—
Thy blessing on the lowly—
The poor down-trodden slave
God of all truth be with us,
And haste the blessed day
When from this great Republic
This stain is wiped away.

From mountain and from valley,
From every heart sincere,
Oh, let there come rejoicing—
The promised day is near.
Let all who love their country,
This sacred fire now fan;
Go forth ye brave to battle,
For the brotherhood of man.

Though dark the brow be wreathed,
Though sad and lone his lot,
His Saviour for him careth,
By God he's not forgot.
Nor loosen every fetter,
That clanks on freedom's sod,
Nor let our nation longer
Insult a Holy God.

CEDAR DALE COTTAGE, Woburn, 1862.

Select Literature.

MY ATTEMPT AT MATCH MAKING.

BY GEORGE C. LYMAN.

I had silently watched my Aunt for an hour—my Aunt Katherine, who sat silently by the window with her sewing. Through the light meshes of the lace curtains the bright sunshine came in and fell upon her soft dark dress, smooth hair, and pretty white work, while the fresh breeze, floating in through the open window, blew into bloom a carnation pink upon her cheeks. And sitting there in the breeze and sunshine, I saw that my Aunt Katherine was very handsome. At first I thought it strange that I never noticed that fact before; but it was not strange, for children seldom think anything about their parents' or guardians' looks, except that they be pleasant or unpleasant, and I was little more than a child. Ever since I could remember, Aunt Katherine, with her dark dress, smooth hair, and gentle ways, had taken care of me; and when I grew into a tall girl of fifteen, she watched over me still. She was my mother, my companion, my friend. I never realized my orphanage or want of other kin, but had been the same careless, light-hearted merry girl, ever since I could remember, that I was on the June morning I watched her at work in the sunlight. She looked up at last.

"Addie, isn't it almost school-time?" she said.

"Yes, auntie, I am going in a minute; but first tell me—"

"What, child?"

"Why you were never married?"

"Because I never liked anybody well enough to marry him. Now go and get ready for school."

She smiled as she spoke, and after a glance at her face, I smiled too, and ran off for my bonnet and satchel. Coming down stairs again, I put my head in at the sitting-room door.

"Aunt Katherine?"

"Well."

"If you found anybody whom you liked well enough to marry would you marry him?"

"I don't know—I suppose so. Why what in the world has got into your head, Addie?"

I laughed, slammed the door, and bounded through the hall into the road. Half way to the school house, I met my teacher, Mr. Charles Devereux.

"Good morning, Mr. Addie. Recitations all ready?"

"Yes sir," I answered, and he passed on ahead. I sauntered on slowly, thinking of my Aunt Katherine. I thought it would be a nice plan for her to be married. The next thought was, who could she marry?"

There were only half-a-dozen unmarried middle-aged men in the village—Aunt Katherine was twenty-seven; so of course she wouldn't marry a very young man. I rapidly enumerated the half-dozen eligible ones and their suitability for my plan. "Lawyer Hyde thirty, rich, aristocratic, and stungy; he won't do." Mr. Leighton, thirty-five, and a strong, good, well off, but a widower; and I've heard Aunt Katherine say she did not like widowers. Mr. Pierson, twenty-eight, handsome, wealthy, but too fast; she would not like him. Dr. Jarvis, small, crabbed, miserly, and unbearable generally. Mr. Howe, too homely to be thought of; and Captain Haynes, with his yellow, bushy whiskers, and nine thousand dollars worth of mortgaged property, which he is always talking about; worse yet, rather a sorry array in all."

Just then the school bell rang, and I went in to my books, and Mr. Charles Devereux—aged twenty-eight, handsome, intelligent, well-educated, and unmarried. The class in intellectual philosophy was called first, and though I had carefully committed my lesson to memory the evening before, my late thoughts had quite driven all remembrance

of it from my head, and my recitation was imperfect. Mr. Devereux looked surprisedly at me, but said nothing. In French grammar my performance was still worse.

"Miss Addie," said Mr. Devereux, as I passed by him on my way to my seat, "do you have any trouble with those French verbs in learning your lessons?"

"Yes sir, a little," I replied.

"You want a little reviewing, I think. If I have time, I will call in at your house this evening and help you a little while you are studying."

Mr. Devereux knew that I always studied evenings, and had several times called in and spent an hour in assisting me with a particularly difficult task designed for the next day's recitation. So I was not surprised to hear him make his offer, though a little ashamed of the cause of it as my failure had resulted from my wilful inattention and carelessness. I thanked him, however, with a flushed face, and went to my seat. But it was not entirely shame that flushed my face.

As I expected, Mr. Devereux came in the evening to explain my French lesson. But he did not find me alone. Aunt Katherine sat by the table sewing, and looked even handsomer than in the morning. My heart gave a flutter of impatient anticipation every time Mr. Devereux looked at her, and after the lessons were through, I did my best to make her talk to please him. My aunt always talked well, but she quite excelled herself in conversing that night. I saw that Mr. Devereux was interested, and I was delighted with the good success of my secret plan.

In the course of the evening John Aubrey, my lover, came in. Of course I claimed John as my lover, for though he was a nice young man of twenty-seven, and I a mere child of a girl, hardly sixteen, he had been to me to parties and concerts all one winter, and told me a dozen times that I was the sweetest, prettiest, most lovable girl in Hartford. So that when John came in, I went and sat down by him in a cozy corner, and left Aunt Katherine to entertain Mr. Devereux—a plan which I thought at first seemed to suit all round.

But after a little while I saw John casting uneasy glances toward the place where Mr. Devereux—looking superbly handsome—sat talking with my aunt.

"You needn't be jealous of him, John," I said. "He's only my teacher."

John started and leaned back in his seat, without a word.

Neither of the gentlemen staid very late, John going away directly after Mr. Devereux, and I went to my room elated with my prosperity, or rather the prosperity of my plans.

I did not need assistance in my studies before Mr. Devereux came again, and after a short time it came to be a regular thing for him to spend an evening once or twice a week with us. With us, I say, because I could see that, though he admired my Aunt Katherine very much, he had too good taste to monopolize her company entirely, to the exclusion of mine. I always enjoyed these evenings very much. It seemed to me that Mr. Devereux grew remarkably agreeable very fast. Sometimes John would come in, but John seemed to have grown strange and moody of late. I thought it was because Mr. Devereux was at our house so much, and endeavored to please him by extra attention when he did spend an evening with us, but it didn't seem to be of much use. I resented his silence and inattention to me, one night, and after that he didn't come near us for nearly a month. But we seemed to get along just as well without him—at least I did, though Aunt Katherine asked me a number of times about the cause of his absence.

"He is sulky, I suppose. Don't fret about me, Aunt Katherine; it don't trouble me at all," I said.

A few evenings after, John made his appearance and entered the parlor where Mr. Devereux and I sat playing chess, while my aunt was writing a letter at a side table. I thought it would be rather awkward for him at first but he came forward easily, and after speaking to Mr. Devereux and myself, crossed the room and seated himself by my aunt. Pleased with this arrangement, I devoted myself to my game and did not look around for some half hour afterwards, when my attention was attracted by the sound of John Aubrey's voice, which though low, was remarkably earnest and emphatic. I turned my head and gazed in wonder. My aunt's cheeks were flushed crimson, and John's face, as seen by me for an instant, was pale and agitated. I turned to Mr. Devereux in astonishment, but he only smiled slightly, made a move, and then waited for me to do the same. But I could not play from my excitement caused by the scene I had observed a moment before, and lost the game through inattention.

"Shall we play again?" said Mr. Devereux.

I shook my head, and he replaced the pieces in a box, and then took up a book. The next moment John arose, and my aunt went with him to the door. She did not come back for some time, and when she did, Mr. Devereux was preparing to go. He looked up quickly at her entrance, and then asked her laughingly, if it was amicably settled, and if he might congratulate her. She blushed, but said "Yes, at some other time," and bade him good night. I had stood by in round-eyed wonder and bewilderment.

When the door closed on him, my aunt looked steadily at me a moment, then laughed, and finally burst into hysterical tears. I was frightened. She put her arms about me. "Addie, are you sure you didn't like John?" she asked.

"I believe I did a little last winter, but I don't at all now."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure," I replied. He is so sulky—"

"Wait! do you know who you are talking to?"

"What do you mean, Aunt Katherine?"

"I am John Aubrey's betrothed wife, Addie!" and she laughed and then cried again. I stood mutely staring at her. At last I found words to say:

"Why, Aunt Katherine I thought it was I whom John was in love with!"

She shook her head.

"And I thought Mr. Devereux was in love with you."

"You must ask him about that," she said, smiling through her tears.

And I did ask him the next evening, while we stood by an open window, and my Aunt Katherine sat by John Aubrey in the cozy corner where I used to sit with him.

"Is it possible that you haven't been courting Aunt Katherine all this time, Mr. Devereux?" I said.

How he laughed!

"Is it possible that you don't know that I've been courting you all this time?" he retorted.

"Mr. Devereux!" I exclaimed.

But he wasn't jesting—and neither was I, when I promised a year later to "love, honor and obey" him through life.

John Aubrey and my Aunt Katherine were married at the same time, which my Aunt declared was a great saving of trouble and wedding cake.

Curiosities of Cold.

Men anticipate a coming winter with various feelings: one dreads the Christmas bills; another, the boys home for the holidays; another, a new year anxious as the last; but all men dread the cold. I know they do, for I am a surgeon, and see much of its effects among my poorer patients; and for that reason I have to consider how we ought to treat cold. Treat it, you will say—shut the door, poke up the fire, put your soul in slippers, and your body in an easy-chair. Treat it like any other unbidden guest, and shut it out. I was thinking, however, of a great class of our fellow-countrymen who go down to the sea in ships after seals and whales, or wander about the streets of our cities, and are picked up stiff, senseless bundles of rags by the night-police. To such it matters but little that our natural philosophers deny the existence of cold—that it is merely the abstraction of a certain quantity of the heat which is indispensable to animal life—that warmth stimulates to vitality—and that if the temperature is lowered, it may at last reach a point when it ceases to have any effect; but, nevertheless, these facts are interesting. The atmosphere is always robbing us of our animal heat, which has an average temperature of ninety-eight degrees. If it did not do so, if the atmosphere were itself ninety-eight degrees, we should feel it disagreeably warm, and prefer one much lower—say sixty or sixty-five degrees. How low the temperature of the body may be allowed to sink with impunity is doubtful, and seems to vary with the individual; the robust and lively man, evolving plenty of heat, enjoys a degree of cold which makes a lean, pink-nosed, blue-lipped woman truly a miserable spectacle. Tooke, in his view of the Russian empire, says that drivers and horses suffer no inconvenience with the thermometer at twenty to twenty-four degrees below zero, and women stand for four or five hours with their dragged petticoats stiff with ice.

There have been noticed, however, some circumstances which would go to show that national hardihood could not always be relied upon; for instance, in the greatest experiment of the effects of cold on man—the French retreat from Russia—the Dutch soldiers of the Third Regiment of the Grenadiers of the Guard, consisting of one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven officers and soldiers, nearly all perished, as two years after only forty-one of them, including their colonel, General Tindal, who was wounded, had returned to France; while of the two other regiments of Grenadiers, composed of men nearly all of whom were born in the south of France, a considerable number were saved. The Germans lost, in proportion, a much larger number of men than the French. Though many of the latter were reduced almost to nudity by the Cossacks having stolen their clothes, they did not die from the effects of cold in the same numbers as the Northerners, whom one would have expected to brave out that dreadful campaign with greater impunity. There is a singular mystery about the effects of cold—mysterious as those countries round which it consolidates its impenetrable barrier. When your great natural philosopher calculates with extraordinary nicety the laws of heat, we cannot follow his calculations; how much more difficult, then, must it be for us surgeons to determine how much, not a whole body, but perhaps some patch of tissue, may be reduced in temperature with hope of its recovery.

Take as an example, now, Napoleon's army as it returns from Russia, and let me quote from the great surgeon, Baron Larrey, no less soldier than surgeon: "The death of the men struck by cold was preceded by pallor of the face, by a sort of idiocy, by hesitation of speech, weakness of sight, and even complete loss of sensation; and in this condition some were marched for a longer or shorter period, conducted by their comrades or their friends. Muscular action was visibly weakened; they reeled on their legs as if intoxicated; weakness progressed gradually till they fell down, which was a certain sign of the complete extinction of vitality. The continuous and rapid march of the soldiers collected into a mass obliged those who could not keep up to leave the centre of the column, and keep to the sides of the road. Once separated from the compact body, and left to their own resources, they soon lost their equilibrium, and fell into the ditches filled with snow, from whence it was difficult to remove them; they were struck suddenly with a painful choking, passed into a lethargy, and in a few seconds ended their existence. When on the heights of Mienedski, one of the points of Russia which seemed to me most elevated, many had bleeding from the nose. * * * The external air had undoubtedly become more rarified, and no longer offering resistance to the action of the fluids, of which the movement is constrained by the internal vital forces and the expansion of the animal heat, these fluids passed off by the points of least resistance, which are generally the mucous surfaces, especially the mucous lining of the nose. This death (from cold) did not seem to me a painful one; as the vital forces were gradually extinguished, they drew after them the general sensibility to external agencies, and with them disappeared the faculties of special sensation. We found almost all the persons frozen to death lying on their stomachs, and with no sign of decomposition." How did any escape? One would think that what was cold to one must have been equally so to the others. We see in a garden, after some severe frost, particular species of plants affected by it, but here is one species of animal suffering so unequally, as regards its individual members, as to strike the most ordinary observer with surprise.

Now, it would seem that cold affects in only two ways—it predisposes to the death of tissues, and it kills. In the first case, the part is not more affected than that it is very cold; its temperature is greatly lowered; the contracted blood-vessels allow but little of the vital fluid to pass. At this moment, it seems that but a small increase in the temperature may endanger the life of the part, or even of the whole body. Let us quote again from Baron Larrey: "Toward the end of the winter of 1795-96, when I was with the army of the Eastern Pyrenees, we passed suddenly from an extremely intense cold to an elevated temperature. A great number of the soldiers, especially those who were at the siege of Roses, then had their feet frozen; some advanced sentinels were even found dead at their post in the first hours of the thaw; and though we had passed fifteen or twenty days under the influence of the severe cold, none of the soldiers of the advanced posts of siege presented themselves at the ambulances of the intrenchment, of which I was director-in-chief, until the date of the thaw. So in Holland, the soldiers who for the sake of *le petit caporal* stood patiently in the snow, did so with impunity till the first thaw, when they were attacked by gangrene. And what is this frost-bite? It is a part in which the power of evolving heat and the circulation of the blood has been entirely destroyed; and this most easily occurs in situations at a distance from the seat of circulation—the toes, fingers, nose, ears, etc. The part, if thin, like the ear, may be crisp and hard, ready to break off; but still these frost-bitten parts are not actually irrecoverable; they may be thawed, but, strange as it may seem, the cold man's greatest enemy is the heat he so earnestly prays for. After the battle of Eylau, the thermometer had fallen to fourteen and fifteen degrees below zero, but not a single soldier complained of any accident from the effect of cold, though, till the 9th of February, they had passed the nights in snow, and exposed to the hardest frost."

General Fevrier, finding his enemies unaffected by his usual weapons, changed his tactics. In the night of the 9th, up went the thermometer to three, four, and five degrees above zero, and the ever-active French soldiers felt themselves heavy and their feet numb, troubled with pins and needles; and on pulling off their shoes and stockings beheld the toes were black and dried, and a red blush on the instep told the increased temperature had been too much for their chilled extremities, and that their feet were mortifying—rotting off them! They were suffering in large what we do in small, when we stick our cold toes to the bars of the grate in this cold wintry weather. We get some small patch of skin inflamed by the heat, which, in its cold condition, it cannot stand, and we call the patch a chilblain. John Hunter froze the ears of rabbits, then thawed them rapidly, and they inflamed. We, says Larrey, we to the man benumbed with cold, if he enter too suddenly a warm room, or come too near the fire of a bivaouac! We lately saw a fine-looking Scotch girl with her feet gangrenous from cold; she had been tramping in snow in a tub, and feeling them cold and numb, she stepped from it into another tub which held warm but not by any means hot water.

With regard to the treatment of frost-bite, ten persons, the part affected should be rubbed with cold water or snow, and then with fluids of a medium temperature, in a cold room; cautiously bring the patient into a warmer atmosphere, and administer small quantities of cordials or warm tea, then cover him up in bed, and encourage perspiration. Even where the patient seems quite dead, or has lain as if dead for days, you must give a fair trial to these remedies. When poor Boutillat, the French peasant, who awoke crying out for drink after his four days sleep in the snow, was brought to his friends, they wrapped him in warm linen dipped in arctic water, and this was but too probably the cause of the poor fellow's feet mortifying.

Now, we have said that cold may not only predispose to the death of animals or portions of animal tissues, but it may kill them. How it slaughters its victims, we do not exactly know; some say it paralyzes the heart; others think that the cold, to use a popular expression, drives the blood inward, and kills by apoplexy. The irresistible sleepiness that creeps over a person "lost in the snow" is well known, and has been often described if once it is yielded to, death, under the forlorn circumstances usually present, is sure to result. But, undoubtedly, it may kill at once. Persons have been found stone dead standing upright at their posts, all the machinery of life having stopped at once—the mouth half open, as when the last gasp was uttered; the limbs still in the position they assumed during life, and having undergone, through the peculiar antiseptic nature of the cold, none of the changes we find after other forms of death.

Captain Warens reports to the Admiralty thus: "In the month of August, 1775, I was sailing about seventy-seven degrees north latitude, when one morning, about a mile from my vessel, I saw the sea entirely blocked up by ice. Nothing could be seen, far as the eye could reach, but mountains and peaks covered with snow. The wind soon fell to a calm, and I remained for two days in the constant expectation of being crushed by that frightful mass of ice, which the slightest wind could force upon us. We had passed the second day in such anxieties, when about midnight the wind got up, and we immediately heard horrible cracking of ice, which broke and tossed about with a noise resembling thunder. That was a terrible night for us; but by morning, the wind having become by degrees less violent, we saw the terror of ice which was before us entirely broken up, and a large channel extending out of sight between its two sides. The sun now shone out, and we sailed away from the northward before a light breeze. Suddenly, when looking at the sides of the icy channel, we saw the masts of a ship; but what was still more surprising to us, was the singular manner in which its sails were placed, and the dismantled appearance of its spars and manoeuvres. It continued to sail on for some time, then stopping by a block of ice, it remained motionless. I could not then resist my feeling of curiosity; I got into my gig with some of my sailors, and went toward this strange vessel. We saw, as we drew near, that it was very much damaged by the ice. Not a man was to be seen on the deck, which was covered with snow. We shouted but no one replied. Before getting up the side, I looked through a port-hole which was open, and saw a man seated before a table, upon which were all the necessary materials for writing. Arrived on the deck, we opened the hatchway, and went down into the cabin; there we found the ship's clerk seated as we had before seen him through the port-hole. But what was our terror and astonishment, when we saw that it was a corpse, and that a green damp mould covered his cheeks and forehead, and hung over his eyes, which were open! He had a pen in his hand, and the ship's log lay before him. The last lines he had written were as follows: '11th November, 1762.—It is now seventeen days since we were shut up in the ice. The fire went out yesterday, and our captain has since tried to light it again, but without success. His wife died this morning. There is no more hope—'

My sailors kept aloof in alarm from this dead body, which seemed still living. We entered together the stateroom, and the first object which attracted us was the body of a woman laid on a bed, in an attitude of great and perplexed attention. One would have said, from the freshness of her features, that she was still in life, had not the contraction of her limbs told us that she was dead. Before her a young man was seated on the floor, holding a steel in one hand and a flint in the other, and having before him several pieces of German tinder. We passed on to the fore cabin, and found there several sailors laid in their hammocks, and a dog stretched out at the foot of the ladder. It was in vain that we sought for provisions and firewood; we discovered nothing. Then my sailors began to say that it was an enchanted ship; and they declared their intentions of remaining but a very short time longer on board. We, then, after having taken the ship's log, set off for our vessel, stricken with terror at the thought of the fatal instance we had just seen of the peril of polar navigation, in so high a degree of north latitude. On my return, I found by comparing the documents which I had in my possession, that the vessel had been missing for thirteen years."

Now, although these are extreme cases,

and but seldom heard of, don't think that will excuse you, my good reader, if you see any even in this comparatively temperate country, for instance, cold or likely to be cold, and you do not your best to warm them. Think, while you sit over the fire, or turn in the warm blankets, or button up your overcoat—think, when you have a warm grasp of a friend's hand, or feel your child's warm cheek nestle against yours—think of the heat-abstracting powers of doorsteps, and common stairs, and east winds, and parish officers, and cold shoulders, and, if you will take my advice, let the cold of winter exhibit one of its characteristic powers on you—let it drive the blood inward to your heart. Do what you can to diffuse warmth and comfort among your fortunate neighbors.

—Spirit of the Times.

Bits of Luck.

Few people are aware how much we owe to accidents. That we often lose by them, is indeed true. Property is destroyed to a frightful extent, valuable lives are sacrificed, or a work on which years of labor and ingenuity have been spent, is suddenly rendered useless; but, on the whole, I believe the world is a gainer by accidents. They have added, beyond the power of calculation, to our stock of knowledge and riches. Without them, the astronomer would never have been supplied with his telescope or pendulum; many of the conveniences and necessities of life, as we now consider them, would be unknown; and much of the wealth floating about in the world, and finding employment for thousands, would be lying undiscovered in the bowels of the earth. Accidents of the kind I am speaking of are indeed no more than friendly hints of nature, which require attentive minds to seize upon and understand them. The thoughtless or careless would pass them for ages day after day, and never be a jot the wiser or better for them.

There must be a quick eye, and a mind as sensitive as the prepared paper of the photographer, to catch these hints. While the eye sees, the mind must seize upon and retain the lesson. Mr. Smiles, in his *Self-help*, gives a most admirable case in point. "While Captain, afterwards Sir Samuel Brown, was occupied in studying the construction of bridges, with the view of contriving one of a cheap description to be thrown across the Tweed, near which he lived, he was walking in his garden one dewy autumn morning, when he saw a tiny spider's net suspended across his path. The idea immediately occurred to him that a bridge of iron ropes or chains might be constructed in like manner; and the result was the invention of his suspension bridge." A most trifling incident this, it would seem, and yet what beautiful results it has led to! His mind was thoroughly prepared for the slightest impression, and a spider's web was sufficient to imprint upon it an idea which was eventuated in such stupendous yet beautiful networks as that which spans the Menai Strait. I never look on one of these triumphs of engineering skill without remembering that a little spider was the first constructor of suspension bridges, and gave the hint to man.

But perhaps there seems too little of accident in this for some persons; they would like a more decided case—a man picking up a stone, and finding it a lump of silver, or something that was really worth calling a "piece of luck." Here, then, is the very thing. Darwin tells us of a man who was driving a loaded donkey over one of the mountains of the Cordillera chain, and wishing to make the animal quicken his pace, took up a stone to throw at it. Thinking the stone heavy, he picked it up again to examine it, and to his astonishment found it full of pure silver! The man, though a brute, was something of a philosopher; he judged that there was more of the precious ore where this had come from, and began to search for the vein; for the man saw that it was a corpse, and that a green damp mould covered his cheeks and forehead, and hung over his eyes, which were open! He had a pen in his hand, and the ship's log lay before him. The last lines he had written were as follows: '11th November, 1762.—It is now seventeen days since we were shut up in the ice. The fire went out yesterday, and our captain has since tried to light it again, but without success. His wife died this morning. There is no more hope—'

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father's workshop. On one of these occasions, they were amusing themselves with some spectacle-glasses, when one of them placed two together, one before the other, and looked through them, at the weathercock on a neighboring steeple. To the child's astonishment, the vane appeared larger and nearer to it than when seen through one glass only. The father was called to see the sight, and struck with the singular fact, resolved to turn it to advantage. His first plan was to fix two glasses on a board, by means of brass rings, which might be brought nearer to each other or further off at pleasure. He was thus enabled to see distant objects better and more distinctly than before. The next improvement was to place the glasses in a tube, which may be termed the first telescope. Galileo soon heard of it, and applied it to astronomical purposes. The mention of this great man recalls to mind his accidental discovery of the pendulum. A correct time-measure had long been a desideratum in the world. Water-clocks had been tried, and found wanting; Alfred's candles would not do for the world at large. Another lucky accident must supply the want; and it came as follows: The future great astronomer, though then only a young man, was in the cathedral of Pisa. One of the vergers had been supplying a lamp with oil, which hung from the roof, and left it swinging to and fro; this caught Galileo's attention; and carefully noting it, he observed that it vibrated in equal times, and first conceived the idea of applying it to the measurement of time. It cost him fifty years to complete his pendulum. After the telescope and pendulum, we can hardly pass over Sir Isaac Newton's discovery of the law of gravity, though it is too well known to require more than naming. An apple accidentally falling to the ground before his face revealed to him the mighty, all-pervading secret of nature! What vast results have sprung from these seeming trifles! Distant worlds have not only been discovered, but weighed and measured; the pathless ocean can be travelled over with the same certainty as if guide-posts were erected every three or four miles; and time can be measured to the greatest nicety!

Should these few facts stimulate but one individual to pay more attention to our great teacher, Nature—to look out for her hints, and try to turn them to good account, it is impossible to say how much richer the world may be through that one man in a half a century.

NEVER COOK IN COPPER.—People do a hundred bad things, and because they continue to exist—not to live in the full sense of the world—they keep on the bad practice, and laugh at "notional" persons who are careful about little things. The housewife who has a fine copper or brass kettle, which is so handy to use in all sorts of cooking operations, will probably throw down the *Agriculturist* when she reads this item; with the remark that "it's all book nonsense." But we wish to tell her, nevertheless, that every item of sauce or food she cooks in a copper or brass vessel, is poisoned. The amount of poison may be small in each case, and a person with a vigorous constitution may use brass or copper for many years without dying; but from what we know of the chemical nature and affinities of copper, we would just as soon take a small dose of arsenic as to eat fruit, or other food, cooked in a brass or copper kettle, unless the interior surface be kept perfectly coated with tin.—*Agriculturist*.

EXAMINATION OF RECRUITS.—The medical examination of recruits for the army is performed with amazing rapidity by surgeons who understand the business, as follows:—"The recruit is denuded of all clothing but trousers. 'Now stand on tip-toe—raise both hands above your head, close together, palms outward—stretch to full height—now sink upon your haunches—keeping on tip-toe—now at a spring stretch at full length.' No man who is defective in point of muscle can go through these postures without showing his weakness. The doctor then traces gently the chest, and by a peculiar nicety of touch ascertains the presence or absence of any aneurisms of the large veins or arteries, and a thumper on either lung reveals the condition of these organs. In a half minute the question is settled, and

a libel upon him in the description of the Prince of Wales Ball, (damages laid at \$4000,) which he has recently ascertained was written by said Underwood. He has also sued the stockholders in the late "See Printing Company" to recover the amount of judgment which he has recovered of the Company upon the same cause of action as the preceding, but which cannot be collected because the Company are insolvent. The damage in this case is laid at \$4000. The Court is retained as counsel in an action brought by James M. Nixon, "the lessee, director and responsible financial manager of the Boston Theatre, otherwise known as the Boston Academy of Music," against Henry G. Parker who is described as one who has been for several months past "the histrionic, operative, reviewer, writer, compiler, and dramatic Editor" of the Boston Courier. The libel is contained in a notice of Edwin Forrest's personation of Othello and was published in that paper. Damage laid at \$4000. Hon Geo. S. Hillard defends this action. In retaliation for the proceeding, the said Hillard in behalf of said Parker has sued Nixon for libel upon him for certain words published in a handbill or programme of the performance of "The Gladiator." Damage \$3000. These suits give evidence of something interesting to come off in our Court, and will enable us to see what constitutes a libel and how far editors, publishers, and printers are responsible therefor. The zeal and perseverance which the Court has manifested in conducting the cases which have been before our Courts, give evidence that these additional ones will be presented with all the ability at his command.

TOYS, FANCY GOODS, &C



JUST OPENING at the WOBURN BOOK STORE, a large lot of Toys and Fancy Goods, consisting in part as follows—

Dolls and Doll Heads in variety, Fruit, Bead, and Willow Baskets, Cushions, Wax Angels, Beads, Drums, Whips, Whistles, Rattles, Domino Masks, Paper Soldiers, Zouaves, Fire Engines, Toy Brackets, Jumping Mice and Jacks, Wagons, Rings, Harmonicas, "No. 1," &c., &c.

Alabaster Inkstands, Pearl and Shell Card Cases, Pearl and Ivory Paper Knives, Double-nosed, Backgammon Boards and Checkers, Men, Puff Boxes, Watch Stands, Bracelets, Necklaces, Portemonnaies, Perfumery, Hair Oils, Extracts, Brushes, Combs, &c., &c.

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

Almanacs for 1862.

LADY'S OLD FARMER'S, LEAVITT'S, and CHRISTIAN ALMANACS for 1862, can be found at the **WOBURN BOOKSTORE.**

BOOK-KEEPING RATIONALIZED, by George N. Comer. Price \$1. For sale at **Woburn Bookstore.**

ONE PRICE ONLY!

Good Fall and Winter

CLOTHING!

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS!

OVERCOATS!

BUSINESS COATS!

DRESS COATS!

PANTALOONS!

VESTS!

UNDERSHIRTS & DRAWERS!

Shirts, Collars,

Cravats, Stockings,

Gloves, &c.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,

Vestings, &c.,

FOR CUSTOM WORK,

MAGILL, WILLIAMS & PARKER'S,

192 Washington Street,

BOSTON,

Opposite the Marlboro' Hotel.

COUGHS AND COLDS.

Sweetser's Compound against Coughs, Colds, Hoarse-ness, Tickling in the Throat, Asthma, &c.

If your children have the WHOOPING COUGH, let them use the **ICELAND MOSS CANDY**, freely and, with ordinary care, no other medicine will be needed.

Sold in Woburn, at the **WOBURN BOOK STORE** by W. CONANT and ELBRIDGE BARNES, and by Apothecaries generally in cities and towns.

The wholesale agents in Boston are—George C. Goodwin & Co., Marshall Street, No. 5; Burr & Co., Tremont Street, Corner of Cornhill; and Preston, Hanson Street, Chas. T. Carney, and Weeks & Porter, Washington Street, who will supply all orders, or applications may be made by mail to the proprietor.

T. A. SWEETSER, Druggist, South Danvers, Mass.

January 25th, 1860.—17

PAPER HANGINGS!!

JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE AND VARIED SUPPLY OF

ROOM PAPER!!

CONSISTING IN PART OF—

Oak and Oak Striped, Satin, Pearl and Ground Papers.

ENTRY PAPER & BORDERING

IN GREAT VARIETY.

Curtains and Curtain Paper.

PRICE—From 6 Cts. to \$1.50 per roll

THIS is the largest and choicest lot of Papers ever offered in this town—containing 100 different styles.

per Purchasers are invited to call and examine samples at the

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

Peterson for January,

For sale at **WOBURN BOOKSTORE.**

Saponifier.

THE READY FAMILY SOAP MAKER, and UNIVERSAL CLEANSER.

WILL make hard water soft, clean Paint, remove Ink from Type, Grease from Kitchen Utensils, &c., &c.

One Box costs..... 25 cents

4 to 12 boxes, usually given away, at about 1 cent per lb., say..... 25

Forty-fives, therefore, is the cost of a barrel of **FIRST RATE SOAP.**

Recipe for making different kinds of Soap, sent free by addressing to Geo. W. Eaton, No. 10, State Street, Boston.

THE SAPONIFIER can be had of any respectable store-keeper in the country.

Executors' Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscribers have been duly appointed Executors of the will of **WILLIAM NICHOLS**, late of Burlington, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and have taken upon themselves that trust by giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to **HENRY NICHOLS**, Executors.

Burlington, Nov. 20th, 1861.—15 3w.

Commeoraleth of Massachusetts,

IN INSOLVENCY:

NOTICE is hereby given that Honorable **WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON** Judge of Court of Insolvency in and for said County of Middlesex, has issued his Warrant against the estate of **SYLVESTER HAKENDEN** of Reading in said County, Cabinet Manufacturer, an Insolvent Debtor, and the payment of any Debts, and the delivery of any Property, belonging to said Insolvent Debtor, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any Property by him, are forbidden by law.

A meeting of said HAKENDEN's Creditors will be held at the office of said Judge of Court of Insolvency, on the eighth day of January next at nine o'clock in the forenoon, for the proof of Debts, and the choice of an Assignee or Assignees.

JNO. H. DEARBORN, Deputy Sheriff, Messenger.

12-3 w.

E. PERLEY ROBBINS, Formerly with H. M. Currier and Son, (SUCCESSOR TO J. R. CAMPBELL),

MARKET EATING HOUSE, 40 North Market Street, Corner Merchants Row, BOSTON.

DR. WM. B. HURD'S MOUTH WASH, A SURE REMEDY FOR A BAD BREATH, SORE MOUTHS, CANKER, DISEASED BLEEDING GUMS, NURSING SORE MOUTH,

AND the best specific now in use for any diseased condition of the mouth. It is particularly beneficial to persons wearing

ARTIFICIAL TEETH, completely destroying every taint of the mouth, absorbing and removing all impurities, insuring

A SWEET BREATH to all who make use of it. No Young Lady or Young Gentleman who is afflicted with a

BAD BREATH should delay applying this remedy, for it is a certain cure, and is approved and recommended by every physician under whose notice it has been brought.

A BAD BREATH is an offence for which there is no excuse while

DR. WM. B. HURD'S Mouth Wash, can be procured.

Many persons carry with them a bad breath, greatly to the annoyance and often to the disgust of those with whom they are in contact. To relieve yourself from all fears regarding this,

USE DR. WM. B. HURD'S MOUTH WASH. Cleanliness of the mouth is of great importance to the general health, which is often affected, and not unfrequently seriously impaired, through want of proper attention to this subject.

USE DR. WM. B. HURD'S MOUTH WASH. Prepared at Dr. Hurd's Dental Office, No. 77 Fourth Street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Price, 37 cents per Bottle.

A liberal discount made to dealers. Address Principal Office, Tribune Building, No. 11 Spruce Street, New York.

Sold also by Caswell, Mack & Co., Fifth Avenue Hotel; J. & L. Codding, 715 Broadway; D. S. Barnes, 202 Broadway, and by all Druggists.

DR. WM. B. HURD'S TOOTH POWDER.

This Powder possesses the CARBONIC WITHOUT THE INJURIOUS PROPERTIES OF CHARCOAL, and is free from all Acids or Alkalies that can in the least injure the Teeth.

ITS ACTION BEING ENTIRELY MECHANICAL—POLISHING WITHOUT WEARING THE ENAMEL.

Dr. Wm. B. Hurd's Tooth Powder is recommended by ALL EMINENT DENTISTS.

Prepared at Dr. Hurd's Dental Office, No. 77 Fourth Street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Price, 25 cents per Box.

A liberal discount made to dealers. Address Principal Office, Tribune Building, No. 11 Spruce Street, New York.

Sold also by Caswell, Mack & Co., Fifth Avenue Hotel; J. & L. Codding, 715 Broadway; D. S. Barnes, 202 Broadway, and by all Druggists.

DR. WM. B. HURD'S TOOTHACHE DROPS

FOR THE CURE OF TOOTHACHE produced by exposed nerves.

It is particularly adapted to all cases of children afflicted with TOOTHACHE.

Parents can relieve themselves from that distressing nervousness caused by

LOSS OF SLEEP, and their children from great suffering, by keeping a bottle of

DR. WM. B. HURD'S TOOTHACHE DROPS in the house.

Prepared at Dr. Hurd's Dental Office, No. 77 Fourth Street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Price, only 12 cents per Bottle.

A liberal discount made to dealers. Address Principal Office, Tribune Building, No. 11 Spruce Street, New York.

Sold also by Caswell, Mack & Co., Fifth Avenue Hotel; J. & L. Codding, 715 Broadway; D. S. Barnes, 202 Broadway, and by all Druggists.

DR. WM. B. HURD'S NEURALGIA PLASTER,

FOR THE CURE OF NEURALGIA or TOOTHACHE produced by colds.

LOCAL NEURALGIA is immediately cured by their application.

They act like a charm, and are perfectly harmless, in their nature; do not produce a blister, and leave no unpleasant results.

Dr. W. B. Hurd's Neuralgia Plasters never fail to give satisfaction to all who test their virtue.

Prepared at Dr. Hurd's Dental Office, No. 77 Fourth Street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Price, only 15 cents each.

A liberal discount made to dealers. Address Principal Office, Tribune Building, No. 11 Spruce Street, New York.

Sold also by Caswell, Mack & Co., Fifth Avenue Hotel; J. & L. Codding, 715 Broadway; D. S. Barnes, 202 Broadway, and by all Druggists.

SPONGE FOR CURRIERS' USE.

JUST received, 500 lbs. of best Curriers' Sponge, which will be sold cheaper than the same article can be purchased for in Boston.

B. W. CONANT, Woburn, December 7th, 1861.—3 m

A Wonderful Little Microscope, magnifying small objects 500 times, will be sent to any applicant on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in silver, and one pink stamp, 2 1/2 of different powers for one dollar. Address **MRS. M. S. WOODWARD**, Box 1853, Philadelphia, Pa.

Diaries—1862.

A LOT OF DIARIES FOR 1862, can be found for sale at the **WOBURN BOOKSTORE.**

Harper for January, For sale at **WOBURN BOOKSTORE.**

GIFT AND JUVENILE BOOKS, CONSISTING OF "A Gift for You," "Lexicon of Ladies Names," "A Popular Gift Book," "A Sublime Paper," Autograph Books, Annuals, &c.; "Specimens for Young Lovers," "King's Christmas Stories," and a lot of Libraries containing a variety of different books. AT **WOBURN BOOKSTORE.**

NEW MEDICAL TREATMENT. The great remedy for the cure of disease,

Hot Air Bath, OF ROMAN AND TURKISH ORIGIN, IS NOW IN SUCCESSFUL OPERATION AT

NO. 12 AVON PLACE, BOSTON. DR. L. TILTON, may be consulted upon Diseases of the Skin, in every form, such as

Canker, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Scald-Head, Pimples, Eruptions of Every Kind.

In hundreds of cases they cause Consumption, Asthma, Throat Disease, Catarrh, Cough, Dyspepsia, Lung Difficulties, Female Complaints, Nervousness, Kidney and Liver derangement, Piles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c., &c. In fact, all diseases originate from a poisonous, unhealthy action of the blood and skin; more particularly diseases of the Skin, are the agents and foundation of a great variety of diseases.

The Hot Air Bath Remedy, with some modification not originally contemplated, we have found to be an extraordinary solvent on diseases of the Skin, thoroughly convalesced, also, that a proper treatment of the Skin will tend to eradicate the diseases located internally, and to unmask and destroy their secret batteries; we shall, with the appliances, and with newly discovered Remedies and improvements in Medical treatment, in conjunction with the Bath Remedy, be able to meet and cure disease successfully.

Our success, thus far, leaves no room for doubt or speculation as to its merits, and needs but a trial to be fully appreciated.

To the care-worn invalid, it is a prominent and delightful means to recover lost health.

To the people who have a leisure hour, it is a luxury, and at once gives Power, Vigor, energy, strength, to mind and body.

The practicality of cure in many cases are such, that the sick can be cured at their homes from a correct description of their case, by letters, and have the necessary preparations sent by express.

We invite the afflicted and suffering to give us a call.

We commend our system to the consideration of the public.

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A VARIETY OF NEW GAMES—"The Rebellion," "Military," "C. C. QUETTE," &c., &c.—can be found at the **WOBURN BOOKSTORE.**

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Lamps altered to burn Kerosene Oil at short notice.

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Nice Lantern to Burn Kerosene Oil.

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Overcoats, Pants & Vests,

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Choicest Fabrics the market affords,

Can be found at

GAGE'S.

Central Market

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THE subscriber having taken the store formerly occupied by E. O. SOLES, will keep constantly on hand West India Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, &c. **H. WHITFORD,** get 8, 1859.

DISEASES OF THE EAR.

PARTIAL Deafness, Discharges from the Ear, Ringing noises in the Ears, &c., relieved at once, and positively cured, by a simple and original disorganizing treatment.

Examinations of the ear with the Otoroscope, determining the exact condition of the internal ear, and whether a cure is possible.

DR. S. C. PRATT, Late associate of the eminent English Aurist, T. H. Greenough, M. D., of Russell Square, London.

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TO DISABLED SOLDIERS, SEAMEN, and MARINES, and Widows or other heirs of those who have died or been killed in the service, **CHAS. C. TUCKER**, Attorney for Claimants, Bounty Land and Pension Agent, Washington City, D. C.

Pensions procured for Soldiers, Seamen and Marines of the present war, who are disabled by reason of wounds received, or disease contracted while in service, and Pensions, Bounty Money and arrears of Pay obtained for Widows or other heirs of those who have died or been killed while in service.

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(Weston's) Old Stand, Main Street, Woburn, Nov. 1, 1858. ytt

Godey for January, For sale at **WOBURN BOOKSTORE.**

East Woburn Grocery Store.

H. RAMSDEN informs the inhabitants of EAST WOBURN that he keeps constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of GROCERIES, of all descriptions, and of the best quality; also, Crockery and Glass Ware, all of which will be sold at the very lowest cash prices. East Woburn, Sept.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL

Printing Establishment, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

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SHOW BILLS,

POSTERS,

AUCTION BILLS,

Wit and Anecdote.

"Care to our Coffin adds a nail, no doubt
And every grin, so merry, draws one out."

Slander.

Put the scorpion pillory up;
Gag her, that she may not speak;
Innocent but when she's dumb;
Lying hag, with face so meek.
There, before the howling crowd,
Rip her tongue, her slacktongue, out;
Smite her fiercely—*once*—she's dead,
Hear the people's roaring shout.

Burn her—but be sure you dig
Pit a thousand fathoms deep
For her ashes, lest they blow
Round the world, while good men sleep,
Wreeding seeds with poison roots,
Bleeding whosoever they drop.
Uprose trees, with fruit of lies,
Hell and Satan's cursed crop.

—Chambers's Journal.

AN 1812 WAR STORY.—The following we believe has never been printed. Ogden Hoffman used to tell the story. He was in the great fight between the Constitution and the Guerriere, and said that as the British ship came sailing down on them, as they heard the sharp orders, when the guns were run out and the men could be seen ready with their matchlocks, an officer came in haste to Capt. Isaac Hull and asked for orders to fire. "Not yet," was the quick response. As they came still nearer, and the British pushed in her fire, the first lieutenant of the Constitution came on the poop and begged permission to return the broadside, saying that the men could not be restrained much longer. "Not yet," was the indifferent reply. Still nearer the British ship came, and the American prisoners, who were in the cockpit of the Guerriere, afterwards said that they began to believe that their own countrymen were afraid to measure their strength with that of the enemy, and this thought gave them more pain than the wounds which some of them were still suffering from. In a moment after the Guerriere rode gallantly forward, showing her burnished sides, and as the swell carried her close to the very muzzle of "Old Ironsides," Capt. Hull, who was then quite fat and dressed in full lights, bent himself twice to the deck, and with every muscle and vein throbbing with excitement, shouted out as he made another gyration, "Now, boys, pour it out!" That broadside settled their opponent, and when the smoke cleared away the Commodore's lights were seen to be split from waistband to heel. Truly the Commodore had a soul "too big for his breeches." Hoffman used to add that Hull nothing disconcerted, gave his orders with perfect coolness, and only changed his lights when the British commander's sword was given up to him.

AN Exchange says that one day last week, a lady went out to make a "call." After ringing the bell, Biddy came to the door, and the following dialogue ensued:
"Is Mrs. — at home?"
"No, mem; she's gone to the circus."
"To the circus! (greatly surprised.)"
"What circus has she gone to?"
"To the sewing circus, mem."

A DIFFERENCE.—X's shoemaker brought in his bill, which was immediately allowed to remain unpaid. The little joker ran his eye over the item, however, and found \$15 charged for a pair of boots.
"That is cool," he exclaimed.
"Cool," responded the cordonnier, "yes, but not collected."

Fashion.
A way to dress,
In the mode, I guess,
Takes a husband's bones quite clean,
And poor Mr. Spratt
Must cry "No fat!"
And his wife will cry no less.

A FARMER, living on the line of the Troy and Boston Railroad, stopped a passenger train on Thursday last, by waving his hat. "What's the matter?" screamed the engineer. "Master!" said the farmer, "no joking, as I know of." "Then what did you swing your hat for?" said the engineer. "O Lord!" said the farmer, "why, I was fanning myself!"

FATHER OF A FAMILY.—"Now, dear, let me see! We've got the 'sandwiches, and the sherry, and the railway tickets, and the insurance in case of a collision, so that it is a great comfort to reflect, in case of any thing serious—" The rest of the speech is lost in the shriek of the railway engine.

TWO men were conversing about the ill humor of their wives. "Ah!" said one, with a sorrowful expression, "mine is a Tartar!" "Well," replied the other, "mine is worse than that—that mine is the Cream of Tartar."

SLIDELL's father, "a respectable tallow-chandler," in New York city, certainly never moulded a more wicked lump of fat than his son John has proved to be.

A Manchester poet has commenced a new epic, which begins well. It opens with an invocation to the Nine Muses, bursting forth with these words:—"Ye femi-nines!"

A man speaking of a place out West says it is a perfect paradise, and that though most all the people have the fever, and yet it is a great blessing, for it is the only exercise they take.

"It is very curious," said an old gentleman to his friend, "that a watch should be perfectly dry when it has a running spring inside."

Love, Justice, and Fortune are said to have no eyes; but all three make us mortals open our pretty wide sometimes.

The "Good Book" says "that a man shall come unto his wife." This accounts for a lover before marriage, aizing a girl to marry him!

SOMETHINGS-OR-NOTHINGS.

"Variety's the Spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor."

PARTY is the madness of many for the gain of a few.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel beforehand than to renege it afterward.

A fly in a man's butter is decidedly the least pleasant of all kind of butterflies.

Rebels, like fireweed, should be measured by the cord.

What plaything may be deemed above every other?—A top.

Take away my first letter—take away my second letter—I take away all my letters, and I am still the same. The postman.

Be calm while your adversary storms and frets and you can warm yourself at his fire.

There are two classes generally in the wrong. Those who don't know enough and those who don't think enough.

An old man, when dangerously sick, was urged to take advice of a doctor, but objected, saying, "I wish to die a natural death."

WHEREVER I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

He that is truly polite knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and a low familiarity.

For organizing an army, feeding, clothing, and equipping it, and going into war business in general, the American people stand alone.

A wounded Irishman wrote home from the hospital, and finished up by saying, "I've fought for this country, I've died for it, and shall soon be able to say I've died for it."

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by virtues.

John Jeffries, when on the bench, told an old fellow with a long beard, that he supposed he had a conscience as long as his beard. "Does your lordship," replied the old man, "measure consciences by beard? If so, your lordship has none at all."

"What shall I help you to?" inquired a lady of a modest youth at the dinner table. "A wife," was the meek reply. The young lady blushed, perhaps indignantly, and it is said that the kind offices of a neighboring clergyman were requisite to reconcile the parties.

Of all subjects which are presented to the mind of man there is none so interesting or so worthy of attention as religion. It is religion that opens our understanding to the knowledge of the Author of our existence, reveals to us the dispensations of His providence, and unfolds the awful destinies of man. Enlightened by His precepts and instructions, the soul is drawn to a love of virtue, and taught to look hopefully forward for recompense in the world to come.

THAT "PRINCE"

—OF—

CLOTHIERS

GEORGE H. LANE.

AT HIS

"Great Bargain Store,"

KNOW AS

LANE'S CLOTHING PALACE,

No. 31 & 32

Dock Square,

BOSTON.

INVITES the attention of the residents of WOBURN and vicinity, irrespective of party, to his

NEW AND SPLENDID STOCK OF

Fall and Winter

CLOTHING,

AMONG WHICH IS THE

LARGEST & MOST SUPERB STOCK

—OF—

OVERCOATS

TO BE FOUND AT ANY HOUSE.

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL, IN

NEW ENGLAND.

Please remember also, that No Clothing House in Boston can so APPROACH OUR PRICES.

All our Customers say so—Everybody says so.

Wholesale Buyers for Cash will find Bargains here that are not to be found elsewhere.

Look until you find the RIGHT PLACE. You will get amply repaid for all time and trouble.

SEE THAT THE SIGN READS

"Lane's Clothing Palace,"

31 & 32 Dock Square,

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For the Instant Relief and Permanent Cure of this distressing complaint use

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BRONCHIAL CIGARETTES,

Made by C. B. BEYMOIR & Co., 433 Broadway, New York.

Price, \$1 per box; sent free by post.

For sale by all Druggists.

REWARDS OF MERIT, of various styles, WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

WOBURN BOOK STORE!

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STATIONERY, WRITING PAPER, BLANK BOOKS, HOUSE PAPERS, FANCY GOODS, &c. has just been added to the former stock, making a large and well-selected

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Consisting of works in History, Theology, Poetry, Fiction, Agriculture, the Arts, and general Literature. A constant supply of all the

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Blank Books and Memorandums of all kinds in

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A good supply of House Papers, Borders, Win-

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A large variety of Work Boxes, Reticules; Puff,

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Crochet Needles, Emory Cushions, Port Monnaies,

Wallets, Ladies' Money Bags, Visiting, Playing,

Plain and Ornamental Cards; Dolls in variety, and

toys of all kinds.

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FOR PRIVATE USE AND

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WE offer the country trade and consumers, a

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LIQUORS, WINES, &c., and would say that our

experience of more than FORTY YEARS as Im-

porters is not only a sufficient guarantee of the

quality of our Goods, but that it enables us to offer

advantages to buyers that cannot be excelled by

any house in Boston. Owing to the difficulty of

procuring, in many towns, a strictly pure and

reliable article of *Liquors and Wines* for medicinal

and other purposes, we have for many years given

special attention to filling orders for *Private Use*, and

consumers will find it greatly to their advantage

to send their orders to us direct, as we employ

no travelling or other agents whatever. Persons

who require *Pure Liquors and Wines*, in large or

small quantities, may rest assured that all orders

will receive our line, personal attention, and that

every article sent from our house will be satisfac-

tory in every respect. Communications by mail

will receive prompt attention, with full and com-

plete catalogue of goods, prices, &c.

I. D. RICHARDS & SONS,

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Boston, April 6, 1861.—29 1/2

NEW MUSIC

Published by Horace Waters,

No. 333, Broadway, N. Y.

Vocal, "Kind Words can never Die." "The Angel

told me," "Gave me back my Mountain," "I'm with

you," "Put me down," "Put me down," "Put me down,"

"Put me down," "Put me down," "Put me down,"

"Put me down," "Put me down," "Put me down,"

"Put me down," "Put me down," "Put me down,"

"Put me down," "Put me down," "Put me down,"

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HORACE WATERS,

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI : : No. 16.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.
Lines for the Times.
BY MRS. E. C. POLAND.

Beauregard! Beauregard! Prepare for the day,
When McClellan shall meet thee, in battle array;
For the blood of your slain rushes red on my
sight."

And the clans of Jeff Davis are scattered in flight.
We'll battle and bleed for our Flag's starry crown,
Woe, woe to the "rebel" that tramples it down;
We'll wrest its bright folds from the traitor's vile
hand,
Who would spread desolation and death o'er the
land.

Who would blacken and blast our once glorious
crown,
And trample her honor all recklessly down.
Old Jeff may look down on the Northern with
scorn,
"Proud bird of the mountain, your plume shall be
torn."

You may urge on your minions, both white, red
and black,
We'll cover not before them, retreat, nor turn
back
Till we've rooted out treason's vile brood from the
land
And wiped from our escutcheon foul Slavery's
brand.

From the time when Old Sumter's voice startled
the ear,
To the death-cry at Leesburg of those we held
dear;

Have we sworn to defend our Country's just cause,
To stand by and support Constitution and Laws.

Then shoulder to shoulder, brave sons of the North,
In the name of your God, fling your bright banner
forth;
With hearts nerved to the contest, and sinews of
steel,

Strike for Freedom a blow which the traitor's shall
feel.

Undaunted, unshrinking, be true to the trust
Bequeathed by those heroes, now slumbering in
dust;

Strike home, for your birthright—this land of the
free,
Till our Flag float triumphant o'er the land and the
sea.

Old time-honored Flag! 'Tis with reverence we
bow

'Neath thy starry folds, never dearer than now;
With the blood of our fathers we purchased each
star,

And cursed be the hand that its beauty would mar.

Then stand firm together, till victory is won,
Your swords, half a million, your bosoms as one;
Nor lay down your arms, while a traitor remains,
But prove yourselves worthy the blood in your
veins.
So, READING, Dec. 8th, 1861.

Select Literature.

THE ROSE OF GLEN VALLEY.

"Murder!—Help!—Oh, help!"

How sharp and fearful distinct that cry
ran on the midnight air! But there were
none to hear it, except the two ruffians, who,
pressing still closer to their victim, bore him
heavily to the ground.

"He is dead!" said the oldest one, placing
his hand upon the heart of the wounded
man, who lay upon the ground without sense
or motion.

"We had better make sure of it," said the
other, significantly pointing to the river at a
short distance.

His companion understood him, and with-
out a word on either side they lifted up the
body and carried it to the river. There was
a heavy splash, something that scurried like
a startled groan, and the broad waters rippled
quietly over it—the moon looked down as
calmly and placidly as if crime and murder
were a thing unknown. The two men then
mounted their horses and rode swiftly away.

"This is a good night's job," said the short-
er and the younger of the two.

"I should judge so," returned the other,
dryly, "as it gives you one of the richest
carlons in England."

"Ay, and by my knightly faith, you shall
find that the Earl of Egberton is not ungrate-
ful," said the other. The thousand pounds
shall be yours to-morrow, and if there is any
thing else I can do for you, you may consider
me to the full extent of my power."

"There will be a merry bridal to-morrow,"
said his companion.

"Very!" replied the younger one, with a
light mocking laugh. "Lady Blanche will
wait long at the altar for her lover; and as for
my good cousin Walter, who has been my
rival in love and ambition, I'll warrant he'll
sleep as sound to-night as he would were he
pillowed in her arms! But we must separate
here," he added, as they emerged from the
forest into the open country. "We must not
be seen together. Adieu! We shall meet to-morrow at the bridal."

And so saying he turned the head of his
horse into one of the two roads that were be-
fore them, and his companion taking the oth-
er, they parted.

In an elegant boudoir, partly reclining upon
a low couch, was a fair young girl of not
more than twenty summers, apparently in a
deep reverie. Her thoughts were very pleas-
ant, for there is a half smile around her
mouth, an expression of thoughtful and sub-
dued tenderness in the deep blue eyes and on
the smooth open brow. Her maid, who had
entered some minutes before, but who had
hesitated to disturb her, now approached.

"It is nearly ten, lady Blanche," she said,
addressing her young mistress; "in half an
hour the guests will be here."

"Can it be possible that it is so late as
that?" she replied, starting from her seat.
"Ah, Martha, I am so very happy!"

"Heaven grant that it may last, lady!"
said Martha, solemnly.

A shadow fell across the young girl's sun-
ny face.
"I am afraid I am too happy for it to last,"
she said, thoughtfully. "But come, Mar-
tha," she added, gayly, "Your skillful fingers
must be more than usually nimble, or I shall
be late at my bridal."

It did not take Martha long to loop back
those clustering curls, and to arrange the
shining folds that fell so gracefully around
that exquisitely moulded form; yet she had
hardly finished when there was an impatient
knock at the door, and a man entered, whose
bowed form and white hair bore the impress
of extreme old age. It was Lord Cantref.
He gazed upon his daughter for a moment
with an expression of mingled pride and
pleasure.

"Heaven bless you, my beloved child!"
he murmured, fondly. "But come," he
added, "The carriage is waiting, my love,
and our friends are growing impatient."

"Has not Walter been here yet, father?"
inquired the young girl.

"No," replied her father. "It is rather
strange; but I suppose something has detain-
ed him. He will probably meet us at the
church."

As Blanche passed down through the
group of liveried servants that lined the hall,
every one anxious to catch a glimpse of the
bride, many a heart blessed her sweet face,
and prayed that all the bright anticipations
its smiles and blushes shadowed forth might
be realized.

To Lord Cantref's surprise, the Earl of Eg-
berton was not at the church door when they
arrived. His brow grew dark with anxiety,
though he endeavored to ally the apprehen-
sions of his daughter, whose cheeks alternately
flushed and paled at her embarrassing posi-
tion.

Just as they were about to return, Lord
Cantref noticed a horseman approaching at a
furious pace, whom he recognized as Mr.
St. Croix, the young Earl's cousin. His
clothes were torn and dusty, and his face
pale and haggard, as he hurriedly alighted
from his horse, which was covered with sweat
and foam.

As his eye fell upon Lady Blanche he
hesitated, and casting a significant glance
upon Lord Cantref, beckoned him aside.
But this movement did not escape the obser-
vation of Lady Blanche, whose cheek grew
pale with fear.

"It was from Walter!" she exclaimed,
breaking from her attendants and following
her father. "Tell me," she added, wildly,
addressing St. Croix, "is he ill—dead?"

"Be calm, my dear child," said Lord Can-
tref, soothingly. "Your countenance betrays
great agitation; but the young Earl is not dead,
only missing. It is to be hoped that he will
yet be found."

Lady Blanche made no reply, but fell pale
and gasping into her father's arms, who
quickly conveyed her to the carriage.

Many of the bystanders gathered around
St. Croix, anxious to know the cause of this
strange scene. From the narration he gave,
they gathered that the Earl had disappeared,
no one knew whither. That there was no
clue to his fate, excepting his horse came
home a few minutes after midnight, with
dark stains of blood upon his breast and
sides. The grief and horror with which St.
Croix narrated these circumstances produced
no very favorable impression on those who
heard him; for he was next of kin to the
Earl, and upon his death would come into
possession of the earldom.

"My child," said Lord Cantref, a few
months after, who was in close and earnest
conference with his daughter, "I would not
urge you to take this step, were I not assured
that it would result in your ultimate happi-
ness."

"I don't doubt it, father," said Lady
Blanche, languidly. "But somehow the
very thought is repulsive to me. I never
liked Mr. St. Croix, and cannot say that I
like him any better since his accession to his
new honors. There is to my woman's in-
stinct, something treacherous and cruel in
the very glance of his eye, and the sound of
his voice."

"You are prejudiced, my daughter," said
her father. "I see nothing of this. Indeed,
I believe him to be an honorable man, and in
every respect worthy of you. You have no
brother," he added, solemnly, as his daugh-
ter made no reply, "and will soon have no
father, for my race is nearly run. It grieves
me to leave you so unprotected, and it would
take the last sting from death could I see you
Lord Egberton's wife."

"Let it be as you say, father," replied
Lady Blanche, indifferently. "Since Walter
is dead, I care little what becomes of me."

"The Earl has been waiting some time to
see you, Blanche," he continued; "may he
come in and receive your consent from your
own lips?"

Lady Blanche inclined her head; and in a
few moments the wily man was by her side.

"I have no heart to give you," she said,
in reply to his earnest protestations, lifting
her eyes calmly to his face; "but my hand is
yours whenever you choose to claim it."

"If the most devoted and tender love can
win your heart, it cannot but fail to be mine,
dear lady," said the Earl, softly.

"Nay, Lord Egberton," said Lady Blanche,

firmly, "it will avail little. All the heart
that I have is buried in Walter's grave. Yet
I promise that all I can give you shall be
yours any day you name."

The Earl murmured a few words of thanks,
and then raising her hand respectfully to his
lips, turned away, and mounting his horse,
rode rapidly toward Egberton Hall, his heart
full of exultation at his success. As he was
passing a narrow defile, a form wrapped in a
large cloak suddenly crossed his path, start-
ling his horse so that he nearly threw him off
from the saddle. With a muttered imprec-
ation he turned toward the intruder.

"It is I, Edward St. Croix!" said a deep
hollow voice; and throwing back the cloak,
the pale light of the moon fell upon the tall
form of a woman, clad in a strange, fantastic
attire. Her eyes were black as midnight, as
also was the heavy mass of disordered hair
that fell below her waist; her complexion
was dark, even to swarthy. Yet, in spite
of her weird, unearthly aspect, there was
something in the general contour of her face
which showed that she had once possessed
more than common beauty.

"Ardele!" exclaimed St. Croix, as-
tonished.

"Nay, Edward," said the woman, with a
low bitter laugh, "not the loving and trust-
ful Ardele, whom you lured by your vile
acts from the happy home, but Cleopatra, the
gipsy queen!"

"I—I thought—" stammered the Earl.
"You thought me, as you intended me to
be, dead!" she said, interrupting with a still
more bitter laugh. "But, my friend, poison
does not always kill, even when administered
so practised a hand as yours. I have
many an antidote such as you gave me on
the night of our last meeting!"

"You are talking at random, woman,"
said the Earl, sternly recovering in a measure,
his self-possession. "What is it out of
your head—money?"

"Not for worlds would I touch your gold,
Edward St. Croix," exclaimed the gipsy
queen, with a haughty gesture; "red as it
is with the blood of the innocent! No, I
am come to warn you, man, that the cup of
vengeance is nearly full, that the sword of
justice is ready, even now, to descend upon
your head! Go! and instead of fulfilling
the wicked purpose that is in your heart to-
night, mount your fleetest steed, and escape
into some far country, and there, by a life of
penitence, strive to retrieve the past!"

"Are you mad, woman, to address such
language to me?" exclaimed the Earl,
angrily.

"Nay, here me out," said the gipsy queen,
calmly. "To-morrow is to be your bridal
day, is it not—that is, to witness your mar-
riage with the beautiful Lady Blanche?"

"It is," replied her companion, a grim
smile of satisfaction flitting across his face at
the recollection.

"Woe to the dove when it mates with the
hawk!" said the gipsy. "Edward St. Croix,
that was not the earldom enough for thee, that
thou must lay thy blood-stained hands also
upon the betrothed of thy murdered cousin?"

St. Croix fairly reeled upon his saddle.
"What do you mean?" he gasped.

"Nay, be calm," said the woman, mock-
ingly, as she observed his agitation; "let not
your craven heart fail you now. Dead men
tell no tales! The moon that beheld that
deed of blood, the river that received the
body of the victim, have no tongue to accuse
you. Yet there is one whose eyes were upon
you, and whose vengeance will overtake you.
Go! I warn you to flee from the wrath that
is coming."

The Earl remained some seconds with his
eyes fixed intently upon the spot where the
woman disappeared. The cold sweat started
out in large drops upon his face, and his limbs
shook as if seized with an ague fit.

"She is no woman," he muttered to him-
self, as he spurred his horse onward, "but a
very fiend! But were she twice the fiend
that she is, she should not stand between me
and my promised bride!"

He reached Egberton Hall in safety, and
endeavored with large draughts of wine to
drive away all recollections of the scene through
which he had just passed. But it was in
vain; those black eyes seemed to be burning
into his very soul, and the tones of that
strange mysterious warning still sounded in
his ears.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, after an ineffec-
tual effort to banish it from his mind; "it is
a mere suspicion on her part; she can know
nothing about it. But let her, too, beware;
for, if she crosses my path again, I will send
her where her babbling tongue will keep quiet
for the future!"

Once more Lord Cantref's mansion is all
bustle and activity. The bells ring forth a
merry peal, for it is the bridal day of the
daughter of his house, the Lady Blanche, the
Rose of Glen Valley.

A murmur of mingled pity and admiration
filled the church as the bride entered. Her
face was almost as pale as the costly veil,
whose ample folds fell nearly to her feet, and
it bore the impress of deep-seated melancholy.
She looked more like a corpse than a bride,
and the whole proceeding resembled far more
a funeral than a bridal. The bridegroom
stood, whose haggard countenance in-
dicated that he had passed a sleepless night.
No murmurs followed his entrance, even
among his own retainers, for he bore no re-
semblance to the late Earl, his predecessor,
whose affable and engaging manners had made
him a general favorite. His morose, unsocial

disposition and haughty bearing made him
both disliked and feared. As he took his
place by Lady Blanche he looked little like a
happy bridegroom; his manner was abstracted,
and his eye wore an anxious and restless ex-
pression, and several times he gave a sharp,
hurried glance around the church, as if fear-
ing to meet some unexpected guest. He grew
calmer, however, when the ceremony com-
menced.

When the old rector bade those "who
knew cause or just impediment why those
two persons should not be joined together in
holy matrimony to declare it," it was con-
sidered by those who heard it as a mere mat-
ter of form, and they were startled by the
sound of a deep hollow voice in their midst,
which said—

"Hold! I forbid the marriage."

The bridegroom turned toward the place
whence it proceeded. He started and grew
pale, as his glance fell upon the swarthy
brow and flashing eyes of Cleopatra the gipsy
queen. Unabashed by his angry glance, or
the many eyes fixed upon her, she exclaim-
ed boldly—

"I proclaim Edward St. Croix, falsely
called Earl of Egberton, to be a forsworn
lover, a treacherous kinsman, and a murderer,
and therefore no fitting mate for the pure and
good Lady Blanche Cantref."

"It is false—she is mad!" said the Earl,
hoarsely.

"Fool!" muttered the woman, "you rush
on your own destruction. Walter, Earl of
Egberton," she added, impressively, turning
towards a man who sat in the back part of
the church, muffled up in a large cloak,
"come forward and prove the truth of my
assertion."

At these words the man arose, and throw-
ing back the cloak, revealed a face, which,
though pale and ghastly, bore a strong re-
semblance to the young Earl's. Then walk-
ing deliberately up the aisle he approached
the altar, and fixed his eyes sternly upon the
countenance of the guilty man. When St.
Croix's eyes fell upon him, he stood like
one transfixed with horror. Then, throwing
his arms wildly above his head, as if to pro-
tect himself from further approach, he fell
heavily to the floor, blood gushing from his
mouth and nostrils.

All but one among that horror-stricken
group supposed it to be the spirit of the un-
fortunate Earl, which had returned to take
vengeance on the murderer, and feared to ap-
proach him. But Lady Blanche, rushing for-
ward, threw herself wildly upon the bosom
of her lover, obtaining convincing proof as
she did so, from the warm kisses that fell
upon her lips, that it was no spirit, but her
own Walter.

When they lifted St. Croix from the place
where he had fallen, they found that life had
departed. It seems that the wounds given to
the young Earl were not, as his murderers
supposed, mortal. His plunge into the river,
instead of rendering his death certain, re-
stored him to consciousness, and when he
arose to the surface, made a desperate effort
to regain the shore. In this he would not,
probably, have been successful, for he was
very weak from the loss of blood, had it not
been for the gipsy queen, who was crossing
the river in a boat with some of her followers.
She picked him up, conveyed him to her
tent, and with the most devoted and tender
care, nursed him through the long and dan-
gerous illness that followed.

The Earl, on his recovery, became aware
of his cousin's usurpation of his estates and
title, also of his betrothal to the Lady
Blanche; but retaining a grateful sense of his
indebtedness to the heroic woman to whom
he owed his life, and who, in spite of all, still
cherished a strong affection for his treacherous
cousin, he allowed her to warn him, hoping
that it would induce him to flee from the
country, delaying for that purpose his appear-
ance until the very last moment.

There was another bridal day appointed,
at which there were happy and smiling faces;
the Lady Blanche, the beautiful Rose of Glen
Valley, gave her hand to Walter, Earl of
Egberton, at the altar of the ivy-clad church
of Stoke Cantref.

Both the Earl and Countess tried to induce
Cleopatra, the gipsy queen, to settle down in
the neat pleasant cottage the Earl had given
her. But they could not prevail upon her to
give up her roving life, to which she was so
strongly attached. She made it a rule, how-
ever, to visit Egberton Hall once a year, and
the Earl gave strict injunctions to all of his
tenants that neither she nor her followers
should ever be molested.

Many years have elapsed since the events
here recorded; but in remembrance of the
services rendered by the gipsy queen, a mem-
ber of that wandering tribe who visits the
neighborhood has always a hospitable
reception from the descendants of the Rose
of Glen Valley.

An army correspondent gives the fol-
lowing account of the medicine given the
volunteers:—"Our doctor gives us the same
medicine for all complaints. Headache, blue
pills; ear ache, blue pills; rheumatism, blue
pills; yellow jaundice, blue pills; dropsy,
blue pills; cold, blue pills; and so on. We
are, decidedly, the blue pill regiment, and of
the opinion that it don't take much to make
a doctor."

DECEMBER was a remarkable month. The
first half of it was as mild as October, and it
had five Sundays and two new moons.

For the Middlesex Journal.

'Tis Snowing.
'Tis snowing to night, and where
Is my darling I cared for so well?
'Tis snowing to night, and where
Is the pet that with us did dwell?

The little white sheet is turned down,
The crib it stands near by the bed;
The little white sheet is turned down,
But the dear little sleeper has fled.

'Neath the white sheet of snow she is lying,
And closed are those beautiful eyes,
But the angels have told me in vision,
That Ella's the pet of the skies.

CEDAR DALE COTTAGE, WOBURN, 1862.

"A Corpse-Candle."

The progress of the body of Alexander
from the hour when it was life abandoned to
that in which it was employed to close a bung-
hole, was a slow one. A chemist who possessed
the ability of a Hoffman, a Normandy, or a
Crooks, could reduce a far bulkier body
than that of the great Macedonian to as small
a compass, and in a very short space of time.
Something of this kind was performed by a
French chemist not very long ago. Having
had the misfortune to lose a friend to whom
he was deeply attached, he extracted all the
iron from his body, and had it manufactured
into a ring, which he wore constantly on his
wrist. This exhibition of French eccentricity
was not altogether novel. In 1792, Paris
was not a particularly pleasant place to live
in; nevertheless people were born there, and
died there—some of them in an exceedingly
disagreeable and abrupt manner—very much
as they had done before. Among others of
its inhabitants was one Hippolyte Louchet,
who kept a shop for the sale of grocery, wine,
candles, oil, blacking, and other articles of
chandlery, at the corner of the Rue Favart
and a little street which runs into the Rue de
Grammont.

Now, M. Louchet had a daughter, with a
taste for coquetry, which manifested itself at
a remarkably early age even for a French-
woman. The social position of the parties on
whom she exercised her talent in this way
was quite a matter of indifference to her, for,
like a good little citizeness, she accepted the
doctrine, that all were equal. I am speaking
now of a time when she was a girl, and Eu-
gene Danton was a boy some eleven or twelve
years of age. Eugene's position was not a
lofty one, nor his prospects brilliant, his
avocation being that of a *commissionnaire*—
that is to say, he cleaned the boots of such
citizens as continued to indulge in such re-
fined, ran errands, and made himself
generally useful. His acquaintance with
Mademoiselle Agathe Louchet originated in
his buying his blacking in her father's shop,
where the little lass did not hesitate to ask
him all kinds of impertinent questions re-
specting his business, to the amusement of
her father and mother, and the confusion of
poor little Eugene. After a time, he seems to
have found that the corner of the Rue Favart
offered greater advantages in a professional
point of view than the adjacent station he
had hitherto occupied, and he removed his
apparatus thither. He now had frequent
opportunities of seeing Agathe as she passed
to and from her father's house; and whenever
this happened, no matter at how critical a
stage of development he had brought the
polish on his customer's boots, he invariably
jumped up, and, totally forgetful of his dig-
nity as a citizen of the republic, made
mademoiselle a bow. It occasionally hap-
pened that mademoiselle would stop to speak
to him, if he chanced to be unoccupied; and
great was Eugene's joy when this occurred,
and astonishing the energy with which he
danced the Carmagnole round his establish-
ment by way of giving vent to it. In such
stirring times as those, it would not have been
difficult for him to have pushed his way up
in the world, at the risk, however, of being
pushed out of it altogether by some one who
wanted his place; but the desire to see Ma-
demoiselle Agathe restrained him from making
any effort in this direction, until he had
become thoroughly aware that if his love for
her were to be crowned by marriage, he must
make an effort to raise himself above the con-
dition of a *commissionnaire*.

Accordingly, shortly after reaching his
fifteenth year, he made application to Citizen
Destouches, one of the oldest and kindest of
his patrons, for a post under the Republic.
This citizen received Eugene very kindly, and
in a short time procured for him a situation
in the Chamber of Deputies. He was now in
a fair way of getting influence enough to
compel Agathe's parent to consent to his
marrying his daughter, even if they had any
objection to a young man whose prospects
had so much improved; but inasmuch as he
was as yet of tender years, he contented him-
self, for the time, with visiting the family on
the ground of his being an old acquaintance,
on which occasions he was treated by Agathe
with great coolness when her parents were
present, and a corresponding amount of
familiarity whenever they chanced to be away.
Also it is to be feared that she saw him on
other occasions elsewhere than in her father's
house. Time gradually removed the sole
impediment to their union; and having now
attained his nineteenth year, Eugene urged
Agathe to suffer him to make a formal request
for her hand; but the young lady opposed it
with all sorts of pretexts for delay. The
truth was, she had known him so long, that
she was now tired of him, and there appeared
to have been others who had a better claim to
her hand, if they had chosen to assert it, than

he. The more reluctant she appeared to be
to accept him as her husband, the more
anxious he shewed himself to occupy that
position. At last, tired of his importunities,
she gave him a decided negative in such posi-
tive terms, that he left her with the profound
conviction that there was not the least hope
for him.

Instead of revenging his disappointment by
getting her sent to the scaffold, and thus
preventing her from breaking any more hearts,
this young man did the very thing which she
must have desired, considering how dan-
gerous a disappointed living lover might
become in those days—he committed suicide,
and accompanied the act of self-destruction
with a circumstance so very extraordinary,
that I am half afraid to relate it, lest some
may doubt whether I am writing with a strict
regard to the truth. On getting to his apart-
ment, he sent a note to one of the principal
men who possessed establishments at Mont-
faucon, to whom he had been introduced by
Destouches, requesting him to breakfast with
him the next morning. The greater part of
the night he spent in meditating on his pro-
ject, and the remainder in arranging his affairs
in connection with the Chamber of Deputies,
for at this time he had reached a position of
some importance. What passed between them
was stated by the latter to have been merely
a request that he would allow him
(Eugene) to sleep at his house that night, and
the exaction of a promise to faithfully perform
whatever request he might make to him.
After this man, Pivoine, had gone, Eugene
went to the *commissionnaire* whom he was in
the habit of employing, and told him to come
to his apartments in the course of the after-
noon. When he came, he gave him a bag to
carry to Pivoine's house, and ordered him to
wait there till he arrived. Late that evening,
Eugene Danton was sitting in a bedroom in
the horse-laugher's house at Montfaucon,
and before him stood the young *commission-
naire*, "Pierre," said he, addressing him,
"we have been acquainted a long time, and I
know I can depend on you to do what I ask,
precisely and without variation. What I
want you to do is this: on the fourth day
from this, you will deliver this note to Ma-
demoiselle Louchet: it is an appointment for
her to call on me the next evening at my
apartments. You will afterwards return here,
and M. Pivoine will give you a letter and a
candle. You will be in attendance to receive
Mademoiselle Agathe when she arrives, and
the moment she enters the room, you will
light the candle, and put the letter into her
hands. As I may not be a customer of yours
after that day, here are two gold pieces for
you; but you must first promise me that you
will faithfully obey my directions; and if by
any chance Agathe does not come to my
apartments on that evening, you will find
means to cause her to read the letter by the
light of that candle."

Pierre not only promised, but kept his
word in every particular. Mademoiselle
Agathe came, but evidently with no very
good-will, and quite prepared to give vent
to her ill-humor on the slightest provocation,
as appeared from the statement made by Pierre.
There were candles burning on the mantle-
piece when she entered the room, but before
the lad put Eugene's letter into her hand, he
lighted the candle he had received from
Pivoine, and held it while she read it. It ran
as follows:

"MY DEAR AGATHE—I have told you a
thousand times that not only would I die for
you, but that if you ceased to love me I
should cease to live. That time has arrived,
and I have had the cruelty to tell me, in the
hardest language, that you no longer love me.
Agathe, you have broken my heart—that
heart which knew no hope with which you
were not associated, and if I die to-day, I do
but hasten an event which would surely
happen to-morrow. But I forgive you your
coquetry and cruelty, my cherished one—
adored even now in my last moments. You
will read this letter by the light of a candle
composed of my body; so that, having served
you faithfully while alive, I have still the
happiness of knowing that I shall be of service
to you after my death. Adieu! My angel—
my adored!"

"TAY DYING EUGENE."

"Blow out that candle, Pierre, and give
me what is left," said Agathe; and as she
turned to leave the room she sighed heavily
and added: "Fare you Eugene! Vraiment,
je ne le vaut pas la chandelle!"

A PERSIAN STORY.—Jesus, says a Persian
story, arrived at a certain city and sent his
disciples forward to prepare a supper, while he
himself, intent on doing good, walked through
the street into the market place. And he saw
at the corner of the market some people
gathered together looking at an object on the
ground, and he drew near to see what it might
be. It was a dead dog, with a halter around
his neck, by which he appeared to have been
dragged through the dirt, and a viler, a more
abject, a more unclean thing never met the
eye of man. And those who stood by looked
on with abhorrence. "Faugh!" said one,
stopping his nose, "it pollutes the air."
"How long shall the foul beast offend our
sight?" said another. "Look at his torn
hide," said a third, "one could not even cut
a shoe out of it." "And his ears," said a
fourth, "all dragged and bleeding." "No
doubt," said a fifth, "he hath been hanged
for stealing." And Jesus heard them, and
looking down on the dead creature, he said:
"Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his
teeth." Then the people turned to him with
amazement, and said among

The Middlesex Journal.

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The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 18, 1862.

The removal of Secretary Cameron gives universal satisfaction. His position at the capital has been growing rather hot for him of late. Facts are stubborn things and even men of genius and understanding cannot obliterate them. According to the *Tribune*, the action of the President in this case, surprised none so much as the Secretary himself. We are glad to see that the President is acting up to his sobriquet of "Honest Abe," and that he intends to countenance no adviser unless he is spotless. We think that he will have to make another, and perhaps another, removal, before he will have a pure and untainted Cabinet, such a one as will be equal to the occasion and the duties involved upon it, and above all suspicion. It is astonishing, and disgraceful to the country, that men can be found degraded enough to barter the well-being of the nation for their own private advancement. The speech of Dawes has revealed a state of affairs in and around Washington which cannot but be humiliating to every patriot. The habit of pilfering—that is too mild—the habit of deliberate roguery has reached a height in our country unparalleled in the history of nations. It seems that, if a man is placed in any responsible situation, where he can control the finances of the country, he considers it one of his inalienable rights, in virtue of his office, to plunge his hand and arm as deep into the public coffers as they will go, and abstract therefrom whatever amount he pleases. What in other countries would bring men to disgrace and banishment, in this brings them promotion and a high standing in society. This state of affairs cannot exist, and the nation prosper at the same time. Either one or the other must be given up, and that speedily. The fact of the matter is, this love of office is so great, that the tribunals of the land which should look into and punish the doings of delinquents, are rendered powerless for purification, and monstrous criminals go unwhipped of merited justice. The mutual understanding between politicians in respect to acquiring office, is so complete, that everything becomes subsidiary to the prevailing mania. The policy of to-day is, "you boost me and I'll boost you," and so it goes on, from one step to another, until some day the country will wake up to find itself killed by its own friends. Our people must give more attention to government. There is more voting done in this country than in any other; but it is one thing to vote, and another thing to understand fully who and what you are voting for. The remedy for all our evils is in the people's hands, if they will but use it, and let the politicians—both great and small—town, city, state and national—go to the wall and remain there. We have always thought, when we have seen a small town caucus—for it is here where Presidents are made—that something was wrong and that somebody would be fleeced. Let any one attend our caucuses for the purpose of looking into matters clearly and what will be found? What are the antecedents of the Chairman? He is an old "wire-puller and log-roller." What are those of all the other officers? Ditto. What are those of the speakers and those who take an active part in the business of the meeting? Ditto. What are those of that man who sits quietly down in the corner saying and doing nothing? Ah! here's where the rub comes. He has always the pleasure of "footing the bills"; the burdens of the campaign fall upon him, but the spoils are strangers to his pocket. He has turned many griststones, but has never received even a grain of steel for his services. Well, as Barnum says, some people delight in being humbugged, and if they cannot be humbugged in any other way, they will pay for the luxury. Well we suppose they are their own masters, and have a right to do as they please, but it is a pity that other people, who do not like to be so abused, have to suffer in conjunction with them.

MASSON AND SIBBEL are safe. They arrived at Bermuda, in the British steamer *Gladiator*. When they were transferred to that vessel from the *Binaldo*, the report, which was brought by Capt. Pray of the *1st Mountain Eagle* from that place, does not say. Their time has not yet come—it's coming.

REVENUE.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is so. Reading.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered a lecture in South Reading last Monday evening, in the Universalist church. The church was filled by an attentive audience. Mr. Beecher's ideas, we think, have been somewhat moderated since this war broke out. His views do not seem to be so ultra. He does not like the idea of colonizing the slaves, and considers it exquisitely Northern, inasmuch as we hate slavery heartily but don't love the slaves. We won't allow them to ride in the cars with us, sit in our pews in church, mingle with us in the theatres, or work beside us. As long as the subjects of our charity are three thousand miles off it is all right, but when they are at our own doors, so near that we can smell them, we turn up our noses and pass them by unrecogized. To colonize the slaves in a foreign country would remove from the South its great source of labor. But give them their freedom and pay them for their labor, and make them feel that they are something more than chattel, and they will be willing to labor for you earnestly. He says if the slaves were emancipated tomorrow, they would not come ten miles North. They like the sunny South too much to do so. Even if Congress did pass an emancipation act, what good would it do now? Our army cannot penetrate the Southern country for ten miles, and how far could you get your act? We think Mr. Beecher inclined to the belief that we had better push the war now, and attend to emancipation after we have accomplished our ends. His lecture contained much truth, and some very strong and practical ideas. We have not attempted to give his language literally, but merely his ideas and opinions.

ACCIDENTS.—Accidents in this vicinity during the present and recent slippery walking, have been quite numerous, and many persons have been severely injured. Mrs. Stewart, an old lady of fifty years, in stepping from her back door last week, fell and broke her leg near the thigh. On Tuesday last, Mr. Cheney Allen, was run into by a horse and sleigh and thrown down, the horse treading upon his arm and hip and bruising him severely. Mr. C. G. Hawkins fell on one of his sidewalks on Wednesday and cut his head badly. We hear of several cases where children have been stunned by falling, and also where elderly persons have been bruised in a like manner. We suppose it would be "piper's news" to tell any one that the greatest care must be exercised, even in going a few feet, while the walking is as dangerous as it is now. The timely use of ashes, may save a great deal of pain and inconvenience.

PRODIGES.—In Charlestown, Prince Edward Island, at the instigation of some ill-will, a newly erected, tannery steam whistle—the first one in that place—has just been brought before the Grand Jury as a nuisance! Think of that, gentlemen tanners, of Woburn, when next your whistles wake the echoes of the surrounding neighborhood for miles and miles. We are inclined to think that "there are more things in heaven and earth than were ever dreamt of in the Islanders' philosophy."

NEW FIRM.—Mr. Chas. E. Morse, has disposed of his large stock of Dry and Fancy Goods to Messrs. F. M. Smith & Co., who will continue the business at the old stand. They invite the attention of the Ladies of Woburn and vicinity to their stock, and hope to merit a share of public patronage. See adv.

NEXT WEEK we will publish entire, a sermon delivered on a recent occasion by Rev. J. Kicker, of Milford, formerly Pastor of the Baptist Church in this town. It is a sermon well suited to the times, and contains many good and lofty ideas.

THE BALL which came off in Lyceum Hall last Wednesday evening, was rather sparsely attended, owing to the extreme inclemency of the weather. About sixty couples were present.

GODEY for February has arrived, with all its charming beauty. A lady dressed after the fashions in Godey, always looks neat and tidy and fitted to adorn either the parlor or the kitchen.

CAPT. S. L. THOMPSON, of the Woburn Union Guard, is at home spending a furlough of ten days.

OBJECTION TO BEING BURIED.—On Thursday last an unusual occurrence transpired at the camp of the Wisconsin 4th Regiment, now encamped at Patterson Park, in the city of Baltimore. Peter Moore, one of the privates, had been ill for several weeks. He to all appearances died. A certificate of his death was handed to Major Belger, who ordered a coffin for the defunct. On Thursday morning, Moore was placed in the coffin, and just as the lid was being nailed down, he greatly frightened the bystanders by sitting up in his coffin, and exclaiming that it was a shame to bury a man before he was dead. Of course he was removed from the box, and once more placed under the care of the doctor. Moore laid one day and a night as if dead, and came very near being buried before his time. His companions declared that as he refused to be buried when the Colonel ordered the funeral, he has disobeyed orders, and that when he recovers he shall be court-martialed.

BOSTON BOOT AND SHOE MARKET.—The market is perfectly quiet and the Reporters say manufacturers are making no preparations for the spring trade. No orders of consequence are being received, and the few goods moving are mostly for New York and other large cities, purchased at low rates from the auction and commission houses. For army work there is no inquiry.

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We do not wish to be considered inquisitive but then we would ask how much a certain Abolition firm in this city expects to make furnishing drawers for the soldiers when they pay 6 cents per pair for making them? If a woman works smart she can make two pairs per day, which gives her the enormous income of 12 cents. Oh, the poor, down-trodden black man. Where is Phillips—where is Wilson—where is Sumner, and where, oh, where is Andrew? Something must be done for the slave, or the people will think we have lost our sympathy for them. Never mind if the poor white man and white woman of the North do starve. Can't make any political capital out of them—they are of no account. Twelve cents per day!—big thing.

The above we clip from the Boston Herald. We like to see such transactions brought to light, and it is a pity that the Herald did not name the firm. But there is one thing about the matter, which it seems the Herald has failed to notice, and that is, that all those who compel their employees to work for a paltry pittance, are not abolitionists. Men mean enough to take advantage of the necessities of their fellow-beings can be found in the ranks of all parties. It is not a local disease, it is general and contagious. Three months ago we heard of persons in New Hampshire who obliged their employees to make a pair of drawers for eight and finally seven cents. They were not abolitionists, but otherwise; at any rate, abolitionist or not the man (?) who will ask a woman to work for ninepence a day has not a heart big enough to make a dinner for a worm that had lost its appetite.

TAXING NEWSPAPERS. We see it is stated that Congress is engaged in all sorts of wild schemes to raise money. Instead of putting the tax where it belongs,—upon property,—they are looking to this and that business to raise a revenue. Congress has no right to levy a tax upon the press of the country, any more than it has upon the business of hatters or the dry goods dealers. The plan is infamous, and deserves the condemnation of every honest publisher. There is no class of men who work so hard and are paid so poorly as printers. Congressmen who make war upon the press will burn their fingers. The press should pay postage upon their exchange papers, and they are willing to do so, but to levy a tax upon every paper published is a tax upon the people for news, which they will not stand.—*Herald*

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BOOKS are embalmed minds. Fame is a flower on a dead man's heart.

DENTISTRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.—We had occasion to call a day or two since at the rooms of Dr. J. R. Dillingham, No. 12 Winter street; we found Dr. D. actively engaged in removing several decayed teeth for a lady, assisted by the application of electricity, which renders the heretofore painful method of extracting teeth entirely a thing of the past; while thus engaged we had an opportunity to examine his different appointments and to notice their many convenient arrangements for the comfort of his patrons, and we must say we have seldom visited business rooms so well arranged or more elegantly upholstered. They are all on the second floor of No. 12 Winter street, easy of access, and located in the center of our metropolis. Dr. Dillingham is an accomplished practical dentist, having studied the dental art for more than twenty years, and has been a successful practitioner for seventeen years. He employs only the best workmen as assistants, and his laboratory is a model, embracing all the improvements which science has added to the art of making, filling and preparing artificial teeth, which are often more beautiful than the original. Dr. Dillingham gives his personal attention to all the work done in his office, and particular attention is given to the styled and character as well as the perfection and durability of his dental operations. The doctor is as industrious as he is skillful, and by constant personal attention to the calls of his patrons, he is able to complete his engagements with promptness, and to do his work at liberal prices. Among the many testimonials of his skill which we noticed, with his cherished letters, was one from and in the hand writing of Daniel Webster, who 12 years ago honored the young dentist with his patronage, and was satisfied with his work. All who desire dental assistance will find Dr. Dillingham a dentist entitled to patronage.—*Boston Saturday Express*

day the news comes that the rebel have taken it again. It was not thought to be a place of sufficient interest to leave a guard there.

We expect daily to have orders to pack up, if we do remove I will endeavor to keep you informed of our whereabouts.

Yours, L. P. F.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Well I've taken my pen in hand once again, but what shall I do with it? no news, no nothing, unless I mention a rumor that gained currency some three months ago, that our army were going to fight, and that I have no recollection of having seen it contradicted. But the Boston papers say that there is to be great and terrible doings in a few days, which reminds me of the weather prognosticator in Robert B. Thomas's Almanac, "Now look out for a squall about this time."

My next item has some reference to the number of deaths that occurred in this town the past year, which, however, my friend Gleason, the Undertaker, very kindly furnished for the Journal of last week, and has my thanks for so doing. I will only add that of this number (14) 17 were under 5 years, and 7, I believe, over 70. The past year has been one of more than ordinary health with us.

Another singing school has been begun in Lyceum Hall by Prof. Whitney, and the announcement from the pulpit last Sabbath took not a few by surprise, as another term this winter was not looked for. But the sequel of it is that the ladies took the matter in hand and so it had to go. It will be a larger school than the one recently closed, and will be managed upon a different principle, i. e., all pupils and visitors will be required to pay the sum of five cents each for the privilege of attending the school, for the most part, engage the attention of the school, should there be sufficient interest manifested to take hold of this more pleasing and higher style of music. To render this music well, the undivided attention of those who participate therein will be absolutely necessary, and it is hoped that there will be that interest manifested which shall make this school a decided success.

The general prayer meeting occurs this week at the chapel. These meetings thus far have been largely attended, and it is hoped that there will be that interest manifested which shall make this school a decided success.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

LYCEUM.—The regular meeting was held last Monday evening. The Directors reported certain rules for the government of the meetings, and a plan of exercises for the ensuing three months, which were laid upon the table, after adopting the rules temporarily for that evening. The rules provide that in debates, each side shall be allowed to maintain its position, each speaker limited to fifteen minutes, and to be allowed the floor only once during the evening if any other wish it; the one who opens the debate to close the same.

The debate upon the question, "Will the cause of the Union be promoted by the abolition of slavery through Government action," was continued by O. P. Rogers who opened in the negative, followed by A. G. Ham, S. Wilder, and A. Norton upon the same side, and J. Campbell, O. R. Clark, Sumner Richardson, and W. F. Young, in the affirmative. The latter gentleman closed the debate. The debate was conducted by each side alternately, and was very interesting. The sense of the meeting was taken on the question, and resulted in 15 in the affirmative to 16 in the negative. The following question was selected for debate next Monday evening. Ought Capital Punishment to be abolished? Mr. Norton was appointed to open in the negative, and Mr. Campbell in the affirmative. A Committee consisting of Messrs. Young, Rogers, and Wadleigh were appointed to report at the next meeting suitable persons to constitute Committees on Literary Exercises and Social Entertainments, to consist of three for each branch. This meeting was fully attended, and it was pleasant to see so many ladies present to give their countenance, and add interest to the Lyceum.

Fire.—On Tuesday morning last, about 7 o'clock, the large barn and other buildings attached thereto, belonging to John S. Richardson, on Washington Street, were discovered to be on fire, and in a very short time were destroyed, with their contents, consisting of some twenty tons of hay, two hundred bushels of corn in the ear, farming tools, &c. The fire is supposed to have originated from some matches which must have dropped upon the floor and become ignited by the man who went out about that time with a lantern to feed the cattle, stepping upon them. The buildings were old, and the damages are estimated at \$800, which is partially covered by insurance.

LITERARY ASSEMBLY.—The meetings of this select company are held as formerly, and are said to be very entertaining. The last gathering was at the house of Harrison Parker on Thursday evening of last week.

SOLDIERS' Aid Society.—The ladies composing this society having exhausted the material which the funds in their hands had procured, have obtained work from the Sanitary Commission in Boston, on which they are laboring from week to week with the same earnestness as heretofore. The meeting this week was at the residence of Mrs. C. P. Curtis, Jr., the President, who has by her experience and active efforts done much towards the promotion of the objects of this Society. This Society has done a noble work in addition to its peculiar missions, by bringing together those differing in their religious beliefs, making them acquainted with each other, and leading them to see that while they may differ in regard to certain religious doctrines, they yet can all unite in the performance of good works which are the main evidence of the sincerity of our christian lives.

MORALS.—In view of the many moral delinquencies which have taken place in this community within a short period of time, I am constrained to inquire whether or not this town which has enjoyed so excellent a reputation in times past for the rigid morality of its inhabitants, is not likely to lose the same. The *crim* case alluded to last week came upon us like an electric shock, and brought a feeling of sadness to many hearts. Again, it is stated, that a citizen of this place who was engaged in a useful trade and occupation, has recently absconded leaving his family, and sundry individuals to whom he was indebted in various sums amounting in all to about \$1000, to mourn his departure and console themselves as best they can. Other alleged criminal cases are reported which seem to have foundation in fact. In the upper part of the Lyceum Building is a place designated by the appropriate name of, "The Den." It is a room used by some of our young men, for the purpose as they say, of their accommodation when detained out until a late hour in the evening or early hour in the morning. It is reported on good authority, that some of the time spent there is occupied in playing cards and drinking intoxicating liquors. Whether this latter statement be true or not, one thing is certain, that no necessity for such a place exists, and the very object which they have in view is suggestive of evil doings. If a young man has been in a proper place during the evening and has not committed any wrong act, he need not have any fear to go to his home even though it be at a late hour. In this connection let me say that some of our social gatherings are kept until rather an unreasonable hour and the young ladies who attend them should bring about a reform, if possible in this respect.

It seems strange that the proprietors of Lyceum Building should let a room for such purposes as the preceding. If young men are known to spend the night in this "den," they must not be surprised if suspicions or even charges of sinful acts should be brought against them, no matter how untrue such a thing may be. No person can expect to shield himself from rumors respecting his morals or his habits, if the company he keeps or their place of resort are of a doubtful character. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." No amount of wealth or position in society exempts one from temptation, or, from becoming its victim, although it may shield the transgressor from the merited punishment, or throw a doubt against his guilt. Our readers will excuse this moralizing strain which has forced itself upon my mind on account of the seeming prevalence of immorality in our community which being so small is more quickly noticed and has a certain bad effect upon many minds.

RELIGIOUS.—At the Congregational Church last Sabbath, Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone officiated. Morning text, Ephesians, 2: part of the 20th and the whole of the 21st verses, "Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone, in whom all the buildings fitly framed together, grow unto a holy temple in the Lord." Afternoon text, Isaiah 28: 20: "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." The experience of dissatisfaction of earthly good was the theme of this discourse.

The previous announcement of the name of the preacher for this day, drew a larger audience than usual at both the services. The sermons were delivered and enforced in that brilliant rhetoric of the reverend gentleman which has made him so popular in the city and elsewhere.

At the Baptist Church, an Agent of the Tract Society officiated in the morning. Rev. Mr. Ottheman of Woburn in the afternoon.

CORRECTION.—In my remarks respecting the Singing School under the charge of Mr. Wilder, I wrote, that Mr. W. generously gave his time and services, but the printer got it "generally," thus materially detracting from the credit which I intended to give him.

EXCERPTS.

Special Notices.

To Consumptives.

The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption, attended by desire to benefit the afflicted, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will cheerfully send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), free full and explicit directions, one or preparing and successfully using the same, which they will find a *sure Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.* The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburg,
Kings County, New York.

No. 34, No. 34, No. 34, No. 34.

DOCT. GIFFORD'S HOMEOPATHIC CURE FOR THE cure of *biliousness*. Address per mail.

For sale at the Woburn Bookstore, M. S. Burr & Co., Boston, wholesale Agents, or sent anywhere on receipt of price, 25 cts. per box, by

PHILIP LEWIS, 130 William St., New York, who will send you a manual free. See that each box has his name.

Died.

KIMBALL.—In Woburn, Jan. 17th, Ada May, only child of William and Mary Kimball, aged 8 months and 2 days.

BURNS.—In Woburn, 13th inst. Hanora Burns, aged 52 years.

BYRANT.—In South Reading, 14th inst. Frank Herbert, son of Wm. C. Bryant, aged 2 years.

Pungs for Sale!!

GOOD custom and Grocery and Market Pungs for sale by

GEORGE ALLEN,
Winchester, Mass.

Peterson for February,

For sale at WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

F. M. SMITH & CO.,
HAVING purchased the Entire Stock of
DRY AND FANCY GOODS
—OF—
C. E. MORSE,
would inform the public that they will continue the business
AT THE OLD STAND,
and will endeavor to merit a share of the public patronage.
Jan 18-6w

Mortgages Sale of Real Estate.

BY virtue of a power of Sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed given by Henry S. Harding and Rosannah Harding, of Holliston, in the County of Middlesex, to Isaac B. Jewell, of Vinton, in said County, and assigned by said Jewell to Chase, W. Jencks, of Newbury, in the State of New Hampshire, and recorded with Middlesex Deeds, Lib. 423, Fol. 487, will be sold at Public Auction, upon the premises hereinafter granted, in said Holliston, on Saturday, the Eighteenth day of February, A. D. 1862, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for conditions broken. A certain tract of land with a dwelling house and woodshed thereon, situated in said Holliston, containing three acres of an acre, more or less, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the corner of the wall on land of Sanford Drake, on the County road; thence South by said road fifty eight feet to a stake and stone; thence West by said road, now or late of Pond and Thayer, ninety two feet to a stake and stone to land of said Drake; thence Easterly by said Drake's land as well run to the first mentioned bounds. Being the same real estate sold and conveyed to said Rosannah Harding, and assigned to said Sanford Drake, on the County road; thence South by said road fifty eight feet to a stake and stone; thence West by said road, now or late of Pond and Thayer, ninety two feet to a stake and stone to land of said Drake; thence Easterly by said Drake's land as well run to the first mentioned bounds. 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Wit and Anecdote.

"Care to our Coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin, so merry, draws one out."

The Whole Story told in Rhyme.

John Bull he met our Jonathan,
"Ah! Jonathan," said he, sir,
"Pray tell me, now, what's all this row
I hear across the sea, sir,
You're kicking up a pretty fuss—
Pray tell me what it's for, sir?
Let me advise—just compromise;
A horrid thing is war, sir."

"I shall want cotton, Jonathan,
Likewise, Virginia's weed, sir,
And really, now, I can't allow
This quarrel to proceed, sir,
"Du tell," says Brother Jonathan;
"Now, don't you get excited!
At him I rule, so just keep cool—
You'll see this thing all righted."

"My Southern boys for years have held
The Presidential reins, sir;
Until to-day they've held a sway
They never can regain, sir,
And when they cannot rule, they kick
And hate with all their might, sir,
For love of Union's second to
Their fondness for State rights, sir."

"They say we mean to free their slaves,
And take them from their hands, sir,
And rob them of their property,
Their daughters, and their lands, sir,
We've told 'em that we meant not such,
But this they have not heeded;
So, feeling sore, they've took to war,
And wilfully seceded."

"We only ask that they obey
The same laws that we do, sir,
Their fathers held our own to make—
They were good men and true, sir,
We ask no more, we'll take no less,
Though every tarred road, sir,
Of Northern blood the land shall flood—
Till then it cannot stop, sir!"

"I want but justice, bully John,
Respect, and all my dues, sir,
And when I have them, Johnny Bull,
You shall have cotton, too, sir,
But not till then, that's sartain sure,
So take the matter easy;
And when the war is over, John,
I'll do my best to please ye."

A SENSIBLE MAGISTRATE.—Some of Mr. Wesley's opponents, in the excess of their zeal against enthusiasm, once took up a whole wagon load of Methodists, and carried them before a magistrate. When they were asked what the persons had done there was a awkward silence. At last one of the accusers said: "Why, they pretend to be better than other people; and besides, they pray from morning till night." The magistrate asked if they do anything else. "Yes, sir," said the old man, "an't please your worship, they courted my wife; till she went among them she had an awful tongue, and now she is as quiet as a lamb." "Carry them back," said the magistrate, "and let them convert all scolds in the town."

PARENTAL ADVICE.—"Ven you arrive at the dignity of saving wood, Lafayette,—if you are ever elevated to that ere profession,—mind an' always saw the biggest stick first; 'cause ye; you'll only have the little 'uns to sav ven you get tuckered. Ven you eat pie,—as I s'pose you may, if yer lives to be a man,—always eat the crust first, 'cos the crust isn't a good thing to top off with, 'specially if it's tough and thick as sole leather. Ven you pile up wood always put the big 'uns to the bottom,—always, Lafayette,—'cause it might hard exercise to lift 'em to the top of the pile. There are the results of hobnobbing, Lafayette, and may be depended on, an' it's all for your good I say it."

"Vy, father," responded young hopeful, "not a 'normous 'sperience you must a had!"

A NEW DISH.—A gentleman, whose knowledge of the French was limited to a few words, and who was ignorant even of these, called in at one of our French restaurants a few days since for his dinner. "Vat vill you have, sare?" said the attentive French waiter. "I'll take it! same as I had yesterday—some French dish or other." "I do not recollect, sare, vat you did have day before dis." "Oh, some fried dish—let's see a fried file de chamois—I believe that's what they call it." The poor waiter shrugged his shoulders, and put on a look of perfect astonishment when his customer called for a fried chambermaid.

Philanthropes coming up Washington street the other morning, saw a poor woman bending beneath a monstrous bag of hair that she had been picking. With that impatience of nature which characterizes him, he rushed forward, and seizing the hind end of the bag, essayed to put it on his own head. The effort, though generous, was unfortunate in its result, for the action tipped the poor woman forward with the bag on top of her head, while he fell back and sat on the sidewalk with the glorious consciousness that he had been floured in endeavoring to carry out a great principle. The woman was oblivious to the intention, and rubbed her nose as though it had hurt her.

The Mass 13th are feared by the rebels, as will be seen by the following conversation which took place between the rebels on one side of the Potomac River and Company C (13th) on the other:—"What regiment is guarding that place?" "Mass. 13th!" "Where in '—that the Mass. 13th?" "We have travelled up and down this river for fifty miles, and everywhere we find Mass. 13th, and every man appears to carry a small canon on his back."

A young lady, weeping and waving her handkerchief with much assiduity on the occasion of the departure of a regiment of soldiers, was asked what relatives she had in the regiment, and replied, "Cousins." "How many?" she was solicitously queried. "Why, the whole regiment; an't they Uncle Sam's boys?" laconically replied the lass.

The tight man in the right place—a husband at home in the evening.

An admirer of old music, when they pronounced the words distinctly, does not like modern music. One recently attended church and took note of the following:—

"Waw law, waw law waw law,
Thaw saw law law waw law,
Waw law law law waw law waw law,
Aw law law law law waw law."

He was surprised, on turning to his hymn book to find they were singing,
Welcome sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breath
And these rejoicing eyes."

"Father, did you ever have another wife, besides mother?"
"No, my boy; what possessed you to ask such a question?"
"Because I saw in the old family Bible where you married Arnie Domini, in 1835, and that isn't mother, for her name was Sally Smith."

The Bath Times says:—"We have a few men on our books that have admirable qualifications for good soldiers. They will stand a charge, never flinching a hair, Some of them have stood it over six years."

The Emperor of the French has presented four picked rams, from the Royal flock at Rambouillet, to the King of the Sandwich Islands. Mrs. Partington is very anxious to know why they were picked, when shearing would have been a vast deal better.

"Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavor."
This is a fast generation, but our ancestors certainly got ahead of us in this world.

To make a mass—Pour a quart of molasses in your wife's bonnet.
We know a great many persons that are kind to fault, but a fault is about the only thing that they are kind to.

You will not be agreeable to company, if you strive to bring in or keep up a subject unsuitable to their capacities or humor.

It is not very remarkable that the only white man found in Beaufort by the Union forces was drunk. He was in a tight place.

Toast on the Potomac—Soon may the winter of our discontent be cheered by a glorious march.
"My soul cleaveth unto the dust," as the snuff-taker said while scooping a pinch of "Rhoades's Delectable" from Mrs. Partington's snuff-box.

COMPLIMENT FOR JOHN BULL.—The Brazilians are a temperate people and when they see any person drunk in the streets, they remark, "How very like the English that is!"

Evil thoughts in the soul of either man or woman, like oil in water, will rise to the top. No preparation of deceit can amalgamate them with virtue so that they remain concealed.

The hunchback does not see his own hunchback. Therefore it is as well to know what there is at our own back, before we venture to laugh behind the back of others.

No man who has ever distinguished himself as a soldier has been much of a talker. Caesar, Napoleon, Wellington, though they could all express themselves fluently, were proverbial for their laconicism of speech in the prosecution of their campaigns.

THAT "PRINCE"
—OF—
CLOTHIERS

GEORGE H. LANE,
AT HIS
"Great Bargain Store,"
KNOWN AS
LANE'S CLOTHING PALACE,
No. 31 & 32
Dock Square,
BOSTON.

NEW AND SPLENDID STOCK OF
Fall and Winter
CLOTHING,
AMONG WHICH IS THE
LARGEST & MOST SUPERB STOCK
—OF—
OVERCOATS
TO BE FOUND AT ANY HOUSE,
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL,
IN NEW ENGLAND.

Please remember also, that No. 31 & 32 Dock Square, Boston, is the place to go to for all our customers say so—Everybody says so.

Wholesale Buyers for Cash will find Bargains here that are not to be found elsewhere.

Look until you find the RIGHT PLACE. You will get amply repaid for all time and trouble.

SEE THAT THE SIGN READS
"Lane's Clothing Palace,"
31 & 32 Dock Square,
BOSTON,
Nov. 1, 1861.

A young lady, weeping and waving her handkerchief with much assiduity on the occasion of the departure of a regiment of soldiers, was asked what relatives she had in the regiment, and replied, "Cousins." "How many?" she was solicitously queried. "Why, the whole regiment; an't they Uncle Sam's boys?" laconically replied the lass.

The tight man in the right place—a husband at home in the evening.

Something for the Times!

A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD

JOHNS & CROSLY'S

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE!

The strongest Glue in the world.
The cheapest Glue in the world.
The most durable Glue in the world.
The only reliable Glue in the world.
The best Glue in the world.

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE

is the only article of the kind ever produced which

Will Withstand Water.

It will Mend Wood,

Save your broken Furniture.

It will Mend Leather,

Mend your Harness, Straps, Belts, Boots, &c.

It will Mend Glass,

Save the pieces that have Cracked Glass Bottles.

It will Mend Ivory,

Don't throw away that broken Ivory Fan, it is easily repaired.

It will Mend China,

Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made as good as new.

It will Mend Marble,

That piece knocked out of your Marble Mantle can be put on as well as ever.

It will Mend Porcelain,

No matter if that broken Pitcher did not cost but a shilling, a shilling such a thing is worth.

It will Mend Alabaster,

That costly Alabaster Vase is broken and you can't match it; mend it, it will never show when put together.

It will Mend Bone, Coral, Lava, and in fact everything but Metals.

Any article cemented with AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE will not show when it is mended.

EXTRACTS:

"Every Housekeeper should have a supply of Johns & Crosley's American Cement Glue."—New York Times.

"It is so convenient to have in the house."—New York Express.

"It is always ready; this commands it to every body."—Independent.

"We have used it and find it as useful in our house as water."—Willis's Spirit of the Times.

Economy is Wealth.

\$10.00 per year saved in every family by One Bottle of

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE

Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

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VERY LIBERAL REDUCTION TO WHOLESALE BUYERS.

TERMS CASH.

For sale by all Druggists, and Storekeepers generally throughout the country.

JOHNS & CROSLY,

(Sole Manufacturers),

78 William street,

Corner of Liberty street, NEW YORK.

Important to House Owners.

Important to Builders.

Important to Railroad Companies.

Important to Farmers.

To all whom this may concern, and it concerns

JOHNS & CROSLY'S

CEMENT ROOFING.

The cheapest and most durable Roofing in use.

It is Fire and Water Proof.

It can be applied to New and Old Roofs of all kinds, steep or flat, and to Shingle Roofs without removing the Shingles.

The Cost is only about One-Third that of Tin, and IT IS TWICE AS DURABLE.

This article has been thoroughly tested in New York City and all parts of the United States, Canada, West India, and Central and South America, on buildings of all kinds, such as Churches, Public Buildings, Railroad Depots, Cars, and so on, by the principal Builders, Architects and others during the past four years, and has proved to be the CHEAPEST and MOST DURABLE ROOFING in use. It is in every respect a FIRE, WATER, WEATHER and TIME PROOF covering for ROOFS OF ALL KINDS.

This is the only material manufactured in the properties of Elasticity and Durability, which are universally acknowledged to be possessed by GUTTA PERCHA AND GUTTA RUBBER.

No heat is required in applying it.

The expense of applying it is trifling, as an ordinary roof can be covered and finished the same day.

It can be applied by any one,

and when finished forms a perfectly Fire Proof surface, with an elastic body, which cannot be injured by Heat, Cold or Storms, Shrinking of Roof Boards, nor any external atmospheric action.

LIQUID GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT,

For Coating Metals of all kinds when exposed to the Action of the Weather, and

For Preserving and Repairing Metal Roofs of all kinds.

This is the only Compound known which will successfully resist extreme changes of all climates, for any length of time, when applied to metals, to which it adheres firmly, forming a body equal to three coats of ordinary paint, and much less, and will LAST THREE TIMES AS LONG, and from its elasticity is not injured by the contraction and expansion of Tin and other Metal Roofs, consequent upon sudden changes of the weather.

It will not CRACK in COLD or RAIN or WARM WEATHER, and will not be injured by the action of Leaky Tin and other Metal Roofs, but will be readily repaired with GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT, and prevented from further corrosion, and thereby ensuring a perfectly water-tight roof for many years.

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XI : : No. 17.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

Lines,

Suggested by Listening to an Elegant but Formal Religious Service.

BY H. BUTTERWORTH.

The heavy organ pealed a joyous strain,
Then sobbed a while in softest melody.
Like distant thunder for a time
It rolled, then like a Peri's lute it seemed—
An outcast Peri's lute—re-echoing airs
Of happier days Elysian.
The clock was ticking, ticking,
The gas lights quivered in an hundred
flowers
Of crystal, and the silvery haze engulfed
A congregation.

The organ pealed again. Sweet voices
Warbled with its notes—contraltos deep
With high sopranos mingled, and a gush
Of sympathy along the arches swept.
As though a fairy band passed through the
place.

Discoursing notes ethereal.
They sang—the young and gay,
And none knew what, not even they who
sung.
The praise of God, they said,
And silence followed.
Silent all beside, high on the frescoed
Wall, mid gilded leaves and flowers, the clock
A-ticking, ticking.
The swelling voice of prayer,
The solemn march of language!
The pre-her rose,
From Holy Writ some sentiments he read,
Then spake in sounding words of forms of faith,
Of art in diction studied, measured, grand;
Of nature, and her wondrous laws, in all
The melody of language, then closed
With a sublime apostrophe to man;
His mental triumphs o'er material powers;
But of the love of Christ, of hurrying time,
And the regrets that on it hang, he did
Not speak.

He ceased, and soft lips whispered,
"Beautiful!"
Silent again, all save
The pendulum, whose dread sound once
more fell
On the un-rolling ear.
Oh! how it smote the heart!
Speaking of life no more, of hope no more,
Of years returning nevermore.
Oh! how it smote the heart!
Speaking of that great clock upon whose face
The hand shall never reach the figure one,
Of that eternal pendulum that shall move
And move, yet never stir the hand upon
The dial!

The admonition passed!
More music grand, a general flow
Of melody as come the fluting winds
In summer times!
More singing sweet, a bird-like warbling
Of unknown sounds, which all admired save
one.

Who tearfully looked up to Heaven and said:
"For my poor soul doth no man care!"
The benediction! then
The storm of music rose, and mid its peals,
The throng poured out the lighted vestibule,
Some to the gayeties of life again,
And some, perhaps, to death.

Amid the silent and deserted aisles,
Still fell the solemn ticking.
—Ah, pacher, faithless to thy charge,
Prating in rhetoric for idle fame.
One hunger came, thou gavest him no meat,
And thirst came, thou gavest him no drink.
In the great day what will the Master say
Of thee?

Ah, sighs and sounds that fill the courts of
God.
Distracting thoughts that else would flow to
heaven,
In life's last hours, as turn to ye the mind,
What respect will ye wear?
Alas! Alas! Alas!

—Boston Journal.

Select Literature.

Everett's Oration on the Rebellion

Geo. Wm. Curtis contributes to the January number of *Harper's Monthly*, an eloquent and appreciative description of Edward Everett's latest oration, which we copy below. After describing the audience present, he says:

While leaning against the wall, under the balcony, the spectator looks around upon the humming throng and thinks of camps far away, of beating drums and wild alarms, and sweeping squadrons of battle, there is a sudden hush and a simultaneous glance toward one side of the house, and there, behind the seats at the side, and making for the stage door that opens into the auditorium, marches a procession, two and two, very solemn, very bald, very gray, and very full of white cravat. They are the invited guests, the honored citizens of the day, the reverend clergy, the mayors and aldermen, possibly; perhaps the ex-members of the school committee; some very rich gentlemen doubtless; and, beyond question, a bevy of substantial, intelligent, decorous people. They disappear for a moment within the door, and immediately emerge upon the stage with a composed bustle, moving the seats, taking off their coats, blowing their noses, sedately interchanging quiet remarks, and finally seating themselves, and gazing at the audience evidently with a feeling of doubt whether the honor of the position compensates for its great disadvantage; for to sit behind an orator is like being in the net-hole to a singer.

The audience is now waiting, both upon the stage and in the boxes, with a kind of expectation. There is little talking, but a tenser of heads toward the stage. The last nose is bowed there, the last joke expires; all attention is concentrated upon an expected object. The edge of eagerness is not suffered to turn, and at precisely the right moment a figure with a dark head and one with a gray head are seen at the depth of the stage advancing through the aisle toward the footlights and the audience. They are the President of the Society and the orator. The

audience applauds. It is not a burst of welcome; it is rather appreciative appreciation of unquestionable merit. The gray-headed orator bows gravely and slightly, lays a roll of MSS. upon the table, then he and the President seat themselves side by side. For a moment they converse, evidently complimenting the brilliant audience. The orator, also, evidently says that the table is right, that the light is right, that the glass of water is right, and finally that he is ready.

In a few neat words "the honored son of Massachusetts" is introduced, and he rises and moves a few steps forward. Standing for a moment, he bows to the applause. He is dressed entirely in black; wearing a dress coat, and not a frock. Before he says a word, although it is but a moment, a sudden flash of memory reveals all that we have heard and read of the orator before us; how he returned an accomplished scholar from Germany, graced with a delicacy of culture hitherto unknown to our schools, how the youthful professor of Greek at Harvard, transferred to the pulpit of Brattle street, held men and women in thrall by the glossy splendor of his rhetoric and the pleading music of his voice, drawing the young scholars after him, who are now our chief glory and pride; how his Phi Beta Kappa oration and apostrophe to Lafayette, who was present, is still the fond tradition of those who heard it; and how he passed on from triumph to triumph in his art of oratory, the elegance, the skill, the floridity, the elaboration, the un-failing fitness, and severe propriety, with all the minor gifts, consoled Boston that it was not Athens or Rome, and had not heard Pericles or Cicero. If you ventured curiously to question this fond recollection, to ask whether the eloquence was of the heart and soul, or of the mind and mouth; whether it were impassioned oratory, burning, restless, such as we dream Demosthenes and Patrick Henry poured out; or whether it were polished and skilful declamation—those old listeners were like lovers. They did not know; they did not care. They remembered the magic tone, the witchery of grace, the exuberant rhetoric; they recalled the crowds clustering at his feet, the gusts of emotion that in the church swept over the pews, the thrills of delight that in the hall shook the audience; they saw their own bloom in the flower they remembered, and they could not criticise or compare.

All this recollection gushed through our mind before the orator had well opened his lips. It was not fair, but it was inevitable. If we should see and hear Patrick Henry, with uplifted finger, shouting, "Charles First had his Cromwell, and George Third—may take warning by his example!" would it be, could it be, with all our expectation, what we believe it to have been? After the tremendous blare of trumpets in advance, that shake our very souls within us, no ordinary mortal suffices, only an impossible prodigy must follow; ten feet high at the very least. But then no man is ten feet high; and what is to be done? People lift the leather door of St. Peter's, and catching their breath, look in. Oh misery! they see straight to the other end, and a secret disappointment stabs them, because they really expected a vague, swimming immensity of space. Eight of ten people who first see Niagara probably feel, whatever they say, "Is that all?" It is too stern an ordeal, this illimitable expectation. But when your plastic youth has been stamped with such burning traditions, what again is to be done? What but to expect a superlative disappointment?

So the eyes with which we saw were full of the vision of traditional grace; the ears with which we heard, of the music that after many years still thrills the hearts of discreet men. And there before us was the orator. It was not fair; no it was not fair. The first words were clearly out, simply and perfectly articulated. "It is often said that the day for speaking has passed, and that of action has arrived." It was a direct, plain introduction; not a florid exordium. The voice was clear, and cold, and distinct; not especially musical, not at all magnetic. The orator was incessantly moving; not rushing vehemently forward or stepping defiantly backward, with that quaint planting of the foot, like Beecher; but restlessly changing his place, with smooth and rounded but monotonous movement. The arms and hands moved harmoniously with the body, not with especial reference to what was said, but apparently because there must be action. But the first part of the discourse was strictly a lucid narrative of events and causes; there was no just opportunity of action. It seemed therefore superfluous, tending to alienate attention. The discourse itself, so far, was a compact and calm chapter of history by a man as well versed in it as any man in the country; and it culminated in a description of the fall of Sumter. This was an elaborate picture in words of a perfectly neutral tint. There was not a single one which was peculiarly picturesque or vivid; no electric phrase that sent the whole dismal scene shuddering home to every hearer; no sudden light of burning epithet, no sad elegiac music. It was purely academic. Each word was choice; each detail was finished; it was properly cumulative to its climax; and when that was reached, loud applause followed. It was general, but not enthusiastic. No one could fail to admire the skill with which the sentence was constructed; and so elaborate a piece of workmanship justly challenged high

praise. But still—still do you get any thrill from the most perfect mosaic?

Then followed a caustic and brilliant sketch of the attitude of Virginia in this war. In this part of his discourse the orator was himself a historic personage: for it was to him, when editor of the *North American Review*, that James Madison wrote his letter explanatory of the Virginia resolutions of '98. The wit that sparkled then in the pages of the *Review* glittered now along the speech. It was Janus turned gentleman and transfixing a State with sarcasm. The action was much the same. But after, in one passage, describing the wrongs wrought by the rebels upon the country, he turned, with upraised hand, to the rows of white-cravated clergymen who sat behind him, and apostrophized them: "Tell me, ministers of the living God, may we not without a breach of Christian charity exclaim:

"Is there not some hidden curse,
Some chosen thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with unnumbered wrath to blast the man
That seeks his greatness in his country's ruin?"

This passage was uttered with more force than any of the oration. The orator's hands were clasped and raised; he moved more rapidly across the stage; it was spoken with artistic energy, and loudly applauded.

Thus far the admirable clearness of statement, and perfect propriety of speech, added to the personal prestige which surrounds any man so distinguished as the orator, had secured a well-bred attention. But there was not yet that eager fixed intenceness, sensitive to every tone and shifting humor of the speaker, which shows that he thoroughly possesses and controls the audience. There was none of that charmed silence in which the very heart and soul seem to be listening; and any moment it would have been easy to go out.

But when, leaving the purely historical current, he struck into some considerations upon the views of our affairs taken by foreign nations, the vivacious skill of his treatment excited a more vital attention. There was a truer interest and a heartier applause. And when still pressing on, but with unchanged action, to a glance at the consequences of a successful rebellion, the audience was, for the first time, really awake.

Let us suppose, said the orator, that secession is successful, what has been gained? How are the causes of discontent removed? Will the malcontents have succeeded because of the non-rendition of fugitive slaves? But how has secession helped it? When, in the happy days of another Canada, had they been brought down to the Potomac, do they think their fugitives will be restored? No; not if they came to its banks with the hosts of Pharaoh, and the river ran dry in its bed.

Loud applause here rang through the building.

Or, continued the orator, more vehemently, do they think, in that case, to carry their slaves into the territories now free? No not if the Chief Justice of the United States—and here a volley of applause rattled in, and the orator wiped his forehead—should live a century, and issue a *Dred Scott* decision every day of his life.

Here followed the sincerest applause of the whole evening; and we pinched our neighbor to make sure that all was as it seemed; that these were words actually spoken, and that the orator was the one we came to hear.

The hour and a half were passed. The peroration was upon the speaker's tongue, closing with an exhortation to old men and maidens, each in his kind and degree, to come as the waves come when navies are stranded—come as the winds come when forests are roused—come with heart and hand, with purse and knitting-needle, with sword and gun, and fight for the Union.

He bowed: the audience clapped for a moment, then rose and bustled out.

It was not fair; no, it was not fair. We did not find—how could we find?—the charm which those of another day remembered. The oration was a most admirable and elaborate essay, full of instruction and truth and patriotism. It was written in the plainest language, and did not contain a doubtful word. It was delivered with perfect propriety, with the confidence that comes from the habit of public speaking, and with an artistic skill of articulation and emphasis. As an illustration of memory it was remarkable, for it was but the second time that the address had been spoken. It occupied an hour and a half in the delivery, and yet the manuscript lay unopened upon the table. Only three or four times was there any hesitation which reminded the hearer that the speaker was repeating what he had already written. His power in this respect has often been mentioned. He is understood to have said that, if he reads anything once, he can repeat it correctly; but if he has written it out, he can repeat it verbatim and always. This unusual faculty secures to all his speeches a completeness and finish which very few orators command. He can say exactly what he means, and nothing more, being never borne away by confusion or sudden emotion to express, as so many speakers do, more than they really think. But, on the other hand, it is doubtful whether all that electric eloquence by which the hearer is caught up as by a whirlwind and swept onward at the will of the orator, is not a tradition in the speeches of this orator. The glow of feeling, the rush of rhetoric, the fiery burst of passionate power—the overwhelming influence

which makes senators adjourn and men spring to arms—are not found in the oratory of the Academy. But why should all flowers be expected to glow in every garden?

That so experienced an orator, so accomplished a scholar, so courteous a man as Mr. Everett, should appear as a Lyceum lecturer, is but another friendly sign of the times. And that circumstances permit him to devote his talents to the discussion of so vital a question as that which we are debating now, is a gain for us and for the country. He has been heretofore the famous eulogist of Lafayette and Washington. The times inspire him now to enlarge the great cause which their lives illustrated.

The Logic of Events.

The following sermon, from the text—James 3: 17—"FIRST PURE THEN PEACEABLE," was delivered by Rev. Mr. Ricker in the Pine Street Church, Milford, on a recent festive occasion. Its terseness and pointedness will commend it to all readers.

The logic of events is the strongest logic in the world. It never fails to convince. It differs from the logic of the schools in this important respect, that it is not mere theory. It works itself out real, palpable results, that can be touched, tasted, handled, measured, weighed, or bought for some other test equally conclusive. Now to this logic, as it bears upon the all-absorbing question of the day, I crave your attention for the space of thirty minutes; and if the imperative demands of my subject should push me the least fraction beyond this limit, I trust your patience will prove equal to the infliction.

I shall not stop to deal with my text in its immediate connections, or to apologise for accommodating it to the question in hand. Enough for you and for me that it goes straight to the point. It expresses the whole thought, and so strongly, that the feeblest memory will be strong enough to carry it hence when we disperse to our several homes. "First pure, then peaceable." Mark the order; purity first—peace afterwards.

In those four words we have the law that is to rule in the conflict now raging between the government of these States, and the most black-hearted, red-headed rebellion known to human history. By this path we must emerge, if we emerge at all, from the valley of humiliation, shame, and bloody suffering. There is no other. It may prove a path of burning fire; but if it consume nothing but the dross, we may well afford to endure the pain. The process once over, the anguish once past, peace will ensue. But first, there must be purity. Until then, there will be war; forasmuch as there can be no peace to the wicked. Not without cause is our nation, in this present year of grace, convulsed and quivering in every nerve and every fibre. The political chemistry of the fathers of the Republic was fatal to permanent tranquility. They attempted to combine in its organic life, elements innately and forever hostile to each other,—elements between which there can be no more affinity than there is between sin and mildness, between God and Satan. A collision—always feared from the beginning—was therefore inevitable. Sooner or later it must come. Our Clays and Websters used herculean efforts to stave off the dreaded conflict; and by dint of ingeniously contrived compromises, patched up at nearly every alternate Congress, they thought to succeed. But the thought, be it said with all due reverence for the illustrious dead, was no better than a delusion and a nightmare.

The antagonism between the oligarchs of the South and the democrats of the North, is the fruit of no transient causes, is due to no temporary irritation occasioned by mere party strife. Its seat is deeper, its source is farther down. The two systems of social and political life are not merely unlike; they are not merely unlike; they are and must be inevitably and eternally opposed to each other. From their very nature, it is impossible to combine them together so that they shall have but one life. They are essentially two, and so opposed to each other in their mould, and fashion, and organic being that they cannot live and flourish upon the same soil. One system or the other must become dominant, must prevail, must eventually possess and govern the whole land. Either the neck of the North must bow itself to the yoke of Slavery, or the head of the South must be lifted up to the yoke of Freedom. Subjugation! with what unctious and earnestness this word has been iterated and reiterated by the enemies of the government. It is an ugly word, and has an ugly sound that has misled many an honest mind. I should not have selected it, but as it is so much in vogue, I will use it. The strong arm of the government, it is said, is stretched forth to subjugate the South. Be it so. As things are, the South must be subjugated, or we must. But what does subjugation mean for the South? Does it mean an enforced inferiority? does it mean degradation? Let us see. This is a Republic. What is demanded of the South? That she should work for us? No such thing; but only that she should work with us, on equal terms, as a free people. This is the extent of the claim made upon her. The idea of reducing her to a state of vassalage is too absurd for a moment's notice. What we demand of her, and all that we demand of her, is that she shall not subjugate the North; that she shall not use our territory as grounds for slave hunting, nor arro-

gantly compel us to become slave-hunters; that she shall leave us perfectly free from all responsibility touching her peculiar institution; free to read Cowper's poems, and teach Wayland's Moral science, and speak our honest convictions without asking her leave; free to travel over the highways of the Republic, and purchase and enjoy homes anywhere within its limits, without subjecting ourselves to the fury of a mob incessantly howling for more innocent victims, to imprison like felons, or hang like dogs. Is this demand unreasonable? If so much is not accorded to us, what are we, in Heaven's name, what are we?—what but slaves? Again, I say, all that we demand of the South, is that she shall not subjugate the North.

We have cringed to the behests of Slavery long enough. For its sake we have borne the merited scorn of the whole civilized world, who in this great crime against God and Nature, have known little difference between the North and the South. We have tried to reconcile ourselves to its toleration, and even its incidental support, by the freest and best government the world has ever seen. We have yielded inch by inch to its arrogant assumptions, have retreated step by step before its aggressive march, have offered to it sacrifices that would have appalled any demon less bloody than Moloch; and with what profit? aye, with what profit? Has its haughty front relaxed in a single line? Has its iron foot fallen less heavily as its encroachments upon the domain of Freedom have increased? Has its matchless impudence for once assumed a less imperious attitude, and graciously condescended to nod an approval of our ready submission to its behests? No, verily. On the contrary, it has every year grown more tyrannical, more insolent, more grasping, more impatient of any word, spoken or printed, that should question its divine right to wield the sceptre of government in any and all contingencies. Its chiefest passion is a love of irresponsible power. It fails here, it fails utterly. Its days are numbered. This, its cunning instincts have long comprehended. It must have expansion—must hold the reins. Nothing else will serve its turn; nothing else can save its life. Hence the jealous care with which it has striven to edge itself round with defences that are a stench in the nostrils of the civilized world. When we consider its legal restrictions—bloody as the code of Draco—upon free speech, a free press, or free discussion of any kind, together with the almost frantic persistence with which it withholds the key of knowledge from an oppressed race, what marvel is it that observant nations should denounce our loud professions touching human rights as a cheat and a lie?

And what is the inference from all this? Plainly, that the whole trouble is in the system itself, and not in our brethren of the South, any more than it would have been in us had we occupied their places. All these atrocities inhere in the very nature of Slavery. It does not merely put them on as a garment; it brings them forth as children, and they are nursed by its side. Is it not clear then that the two types of civilization, represented respectively by Massachusetts, and South Carolina, cannot live and thrive together under the same government? For a time they may be bound together by articles of confederation, as they have been; but the stronger man inevitably absorb the weaker, and thus, assimilate it to its own nature.

This brings us face to face with the real issue in the stupendous struggle between the Federal government and the insurgent States of the Union. The nominal issue is the defence and support of the government, and the integrity of the nation as it was before the breaking out of this pestilent rebellion. This is the professed, and no doubt, honest aim of the Administration. To vindicate the principles of the Constitution just according to the intent of its framers, would, undoubtedly, satisfy them. But the logic of events, of which I was just now speaking, is mightier than Presidents or Cabinets, or military Generals; and this logic it is that has shaped the real issue, and forced it upon the country. And what is it? Nothing less than the uprooting, the utter extirpation of Human Slavery from American soil, or its indefinite perpetuity and more vigorous growth until, like the poisonous Upas tree, it shall overshadow everything else in the land. Slavery or no Slavery—this is the issue that Heaven has forced upon us; Heaven, I say, for this logic of events is but another name for Divine Providence. God is walking visibly among us, and putting this nation to the test of an intelligent choice of good or evil as its perpetual portion. His voice is heard through all our borders, even as it was heard by Israel of old. "Will ye thoroughly amend your ways and your doings? will you thoroughly execute judgment between a man and his neighbor in this land?" He has awakened the "conscience of the nation to a great national crime, and lifted clearly upon its view the claims of His own eternal justice. He seems to be schooling us to expect unexpected things. And when we consider what the issue is that is now under trial, what the mighty problem of national regeneration or ruin involves, and who it is that has led us thus far, we may surely expect that the right desire on our part will be met with the answer laid on His. We have a right to look and hope, and certainly to pray, for some divinely indicated way of thoroughly "purifying ourselves from our sin." And when this is accomplished, we shall have returning

peace. Until then, we ought not to desire pure, then peaceable."

The foul ulcer that has so long disfigured this otherwise peerless nation, must be cut out, with all its corruption, even to the very roots,—must be cut out with the sword if need be, forasmuch as all milder expedients have proved unavailing. And when I use the word *must*, I mean that God has shut us up to this necessity. There is no other way. We are brought to the Red Sea—red indeed it is; for it is full of blood! But through it lies our path toward the land of promise. The enemy is behind, and the mountains on either hand. How much we are to suffer no one can now say. But one thing is clear: if we would see the salvation of God, we must go forward. To turn back or to remain where we are, is to perish. Never before was such opportunity to strike a blow that would send terror and dismay into every stronghold of oppression on earth. If we neglect this opportunity, richly shall we deserve our ignominious fate. Such is the exigency of the case that the law even of self-preservation demands that this accursed cause of all our sorest national disasters should be crushed out. Either it must perish, or we must. This consideration alone would justify the measure in the eyes of every civilized nation. We never had the monster at such an advantage as now; and if we allow him to escape this time, we may never have him at such an advantage again. It might not be wise to sound the trumpet of jubilee to-day; the fullness of time may not yet have come. But it will come; and the tide of events indicates that it is near, even at the door. And when it does come, God grant that the right man may be in the right place to seize the clarion of Freedom, and blow a loud blast enough to reach every slave-cabin in the land. This would indeed be carrying the war into Africa—making tyranny bite the dust, and rue the day when it roused the slumbering but omnipotent spirit of freedom, which found utterance in the solemn compact of government framed on board the Mayflower just two hundred and forty-one years ago this day, and which has descended from sire to son, until now it is fighting over the old battles of God and humanity upon the banks of the Potomac.

True this measure of proclaiming "liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof," is coupled with possible consequences of an incidental kind, not so pleasant to contemplate. But Slavery has pleased this issue upon the nation, and madly persists in pursuing the conflict to the bitter end. It is but just, therefore, that it should incur the hazards of its own insane folly, whatever those hazards may be. It may, however, meet its doom without a resort to this extreme policy. It may perish as an accidental result of the war. In the progress of the conflict it may find itself between the upper and nether millstone, where it will be ground to powder, or, at least, so bruised and maimed that its own friends will be in haste to give the finishing stroke, and bury its loathsome carcass out of sight. But so that it perishes, we care not how. That it will perish, we have no doubt. Already is the snake scotched. His eyes may glitter with all a serpent's malice, and, as he writhes in pain, he may drive his poisonous fangs deeper than ever before into his innocent victims. But it is only for a time. His death-struggles may be lengthened out possibly into weary years; but his power will never again be what it has been. King Cotton sits upon a throne already tottering to its fall. He holds a broken sceptre.

We may suffer many reverses before the end shall come. We may perpetrate other bloody blunders besides those of Big Bethel, Bull Run and Ball's Bluff. We may sometimes lose a battle, but the war, never, never! It may be protracted. I am not as sanguine as some, that a few moments will witness its close. The foe is brave, haughty, unscrupulous, defiant, cunning, and will suffer long and intensely before he yields. But of the final issue I will not allow myself to doubt, or will you. God and truth and humanity, and all that is best and noblest in the spirit of the age, are on our side. This attempt of the slave power to arrest the tide of progress towards better and higher forms of society, and turn it back towards the dark ages, is like attempting to turn back the stars in their courses. The bare thought is folly and infatuation. The wheel of Divine Providence is just as sure, sooner or later, to crush to atoms any such impediment to its onward movement, as that God lives and reigns.

But God takes care of those who take care of themselves. Unless we are willing to adopt the text as our motto, and act upon it honestly and without flinching, we may have more than a year's sojourn in the wilderness, while the promised land—of which we shall prove ourselves unworthy—may be reserved for our children. The siren-song of a false peace will doubtless be sung in our ears more than once, in the progress of the conflict. Compromise with her simpering face and specious words will in all probability be invoked to help us out of our trouble. Un-tempered mortar will be found in many a timid hand, ready to plaster up a hollow, heartless, hypocritical adjustment. But let it be well settled in our minds, that if through any lack of sacrifice, whether of blood or of treasure, we fail of a thorough settlement of this question upon the principle of eternal righteousness, our posterity will rise up and

curse our craven spirits for entailing upon them a heritage so dark and foul. Deep down in our souls, then, let the purpose be formed that there shall be no peace until there is purity. Indeed, there can be none that would be worth a straw.

Where, then, is our place in this time of the bay of trumpets and the roar of war? "Just where the strokes fall thickest, and the smoke curls densest round the cannon's throat. Just where the tax falls heaviest—to pay the bills of launching fleets or equipping regiments. Just where a clear-toned word may ring farthest, carrying cheer to hearts fainting in a noble cause. Wherever the most efficient rejoinder to the pestilent heresy of Secession can be uttered; wherever the strongest effort can be made to preserve our Republic unbroken, and our institutions of law and liberty unimpaired—there is our place." None can be excused. "Young men and maidens, old men and children," must all be allowed to do what they can to swell the tide of agenerous patriotism that is to pour its healing balm into the gaping wounds of our bleeding country—wounds inflicted by the parried hands of Treason and Rebellion. Mothers must give up their sons; wives must give up their husbands; children must give up their fathers; maidens must give up their lovers, and bid them go and do their whole duty in this hour of peril. Do I say they must?—they have, and they will, just as long as the mad despotism of Secession shall dare to rear its horrid front. The simultaneous uprising of the North to resist its encroachments, presents one of the most sublime moral spectacles ever witnessed on earth. The incredible number of three or four hundred thousand men, within the short space of half a year, as a voluntary offering—No conscription, no forced levies, no drafting, even.—When was the like ever known before? And the cry is "they still come!" Not yet is it time for the despotisms of the old world sneeringly to say, "The bubble of Democracy has burst." In common decency, let them wait and see what will come of this half million of brave hearts and this million of strong hands. Already have they pierced this rebellion in its tenderest spot. Hundreds of the proudest families of South Carolina, where the viper-egg of Secession was first hatched, are to-day cowering and trembling before their victorious arms.—Hoary traitors, on their way to other lands for the avowed purpose of fomenting hostilities against the Federal Union, have been forcibly taken from a British vessel, and ignominiously brought back, not, thank God, to take seats as formerly in the Senate of the country, but to find a merited home in one of its prisons. And all along the line of conflict we are of late greeted with notes of encouragement and cheer. No, no! not yet is it time to sneer at Democracy as a bubble that has at length burst, and therefore perished. The final battle has not been fought. When it is, Democracy will be seen coming forth from the fire like gold seven times purified.

Massachusetts may well thank God to-day for what He has enabled her to do and to suffer in this time of the country's danger. A writer has beautifully and truthfully remarked that "through the tears with which friends and lovers read the story of Edward's Ferry, they can still smile upon the steadfast bravery of Massachusetts boys. In the front of a fearful fire, with no means of retreat, with every chance against them, those young men stood serene; each man a hero, each man showing the quality of which invincible armies are made. And all New England boys are the bright peers of the Massachusetts. At Edward's Ferry, the Rhode Island battery was said to have been deserted by its men. They were not there, it was reported. No, they were not by the gun; they were under it. They were at their posts still—but the brave hearts should beat and the strong hand serve no more forever. And not less ready, not less steady, are the other sons of New England. From the pines of Maine, the granite hills of New Hampshire, the green hills of Vermont, the soft valleys of the Connecticut, they have marched to the battle-field; and every rifle in their hands is loaded and rammed down with an idea. They are not machine-soldiers; they are men-soldiers. And on the field their hosts are swelled with brothers from California, from New York, from Michigan, from Indiana. They all stand there embattled, and of stuff so tried and true that the sea might as hopelessly dash against Gibraltar, as rebellion against their ranks.

My friends, I have detained you too long. As you retire from this house, and gather in family groups around your tables laden, after the fashion of the day, with the rich bounties of Providence, some seats will be vacant. Sons, and brothers, and husbands are far away, at their country's call. It will be hard, doubtless, to keep back the starting tear. They were with you perhaps last year, and for many years past, on the recurrence of this dear old New England festival. To day you will not see them. But can you not thank God that it was in your power to make such a sacrifice for such a cause?—that you were able to lay such jewels upon your country's altar? They have gone to do a nobler work than they ever did before. If they fall, they will fall as the martyrs of liberty; if they return—and Heaven grant that they may—the benedictions of ten times ten thousand of their grateful fellow-countrymen will be upon their heads. It is a fact of which we may well be proud, that Milford sends six hundred

of her sons to help breast the black tide of rebellion, and roll it back until it shall be lost in the distant Gulf. Is the sacrifice too great to secure such an end? Who says it? Who thinks it for a moment? Recur again to the text — "First pure, then powerful." What we are striving for now is not merely national existence, but national regeneration as well. And we shall attain it. The bare thought is a joy and an inspiration. The soul stands erect at the prospect. It is worth rivers of blood and mountains of treasure. The Lord hasten it in its time!

The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

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TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 25, 1862.

Rolls of Massachusetts Volunteers

We have heard many complaints made that the Rolls of Massachusetts Volunteers at the Adjutant General's office, are extremely incorrect, and unreliable for the attainment of important and necessary information relative to the names and residence of Volunteers; and if the list as published in the Boston Almanac is correct according to the rolls, —but we have very good reasons for knowing that as far as Woburn is concerned it is not, —then the rolls are almost worthless. The Legislature is now in session, and we think it would be well to take some measures to correct mistakes. Would it not be well to require the Selectmen of towns and the governments of cities to return a correct list of all Volunteers who have come from their respective precincts, so that the rolls could be made serviceable? or might not some suitable persons be deputed to visit the different locations of Massachusetts Regiments and take down from the men themselves their correct names and residence. This is a matter of the utmost importance to every Massachusetts man, and should be attended to immediately, for we cannot tell at what moment a battle may be fought, when it would be extremely difficult to correct some names. Perhaps our worthy town representative will give this matter an early consideration, and bring it before the Legislature. If anything can be done to correct the grievous errors referred to, let it be done without delay.

That "advance" which was spoken of several—our readers must ask the "oldest inhabitant" to fill in the exact length of time—ago, has so far advanced as to warrant the Transcript in advancing the question, "Are we all ready for the struggle?" For one, we are prepared, and we think that many others are also; anything is better than suspense—if, perhaps, we except defeat. That is a result which very few persons would relish. If ever a great Union victory was needed to keep the people's courage up, it is needed now; this was demonstrated during the present week when the good tidings of the victory in Kentucky came to hand. If we are not much mistaken our hard and best fighting will be done in the West. We have brave, patriotic and true men there; men who feel the greatness of the responsibility resting upon them and who will not flinch from duty when the hour of battle arrives.

GOV. ANDREW AND GEN. BUTLER.—A very spicy correspondence between these two gentlemen, concerning the commissioning of certain officers in General Butler's Expedition, has recently been printed by order of the Legislature. It appears that the feelings of these gentlemen toward each other, are not very cordial, or calculated to add to the prosperity of the service. As far as we are aware of the facts in the case, we consider Gov. Andrew the nearest right. The ill feeling between these two men, is not of recent growth, but has been growing for months, perhaps since the commencement of the war. The old saying, "Two of a trade can never agree," seems to hold true in this case. The War Department has not treated Gov. Andrew with due courtesy, and if it has found him a little obstinate, it is nothing more than it ought to have expected.

WOBURN VOLUNTEERS.—We will publish again the list of Woburn Volunteers, revised and corrected. Since last week we have found several errors. We have added and taken away several names, so that when next we publish the list it may be taken as reliable.

ZOOLOGY.—Mr. F. W. Putnam, of Cambridge, concluded his interesting course of lectures, on Tuesday evening last. At the close of the lecture on that evening, Mr. Putnam was presented with the following resolution of thanks by those in attendance:—

Resolved, That the thanks of those who have had the pleasure of attending the course of lectures on Zoology given at the High School house by Mr. F. W. Putnam, are eminently due and are hereby most cordially tendered to him for the very able, courteous and instructive manner in which he has presented to us the outlines of the great science to which he has devoted his energies, and that they sincerely hope he may be successful in his chosen vocation, and that the mantle of his great master may fall upon him.

FUNERAL SERVICE.—Mary, daughter of Mr. James Tweed of this town, died on Sunday last, and was buried from the First Congregational church, on Tuesday afternoon. Many of her schoolmates in the High and Grammar Schools, with their teachers were present, to pay the last sad tribute to her cherished memory. The services were interesting, and were attended by a large concourse of persons. She was confined to her bed over three months, during which time her sufferings were great. The memory of Mary will bloom in the hearts of her associates, even until they too shall pass the golden gates of their eternal home.

We have received no less than four communications in reply to the remarks of "Excelsior" in last week's paper. It appears that the people of Winchester are much exercised thereby. We are sorry that any personal nature, or that would give offence to any one. We have no immediate means for ascertaining the effect or fairness of our correspondents' favors until they have appeared in print; and accordingly we have to trust to their good judgment.

In a private note accompanying one of the above mentioned communications, we are told that it has passed into a proverb in Winchester, that we will not publish a reply to our Winchester correspondent's communications. This is a great mistake. We have never, previous to this week received but one reply which found fault with his productions, and this one we refused to publish because the tone in which it was written would defeat the object the writer had in view.

A friend has asked us the meaning of the French sentence which ended the article headed "A Corpse-Candle," published in last week's paper, and as there may be some others who would like to know its sense, we give a literal translation:—"Poor Eugene! Truly, the game was not worth the candle."

MR. EVERETT'S ORATION.—On our outside this week can be found a graphic and happy article upon Mr. Everett's Oration on the Rebellion, from the pen of George W. Curtis. Those of our readers who heard Mr. Everett deliver this lecture in Woburn, will appreciate the article.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—"The king" of the monthlies is out for February as fresh in matter and appearance as the new-fallen snow. The Atlantic for 1862 promises to exceed anything of the kind this country has ever produced. The *Commissaire* in magazine literature will find in the pages of the Atlantic the choicest and most valuable articles to be found in any periodical in this country. This fact will be proved by perusing the number for February.

HARPER'S MONTHLY.—This entertaining and useful magazine for February, we have received through the politeness of A. Williams & Co., Boston. The article on "Making money" will prove interesting to the searcher after information, and those who relish genuine literary entertainment will find much that partakes of this delectable ingredient.

"Jus," and "Ex-Club," Winchester. Your communications have been received, but as you forgot to send your names we cannot publish your letters.

We will publish next week Winchester's "Roll of Honor," kindly furnished us by our correspondent "Excelsior."

PATENT.—Mr. James W. McIntire, of this town, has received a patent for improvement in stalls for horses.

Gov. Sprague, of Rhode Island, who has taken a deep interest in the war, made a startling appeal to the Rhode Islanders in the Burnside Expedition before their departure. It is brief and pertinent, and from it we quote the following:

We are pleased that you are so soon to enter upon the more active life for which you have yearned, and that, ere many days have passed away, you will have an opportunity of winning renown for yourselves and glory for your Commonwealth. We are pleased that so many who were neighbors and friends here, are to be associated in this enterprise. Let your purpose be to cheer each other's hearts, and care for each other's interests, and strengthen each other's good resolutions in the hour of prosperity as well as in the hour of trial. Cling to your country's cause, as the ship-wrecked mariner clings to the last plank when night and the tempest gather about. Have faith in a merciful Providence, faith in a good purpose, faith in the leader of your enterprise, and faith in each other. The heart of the State will go with you; and many prayers will ascend for your triumph in every struggle and your safe return to your many hearthstones. In whatever situation you may be placed, Rhode Island will do all in her power to promote your well being. She sends you with this cheerful good-bye and earnest God speed.

Because poets have been called the irritable race, nearly all irritable young men and women seem to think themselves poets.

A Diamond Wedding.

On Tuesday evening, the 21st inst., Dea. Charles Thompson and wife of North Woburn, were visited by their relatives and friends to the number of fifty or more, in order to celebrate in a private way, the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage. It was an occasion of rare occurrence and of rare interest. The aged couple have outlived nearly all the friends of their youth. Of the two families of their parents, which once embraced, the one three brothers and three sisters, the other, two brothers and three sisters, all, both husbands and wives, have gone to their graves, with only two exceptions besides themselves. One sister, an aged widow, yet lives in the city of New York; and the widow of one of the brothers also lives, and though now past 80, travelled two miles on a stormy evening to be present at the gathering.

Of nine sons and daughters of Dea. Thompson and wife, seven, with their husbands and wives, are alive; and all, with the exception of one who was detained by illness, were present. Of twenty-six grandchildren only thirteen are now living. Of eight great-grandchildren, seven are living. Each of these generations, together with nephews and nieces, was represented on the occasion.

Though no "diamonds" were left behind, golden and other substantial tokens of interest testified that the Diamond Wedding was not a mere empty name.

With earnest wishes that the aged couple might live yet for years to come, the company separated at about 10 o'clock apparently greatly pleased with an occasion wholly new to them all.

ONE OF THEM.

We take the following from a correspondence in the Boston Herald:—

Virginia has received such an infusion of the New England element that the elements here have been influenced. We enjoy first rate snow storms, sleet and rain, with occasional nipping breezes that would not discredit a "Down East" January—but as the Old Dominion has hardly got the hang of it, she draws it rather mild. But we have enough bad weather, or weather bad enough to exempt us from the formation of squares, hollow and oblique, and our skrimishing is mostly confined to tracing out the locality of the "last of the Bourbons."

This reminds me of a late seizure of the contraband. Col. Cass is scrupulous in regard to the introduction or use of ardent spirits in camp; and various are the tricks and dodges to evade the rules. An officers' mess was formed, under the title of the "First Battalion." The caterers were of the land of the great Magyar Kossuth, and their love of the dollar was fully equal to that which prompted the issuance of Hungarian bonds. They set a splendid table—all table, as Johnny Pett says—and were realizing hugely on their provender. But ambition o'erleaps itself and falls on 't'other side. They found that the percentage on fluids preponderated over solids, and wishing to get untimely rich, they embarked in the smuggling trade. Men were seen with more than they could carry, sentinels were loquacious, unusual noises were heard after "taps," and it was evident that something was loose. It leaked out, however, that our Hungarians, "nice fellows as ever were in the world," were at the bottom of it. A fine carriage, owned by the concern, was seized unceremoniously upon a charge of communing with evil spirits, and as it could not disprove the fact of bringing a quantity of the said element into camp, it was adjudged to be contraband of war, together with a sorry looking nag, who seemed ashamed at his part in the affair. Search was instituted and resulted in the seizure of twenty-four dozen bottles of whiskey, which were appropriated, per general order, to the hospital fund. Dr. Drew took charge of it—although he thought the transaction too gross; and it will be disposed of at a reasonable price for the benefit of such sickly ones as need a nicer diet than army rations permit.

GEN. WOOL AND BUTLER'S EXPEDITION.—A COOL RECEPTION. A Fortress Monroe correspondent of the Traveller writes:

As soon as the Constitution arrived at anchor, the officers immediately announced themselves of course, to Gen. Wool, as officers of Gen. Butler's expedition.

General Butler?—His name seems familiar—yes—he has been enlisting troops, has he not?

The gentlemen endeavored to enlighten the veteran commander on both these points, and explained to him that the General had received a special commission to enlist troops in New England; that these troops were to be employed upon an expedition, some of which had already proceeded to Ship Island, and a part of these troops, more than two thousand, were in the Roads on board the Constitution, and had been ordered to report at Fortress Monroe. It was some time before the old general could realize that more than two thousand troops could be just in the stream, and on one transport vessel. When this was clearly apprehended, the general informed the disappointed officers that he had no orders for them,—he had not expected them; didn't know they had left Boston. "They were going to Ship Island, then—Ship Island?"—[Col.] "Yes sir; one of those Islands in the Gulf, between, New Orleans and Mobile." "Oh yes he recollected there were some Islands there."

The interview was very amusing but not very satisfactory, as any one may suppose. It is hard to tell whether the venerable soldier systematically shuts out under the pressure of personal duties all interest or attention in things exterior to his own command, or whether this manner indicates his estimate of an irregular and unauthorized expedition. The interview must be acknowledged to be rather curious and somewhat unaccountable.

What do we seek redress for? Injuries. Where do we find it? Injuries.

THE REPORT OF THE BREACHING OF FORT PICKENS.—More Bragg-adoes.

Letter from the Union Guard.

CAMP WILSON, HALL'S HILL, VA., January 19th, 1862.

The past week has been stormy, both rain and snow falling. It is now pouring down smartly, and we can't do much except dispose of our rations. It is impossible to drill much, but we get out occasionally. We have usually devoted an hour in the morning to the bayonet exercise, but that is now suspended. The Guard has made rapid progress in drill since we left Camp Schouler.

The roads are almost impassable. The Potomac fog pays us frequent visits. Not long since a regiment was on drill and the fog set in so heavily that in maneuvering, one company became separated from the regiment, and the returned in about ten minutes on the double-quick, after having trotted around the parade ground in search of their comrades.

The health of the Regiment is very good, only three of Co. F, being in the hospital, and they are convalescent.

Several ladies and gentlemen from Boston, visited our camp last week, and kindly offered to furnish anything we stood in need of; but the men are amply supplied with everything necessary to make them comfortable while in camp.

Yesterday the Union Guard presented Orderly Sergeant Wm. R. Bennett with a splendid silver watch, manufactured at Waltham. It bears the following inscription:—"Presented to Sergeant William R. Bennett, by the Woburn Union Guard, January 16th, 1862." Quartermaster's Clerk J. Frank Gleason of Co. F, made the presentation address. Sergeant Bennett replied briefly and to the point. Sergt. B. has acquired himself like a soldier and a gentleman since he joined the Guard.

Lieut. Davis has received another supply of valuable things from the ladies of Milton, such as—Flannel Shirts, Drawers, Socks, Mittens, Combs, Pins, Needles, Thread, &c., which he distributed among the men. *Visa la ladies of Milton!*

The Regiment is being supplied with small rubber-cloth tents, called ponchos. They are capable of containing three men, and can be taken apart into three pieces, and each piece used as a protection against the storm by the soldier. They are designed for picket duty, or for use on a march.

I think we shall remain here this winter. They wanted us to go in Burnside's Expedition, but Gen. Porter would not consent to our brigade going unless the whole division went, so there was an end to that.

F. L. B.

STEAMER COLORADO, Dec. 28th, 1861. OFF S. W. PASS of Mississippi River. Y.

EDITOR MIDDLESEX JOURNAL.—Sir,—A copy of your valuable paper with the note accompanying, was received by me last evening per Gunboat "Robert Semon," and I must confess that I was not a little surprised upon reading their contents, and finding myself so unexpectedly brought before the public in a literary capacity. I have received letters at various times from friends in Stoneham urging me to write an item occasionally for your paper, but have always refused to accede to such requests, because I did not consider myself competent to perform the task in a manner which would prove at all satisfactory to yourself, or interesting to your readers. However, as I have no literary reputation at stake—and certainly no wish to acquire one—I cannot consistently decline your polite invitation to contribute a few words to the Journal whenever anything transpires within the circle of my observation worthy of record, trusting that due consideration will be given to the fact of my inexperience in writing.

Little of importance has occurred in this vicinity since the date of my letter which was published in your paper issued Nov. 29th, with the exception of the bombardment of Pensacola, an account of which reached you over a month ago, and which took place after we had arrived at this station, although the Southern account stated that the Colorado was present during the bombardment,—probably occasioned by the similarity which exists in the looks of this ship and the Richmond, which was engaged in the action.

On the 11th of Nov. we have anchor and left Pensacola, arriving here on the 13th inst. The flag ship Niagara—Com. McKean—which had been lying here for several weeks previous to our arrival, left on the following morning on a visit to the different stations upon the blockade.

During the six weeks that we have spent here, nothing of importance has transpired. On several occasions rebel steamers have made their appearance at a distance of six or eight miles up the river, but have never ventured within range of our guns. The U. S. steam gun boat DeSoto came in here yesterday afternoon, but hoisted her anchor during the night and proceeded outside in search of a vessel whose light was seen from our mast-head. 10 o'clock, A. M.—She has just been reported by the look-out, coming in with a sailing vessel in tow, which in all probability will prove to be a prize, although she is not near enough yet to be made out by the quartermasters. They come in very slow, owing to the rapid current which makes out here from the river. They will arrive however, before the return of the mail boat from Galveston, so that I shall be able to inform you in regard to her character before the mail closes.

The Robert Semon—wholly, by the way, is to remain here as a tender to the Colorado—touched at Ship Island, and brought from there six of our Marine Corps, who with an equal number from the Niagara and Mississippi, have been garrisoning the fort at that place during the last six weeks. I learn by them that the advance of Gen. Butler's expedition (2200 men) arrived there about two weeks ago and are now encamped upon the Island. The remainder of the expedition, with Gen. Butler, were daily expected, and you are long will hear of a grand attack upon Mobile or N. Orleans.

It is now time for me to prepare to play as usual during the officers' dinner hour, and

as my stock of news is about played out, I will close my letter for the present, hoping that I shall have something more entertaining to present to you by the next mail.

Yours, respectfully, C. W. G.

2 o'clock P. M.—The DeSoto has just arrived with the vessel which was supposed to be a rebel prize, but which now proves to be a French steam brig-of-war, in tow. It appears that the two vessels came in collision during the night through carelessness, or some mismanagement, and both of them were more or less damaged. The DeSoto's starboard wheel house was stove in, and the Frenchman's shaft was broken, and her engines thereby rendered entirely useless. I understand that her Commander has excoriated the officers of the DeSoto from all blame in the matter, as there were no lights shown upon the brig at the time the accident occurred. Both vessels will probably go to Key West for repairs. The mail boat has not yet returned but is momentarily expected.

C. W. G.

QUEEN'S MESSENGERS.—The Queen's foreign service messengers are fifteen in number. The Queen's messengers formerly had only £60 a year, but made large profits by mileage and other allowances when employed. The situation was worth £800 or £900 a year. Col. Townley has stated that his profits were nearly £1100 in one year. Lord Melbourne agreed the remuneration to a salary of £525, and the traveling expenses. This was considered by the messengers too great a reduction of their income, and the arrangement was open to the objection that it gave them an inducement to shirk work which was expensive to them. Very recently, Earl Russell has made a new plan, giving them salaries of £400 a year, and £1 a day for their personal expenses while employed abroad, besides their traveling expenses. There is a pension on superannuation. Queen's messengers are treated with great kindness and consideration abroad; they are usually invited to the Minister's table. They are examined on appointment by the Civil Service Commissioners; the qualifications required are an age between twenty-five and thirty five, some knowledge of French, German, or Italian, and ability to ride on horseback. The home-service messengers occupy a very inferior position.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

LYCEUM.—On account of the stormy weather and bad walking the meeting was rather thinly attended on Monday evening last. About three quarters of an hour were occupied in the discussion of business matters without however coming to any definite conclusion respecting them. The Committee appointed at a previous meeting to nominate Committees submitted their Report which was accepted. The Committee on Literary Exercises, to consist of Messrs. Young, Wilder and Wadleigh, and their duty was prescribed to be, to provide questions for debate, appoint disputants, and to have the general charge and supervision of such other literary exercises as may be determined upon by them. Committee on Social Entertainments to consist of Messrs. Russell, E. P. Boon, and B. B. Stanton, and their duty is to provide Readings, Music, Singing, Tableaux or whatever else shall conduce to the entertainment of the members, for not more than one evening in a month. A motion to reconsider the vote accepting the report was made which after an animated discussion was laid upon the table until the next meeting. There seems to be a disposition on the part of certain members to have the business done in a wrong way—they want to have the time of the Lyceum occupied in selecting questions for debate and arranging the exercises. If this course is pursued, it will drive away many members and friends who do not wish to listen to squabbles upon mere technical points of business which should be arranged by persons independent of the meeting and thus allow the whole time to be devoted to its legitimate purpose. The discussion upon the question "Ought Capital Punishment to be abolished," was opened by Mr. Norton in the negative in a very lengthy argument. Sumner Richardson and Salem Wilder took the same side—and B. B. Stanton on the affirmative. On taking the vote on the merits of the question, it was decided in the negative. The Committee reported as the exercise for next Monday evening, a debate upon the following question, "Ought Women to enjoy equal political rights with man?" Disputants, Young in the affirmative and Wilder in the negative, to open the debate on each side. One of the speakers at these meetings has been very much annoyed by some boys who are present as spectators because they could not help laughing at the temper and spirit of his remarks. So far as I am capable of judging, I should say that the behaviour of these youth who are mostly pupils in our High School has been excellent. It is well for them to be present and derive benefit therefrom. It is for our citizens not to get angry because they cannot carry their point, but submit cheerfully to the majority and not throw stumbling blocks in the way. Thus will the young learn the truth of the saying, "That he that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

MORALS.—It is gratifying to be able to state that the "Den" referred to in last week's paper has been broken up. A serious consideration of the evils attendant upon it by the young men who have been in the habit of frequenting it, has doubtless led to this wise action.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR.—Tell no tales out of school, is an old saying, but as equally applicable now as ever. To this may be added, trouble not neighbors with family secrets. No maxims are more generally admitted, and yet more generally disregarded. Moralists can perhaps explain the reasons for it. The readers of the Journal will at once see

the pertinence and applicability of the above, when published under the Winchester head. For a considerable period of time, the readers in this town have watched the weekly issues to learn the items of local news. The affairs and the gossip of the place have been detailed by your correspondent "Excelsior," with a fullness and particularity, which have quite amazed us. We have wondered not a little how he could command such resources of time and of material. The eagerness and interest with which the communications have been read, and the comments which have followed are sufficient evidence that they are not unappreciated. If their circulation were confined within our own borders we should be more satisfied and grateful. But we reflect that your paper goes into hundreds of families in other towns, and that your correspondent states some things which we would much rather keep to ourselves. Faults and indiscretions will occur in the best regulated families, and our town has its full share; perhaps however not more than are incident to most others. Human nature is the same here as elsewhere, and we claim no special perfection. We regret that we are not better. But he who undertakes the work of a reformer among us will find it, as in other places, a thorny road to travel.

Your correspondent has lived long enough to know that often things are stated on insufficient proof, about which opinion should be suspended, and little as possible said. Other things may be, comparatively, of no great consequence, but acquire importance by exaggeration and misrepresentation. And still other things may induce deep mortification and shame, but which, for our own credit, we would be the last to proclaim abroad. It is not intended by the foregoing suggestions to imply that your correspondent has been unmindful of them, but they are presented as of practical value for general consideration.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

Winchester, Jan., 1862.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Edmon.—Please inform your correspondent, "Excelsior," that he is not "posted up." The place of resort called the "Den," has been closed about two weeks; and your correspondent has been misinformed concerning the habits of those who used to frequent that room. From reading the report, one would gain the impression that some of the young men were notoriously bad characters; but such was not the case. There were no young men in the company who were not at least moral, but there were those not belonging to the institution, who, because they were not accepted as members, circulated various evil reports, which we did not think worth the trouble of contradiction, until we noticed a mild form of the disease breaking out in the Winchester Department of the Journal.

It seems hardly fair that this town should be represented in such a light as that which reflects upon it from the columns of your last issue. There are two sides to every story, and in this case the worst side appears to have been exhibited to the public view. If I think that my brother has gone astray, and I desire to do him good, is it the best plan to herald through the medium of a newspaper, those errors which he is reported to have committed, before I have ascertained the facts in relation to the matter; or is it better to learn the real circumstances of the case from his own lips? A certain "Good Book" advises the adoption of the latter course; and human nature points to the same remedy.

With regard to the "social gatherings" which are gently rebuked, as encouraging "late hours," we have yet to learn that these meetings—which occur only once in two weeks—have been prolonged beyond the hour which suggests itself to the minds of the members (some of whom are church members, and all "moral"), as being beyond the bounds of propriety. But this is a mere matter of opinion, and no one of us can place limitations to the rules which govern the conscience of another.

Finally, while we admire the indefatigable zeal with which the Winchester correspondent collects and furnishes items of news, we cannot commend the practice of a writer offering personal opinions upon the morality and habits of his fellow citizens, in the face of the fact that such opinions are unnecessary, never well received, and seldom do any good.

Winchester, Jan. 23d, '62.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

VOLUNTEERS.—The list of volunteers from Woburn, given in the Middlesex Journal of last week, will doubtless be highly prized by those immediately interested, and carefully preserved for reference in the future. Much time was required to collect the information from all the descriptive rolls of the Massachusetts regiments. It will be valuable to the town, if, as the Journal says, it be found "nearly correct." The best way to perfect the list, was to put it in print, and give it to the public, then every reader who discovers an error should make it known to the editor, or other proper authority. Some may have gone from Woburn and registered their names as from some other place, some may have hailed from Woburn who are claimed by other towns. For instance, South Reading claims one put down in the Woburn list, (unless two of a name are in the same company), viz: Clifford B. Fowle, of Co. E, 16th Regiment. He is a native of Woburn, and has his legal settlement there, but has not lived there probably for years, and when he enlisted was an inhabitant of South Reading, residing there with his family. If Reading should publish a list of her volunteers, and obtain information from the descriptive rolls at the State House, it would contain the names of a large number of our citizens found registered as from Reading, some of whom may hardly ever have spent a night from this town. On this subject the Boston Almanac is full of errors, and yet probably the publisher relied on information procured from the State House, where a correct record

should certainly be found. How such mistakes occurred, it is not easy perhaps to say. There were gross blunders some where, such as may eventually embarrass families in proving their claims, or delay important information, under some circumstances, during the future progress of the war. It might also effect towns, beyond detracting from their credit. The Adjutant General at Boston receives a dispatch from headquarters that a certain man, of a certain Co., and Regiment, has deserted or is discharged. The clerk examines the roll of that regiment, and finds the name registered as from Woburn. Forthwith a notice of the fact is directed to Woburn, and the authorities finding that there is no person by that name on the list whom they are aiding, the document is cast aside as of no interest to them. But some other town may be the sufferer, by rendering aid beyond their rights to do so. Unless something be done to correct these errors, the records at the State House will prove a very unreliable and unsatisfactory source of information in the future.

FOUNDRY.—It is customary every year for the Boston & Maine Foundry to suspend operations for a while in the winter, to take account of stock, and make preparation for another start. This season, owing to an unusual demand for stoves the workmen have made very long days, and the works have not as yet entirely ceased. The Moulders' Annual Ball came off at the Town Hall, last week, on Thursday evening, at which were about one hundred and fifty couples present. This generally occurs at the commencement of their vacation. The engagement of other Foundries to fill government contracts has given additional business to this establishment. This company have extra facilities for filling government contracts, and have had opportunities to do so, but a press of other business, and a hope that the war will be of short duration, have prevented them from engaging in a new enterprise, which would involve an expense at the start. There are about 60 men employed in this establishment, though judging from the quietness with which every thing connected with it is conducted, one might infer that there were not half a dozen of them.

EXHIBITIONS.—The exhibition of the Crescent Literary Association, which by postponement was to have been held on Monday evening last, was put off again for one week with the expectation that by that time there might be a postponement of the storm. The Universalist Sabbath School had an exhibition at the Church, on Wednesday evening. The day was stormy, but it nearly cleared away before the commencement of the exercises, so that with a little effort a large number were present. It was repeated on the next evening.

Several shocks as of an earthquake were heard and felt in this town and vicinity, on Wednesday evening. The first and severest occurred about 8 o'clock, and others between 9 and 10 A. M. Some conjecture that the noise might be caused by heavy artillery, and others think it might be the roar of thunder.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The "Sail Makers" of Boston and its vicinity, are in a fever of excitement and indignation, because a few poor and needy women have recently been employed by some manufacturers in doing the lighter portion of the work on sails and tents. Two hundred men have signed a paper pledging themselves "not to work on any contract on which 'woman work'!" With the Sail Makers' monopoly of contracted minds, we hope the "women" will not interfere; but leave them "alone in their glory." What if poor women, whose children cry for bread, should hold indignation meetings, because a few strong men are engaged in making children's clothes! What if the women should pledge themselves not to bind any more shoes because sewing machines are sometimes worked by men! But women are not so foolish; and we trust they are not so silly as to engage in any contract of any nature, with men who have no souls.

FERRET.

BILLERICA.

For the Middlesex Journal.

There is not much excitement now, all seem waiting to hear some startling news from Burnside's expedition. The post office is crowded when the mail comes in with eager news seekers, waiting to get the first good news from the seat of war, and I hope they will be well rewarded soon.

There has been several accidents during the past week, some of which were rather severe. Last Thursday, George, the youngest child of John Crosby, fell upon the rough ice, cutting himself badly. Medical aid was called, and he is now doing as well as can be expected. George L. Brown while going past the stove, in school-house No. 7, fell, and in order to save himself from falling bodily upon the stove placed his hand upon it, thereby badly burning his hand and arm. A young lady from North Tewksbury, while skating on Concord river, fell and cut her head severely. A daughter of Mr. Haynes, broke through the ice on the river, on Saturday, but extricated herself before assistance was at hand.</

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI : : No. 18.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

A NEW POEM BY TENNYSON. The following stanzas are the contribution of the author of "In Memoriam" to the new Annual for 1862, the "Victoria Regia."

The Sailor Boy.

He rose at dawn, and flushed with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbor bar,
And reached the ship and caught the rope,
And whistled to the morning star.

And while on deck he whistled loud
He heard a fierce mermaid cry
Boy, though thou art young and proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay;
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And on thy heart the seaweeds shall play.

"Fool!" he answered, "Death is sure
To those that stay and those that roam,
But I will never more endure
To sit with empty hands at home."

My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters clamor, stay—for shame!
My father raves of death and wreck—
They are all to blame, they are all to blame.

God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me."

Select Literature.

For the Middlesex Journal.

ANNE ARCHER.

A Tale of Rag Rock.

'Twas at the close of an autumnal day about the middle of October, 1861, that I strolled away from the bustle of the village and wended my course to our romantic resort—Rag Rock. I clambered up its rugged sides and rested my feet upon its gigantic cliffs, about a hour previous to the sun's going down. As I sat musing upon the vicissitudes of the year, and thinking of the many changes that had taken place in the tones that my eyes could now see, I could not refrain from giving way to the emotions of my soul—and I wept, and none could see my tears, or elude my grief. Misfortune and death had made many a happy home gloomy and deserted. Oh, how many sad things were blended with the fading flowers and dying leaves of autumn.

All was quiet around. The occasional dropping of a rained leaf was all that broke the stillness of the air. I was lost in thought, and I seemed to be moulding my feelings into that beautiful which is so seldom felt and enjoyed amid cares and trials of earth-life. I subscribed upon everything around me, insensibly inscribed, were peace and love. Every tree and bush and fragrant flower and grassy hillock, were the impress of love. I loved all that I could gaze upon; all that I had ever seen, whether it were friend or foe, shared in the love I then experienced, and no seemed too bad for me to bestow kindness upon. All the enemies I ever had, I could then embrace in the arms of love. All that I had injured I knew would forgive me. I was strangely and singularly made happy. The Heavens above seemed never so serene. The sun's last rays were shining in the west, and though night was soon to throw its shades around, yet I tarried upon the rock and felt that there I had divine breathings—breathings heavenward.

In my deep meditations upon the dying year, I could not but recall the words of Alton. "We are witnessing the decay of the year; we go back in imagination and find that such in every generation has been the fate of man; we look forward and see to each ends all must come at last; we lift our depending eyes above us in search of comfort and we find One who is ever the same and to whose years there is no end. Nature indeed yearly perishes; but it is yearly renewed. Amid all its changes the immortal spirit of Him that made it remains, and the same sun that now marks with his receding rays the autumn of the year, will again arise in all its brightness and bring along with him the promise of the spring and all the magnificence of summer."

While thinking over the above words and repeating them inaudibly, I was suddenly startled by what appeared to be the tread of human feet. I knew that after the twilight had fled I was to have my friends from home to accompany me, but this was too early for them, and I fancied it might be the tread of a cat or a wandering dog in search of its master. I could hear the foot-tread, and after a step or two all was silent. For a moment I eagerly watched the footpath to see if I could catch a glimpse of man or beast. Rising to my feet I walked toward the opening descent and gazed down into the craggy vale. Seeing no one, neither hearing a sound, save the timid fluttering of the autumn leaves moving in the twilight air, I retraced my steps and seated myself upon the stone and began my musings anew. A moment passed, and again the tread of feet was fast approaching. I kept my seat, determined to sit still and quietly await the issue. Slowly but steadily came the sound of human feet. I looked again and just at the opening of the descent I could see the head of a man, and in a moment more he stood before me. His hair which was as the snow flakes, hung about his neck and a stray lock swept over

his white brow and moved gracefully, as if stirred by the breath of angels, over his aged temples. He leaned his bent form upon his staff and uncovering his head he turned to me and said, "Good evening, daughter."

"Good evening, sire," I answered, and rising from my seat invited him to accept my granite chair. He thanked me kindly, and turning about he waved his withered hand toward the setting sun, gave a pensive look to the gorgeous clouds that were piled up in the far west, and laying down his staff he seated himself upon the stone, and sat gazing down into the variegated steep below. His eyes which were like the blue of Heaven above him, had not lost their luster, and his face, though age had imprinted lines upon it, still wore the expression of sweetness, and a smile of angelic purity played around his finely curved mouth, and his intelligent face made me think him almost divine. Lifting his hand and motioning me to stand nearer to his seat, he said—"I love to contemplate these; all that you and I now gaze upon speak of God. I come to this wild but pleasant spot, to worship in the beauty of holiness. This is my temple; all silent, all beautiful, and all undisturbed by the art of man. 'Tis a quiet temple at this hour; 'tis a simple place, as simple as the truths we learn by the preaching of nature. The Sav-our of the world loved and frequented such places, and why should not we. Here is seen beauty and loveliness springing into life, bursting from their snug beds, and starting up with new life, flourishing a few days, and lo! they disappear. Now 'tis autumn; 'tis autumn with the life of a flower as with the life of a man. I am as the faded leaf. I am trembling and am as timid as the little child. As the leaf holds with a tenacious grasp the twig, so I hold on upon earth-life and would gladly live many days upon this mundane sphere. But I cannot tarry long. A few more setting suns and I must go to my fathers. But tell me daughter," said he, springing up and taking my hand, "tell me what curious thing brought you here—and all alone? I see you love these places well. I read the mind upon the countenance; you learn much by visiting the hidden dell and climbing up the rugged steep. But what is uppermost in thy mind now? tell me daughter, for thy face wears a look of inquiry."

"My aged friend," I said, "if there is one thing that gives me a moment's uneasiness when I visit this spot, it is this, why did not the people who gave this place its name, adopt something more pleasing, something more romantic than plain Rag Rock?"

"Hast thou never learned the origin of the name Rag Rock?"

"No, my sire; and I could give a dozen prettier names; and I think you would love the change full well yourself."

"Rag Rock is dear to me," said my aged friend; "I should not want to hear it called by any other name. You listen—Years ago when there were few inhabitants, and fewer houses in this town, there lived a man by name of Archer (an Englishman by birth, and a Tory to his country). His residence was about half a mile from this rock. He had one son and one daughter; an estimable lady for a wife, and all save the man, Archer, were loved and respected by those who knew them. A little way from Archer's house stood the home of Melville Percy. The Percys were a noble family, true to themselves and to their country, and ever seeking the prosperity of the land of their adoption. The Percys and the Archers were never on friendly terms. It was rumored that the man Archer had wronged the Percys in some manner and they ever kept up a bitter hatred between the older members of the family. But the Percy family which was quite large in numbers, seemed the most yielding and showed the less obstinacy. The younger members of each family were often together, and an occasional interview between the parties ripened into an intimacy which forms the subject of my story."

"Melville Percy, Jr., was a young man of much worth; noble, generous, kind and courteous. He was a man of much excellence, and his goodness of heart, together with his intellectual culture, made him one of the noblest of men. Melville knew the ill feeling that lay between his father's family and the Archers; and yet Melville dared to speak out his own views upon the subject, and would often strive by kind words to draw Mr. Archer to a mutual settlement. But Melville's father had long ago striven to settle the affair with Archer, but finding he could not, he had settled down into the belief that Archer was his life long enemy."

"Anne Archer was the fairest maiden of all the towns about. For twenty miles around her home she was known as dear Anne Archer. In the most humble dwelling, and in the more favored homes, she was tenderly spoken of. Far and near her sympathies were extended; and far and near her goodness was acknowledged and her kind deeds blessed. Here where the village children now come in early spring to gather flowers, she used to wander in search of flowers to deck some maiden's brow, or to give joy to some sick one, who was unable to ramble abroad. Here she picked the blueberry; and here she came, as you now come, to meditate and enrich the mind. Now would it be strange if Melville and Anne should chance to meet sometime in their rambles? Not at all. Their likes and dislikes were very much the same. The families might hate; they loved. Here would they come when the sun

had gone to light up the other part of the earth, and talk of things which might have been but not hated existed in the heart of the old gentleman Archer. The same rock you now stand upon, has witnessed many a sad scene, as well as joyous meeting. Away yonder, here at the South West, there was a path which led from this stone to the cabin of a native—a red man of the forest. He was the only Indian that remained in the place, and his quiet and peaceable manner won for him many friends. But Onahattan had one enemy. Onahattan had been wronged; and yet he lived and moved in the midst of the exterminators of his race as one who had never known a sorrow. Those that knew Onahattan best, had said the smile of joy had fled from his face, for Onahattan had dark thoughts within his soul.

"'Twas evening. Just such an one as you now witness. The heavens above seemed all serene and the earth wore the same variegated mantle. Upon this stone that day, had Melville Percy and Anne Archer plighted their troth. Here they had promised that whatever might be their fate they would ever be faithful to each other. But their young hearts and high pulsation when they thought of the enmity that existed in their families. But time in its flight soon brought the dread hour, and Anne's father stood out against all her entreaties, and in storms of passion often declared that the intimacy should end, or his own hands would be instrumental in bringing the young man's neck to the gallows."

"'Twas a dark, cold, dreary evening, about the middle of November, when none were expected to be abroad but those who had urgent business to perform, that a young woman was seen making rapid strides toward the cabin of Onahattan. Her form was covered with a large dark cloak, and a hood of the same concealed her face from any sight might chance to meet. The road was an unfrequented one at that hour, and the young woman walked with hurried steps. She drew near to the cabin. The giant branches of the pines were waving mournfully to and fro about the cabin of Onahattan. She paused for a moment at the entrance; then lifting timidly the mossy skin that served for the door she called out, Onahattan, are you there?"

"A large dark form soon appeared at the entrance and Onahattan bade her enter. Anne seated herself by the fire; and Onahattan, laying aside his pipe, began the conversation as follows:

"You white squaw am very brave; you come to me; poor Indian tell thee now what he has to say. Onahattan could not meet you on the rock for there poor Indian talks with the Great Spirit. Indian have no kind words for pale face there. When I think of him who made my cabin dark, when I think of my big enemy, then I cannot talk good even to white squaw. My squaw gone; little Running Vine gone; poor Indian love them,—poor Indian miss them,—poor Indian going to revenge them."

Here Onahattan brandished his tomahawk and catching up a pine billet of wood he buried the hatchet deeply in its yielding fibres.

Anne drawing her head aside, and extending her hand to Onahattan, said—"Come now, Onahattan, this is terrible. You must not talk so and get in such a passion; I shall fear to stay with you; 'tis not noble in you to treat me thus. I know that you and papa do not agree, but am I to blame? You say my father took away your pleasant field and wronged you sorely. I know papa did wrong; you worked so hard for us Onahattan, and carried me many miles in your arms when I was a little girl, and I know you ought to have the field that father took from you. You should not have been driven away up here, Onahattan, but am I to blame?"

"No, pale face; but when I think of poor squaw, and how she died by your father's cruelties, when poor squaw too sick to move on the bear skin, and Running Vine was but a few moons old, when pale face Archer made me move back into this deep wood; when squaw see this, then poor squaw thought of the days when no pale face could take our lands; when all was happiness to Indian. Then poor squaw felt so bad at thought of all the wrongs poor Indian had seen that poor squaw could not walk again, so poor squaw died."

"My little Running Vine then began to wither. No squaw to cook her meat; no squaw to make her mat to sleep on, and Onahattan had to work for pale face Archer. Running Vine did play about me a few more moons, but when the ash leaf faded, and when the meadows hid all their yellow flowers, then Running Vine did bend her little form and drooping like the water-lily she withered, drooped and died. Now squaw and Running Vine are in the Spirit Land. Great Spirit tell me, when I'm on the rock, that I shall be avenged. Now say, pale squaw, how can I, when I think of these sad things, how can I do kind things to white man's child? Onahattan was a father; Onahattan love squaw and papoose; Onahattan never harm white man's squaw; white man Archer kill poor Indian's little flock. I see the look of Archer in your eyes, pale squaw. Can Indian love that look? Makes Indian's head go round, make Indian cry and howl."

Here Onahattan sent up a piteous wail, but Anne knowing how to calm him, called to him kindly and said,

"Now, Onahattan, hear poor Anne. Did I not come to you when little Running Vine

was ill? Did I not give her all her drinks and try to make her smile again, but how vain were all my efforts. I could not make little Running Vine any better; so, Onahattan, God took her away from you, and from many of us, for we all loved little Running Vine. You say I have my father's eyes,—the look Onahattan hates. But would he harm the child because the look of her father is upon her face. Onahattan would not want the pale face to harm him now, because he wears the red skin of his brethren. No; and Anne Archer would not harm little Running Vine because the red men have often dealt cruelly with pale face children. No, Onahattan, this is not noble—'tis not brave. Now I have come for Onahattan to make peace with my papa; and you told Melville that you would bring all our troubles to an end,—that you could lay a plan for Melville and myself,—that we could be happy and free; how is it that you are so much troubled to-night. I cannot go away unless you give my poor heart one ray of hope. You know we, that is Melville and I, cannot meet again only by stealth; and you know my father's fury when he is roused. His anger is terrible. Come now what plan have you for us?"

"Pale squaw, the clouds drop low to-night above the rock. The clouds are dark, full of fury; I shall now take my blanket and go to yonder rock and if the Great Spirit bid me help the pale face, come to-morrow and I will tell you all. The pines ago madened; hear how their branches sweep my cabin's roof. The wind has words for Onahattan. I must go upon the big stone and there hear the Great Spirit tell Onahattan what he must do."

"I have no time now, I must away," said Anne; and rising up she drew her cloak about her and stepped to the cabin door. Onahattan took his blanket and followed Anne. The night was dark, and had not Anne been in a state of great excitement no one could have prevailed upon her to tread those dreary paths alone. Onahattan soon left the road and turned off in the direction of the rock. Anne hurried on and slackened not her pace until she stood within her father's gate. She paused to take breath, and get herself into a quiet, unsuspected state she should enter. In a few moments she saw herself again, calm, collected and seemingly cheerful. With her usual manner she entered the house; found her mother and brother in the dining-room, and Betty, the maid, making arrangements for Mr. Archer's supper, as he had gone to Boston that day and his horses feet were momentarily expected coming up the gravel walk."

Mr. Archer soon came in, and after his supper he told his wife that he had had some little uneasiness all day in regard to some stories he had heard concerning Anne. "And now," said Archer, "I want you and Anne to sit together here until I go to the store a few minutes. When I return have Betty go to her room, and let Adolphus go to bed. I want you and Anne here alone."

After Mr. Archer left, his wife had the house all in order in a few minutes. She sent the boy to bed and the maid to her chamber.

In a short time Mr. Archer returned home, and soon all were seated around a table looking first at one, and then at the other. At last Mr. Archer commenced,

"When I had got about half a mile from Woburn to-day, I overtook old Sam, the teamster I employed last winter. He said he was in Capt. Pratt's store last evening, and about a dozen men were collected there and the topic of their discourse was the Archer girl, Anne. Now as I have since made some enquiries and found old Sam told the truth, I want to know how you, Miss Anne, became acquainted with Melville Percy? Did you not know that if you should dare disobey my orders I would send you to your uncle in England? Have you not had enough of the Percys without this daring disclosure? Do you dare go to the wood yonder there, and meet with young Percy and talk love to him? Let me say to you that from this hour you relinquish all hopes of becoming even an intimate associate of Percy's or I will not only send you away, but look you, I will put Onahattan on young Percy's track and when the savage seeks his prey, he can fasten an arrow into a bounding stag. I will buy Onahattan; 'tis all the savage hates me for, this keeping back his field. I'll give it back to him—and more than that I'll give him gold and tell him how to use it. Now mind you, Anne, I would die a thousand deaths ere one by my name should be called Percy. The very name now drives me mad. Come here my daughter, let me hear you say you hate your father's enemies."

Anne approached her father, and throwing her arms about his neck, wept and begged forgiveness. She knew full well her weakness; she knew that she must obey her father, and yet she would not commit herself by saying aught against her friend and lover. She knew that Onahattan hated her father; that no offers of land or money would gain Onahattan's favor; she knew her father did all this to frighten her, and she acted wisely by remaining silent upon all subjects relative to Melville. But now she would be watched, and how was she to get to Onahattan's cabin and hear what the savage had to tell her. Anne went to rest with an aching heart that night, but she knew of one who would pass as sleepless and wretched a season as she would.

Night wore away. The morning came, and Anne Archer watched every passer-by to catch a glimpse of Melville or some of the Percy family. All day she looked for a chance to send to Melville, but looked in vain. How was she to get out at dusk and visit Onahattan? This thought troubled her exceedingly. Mr. Archer had been about town and at home all day. What was to be done? Anne was almost in despair.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, a boy rode up to the door on horseback, desiring to speak with Mr. Archer. The lad said he was requested to tell Mr. Archer that Coll Cobb wanted him to be ready to go to Reading that evening and that he would ride up in his carriage and take him over. Mr. Archer had been expecting to be sent for, as this business at Reading was of much interest to him. This was good news for Anne. Now she could see Melville again, and if she did not see Melville she knew the Indian would see him for her.

"Now, Mother," said Anne, "papa has gone out. I have some little calls to answer, and if I am not at home by eight o'clock, send Adolphus into Mrs. Converse's, I shall be there."

Away went Anne, and in a few moments she was walking on toward the lonely cabin of Onahattan. The sun had set behind the hills. Though the air was cold, yet the sky was clear, and not a branch moved upon the trees as she passed on. She arrived at the cabin about six o'clock, and her movements were so gentle in moving aside the skin that hung in the doorway, that Onahattan did not notice her approach. As she entered she heard the well known voice of Melville and the cunning laugh of Onahattan which sent a thrill of joy to her heart. Anne moved a step further and Onahattan sprang upon his feet.

"Ah, my dear Anne," said Melville, "we are having a fine chat here, come join in our sweet voice, and we shall all separate for once happy. Onahattan has a plan for us, and if carried out, you will not have to be sent to England for loving Melville Percy; neither will Melville have to feel the arrow of Onahattan for loving his dear Anne Archer. Sit right down now, Anne, upon this block here, and let Onahattan tell thee what he has to say."

Onahattan folded his arms across his breast, looked Anne in the face and said,

"Pale face maiden, thy father's idol when a little one, and I know he would mourn for thee even as Onahattan mourns his little Running Vine. But pale face Archer is cruel now to Anne. Anne now must make the Father leave his fire and make him feel that Anne is no more. I shall have some hand in this, pale maiden. No one but Onahattan shall know that Anne Archer lives. No one I say outside my cabin. Melville, he can give thee meat and water. I shall be on the hunt for you and when your father cry and hunt for you as I do for poor squaw and papoose then Onahattan go and fetch you to him. When Melville's father say he can smoke the pipe with Archer, then Onahattan has no more to do, all will then be right, and the Great Spirit will give all sunny days to you."

"You know the cottage where the widow Grech has lived for year past?" continued Onahattan. "'Tis but a little walk from here, and often have I carried bundles of wood to cook poor widow's meat, she likes Onahattan; I see her big closet; her room is good for Anne. Anne can stay there till Onahattan tell her she can be Melville's squaw. I have told Melville all, he can now tell thee what is good for Anne's peace. Onahattan has said all."

Melville and Anne wended their way homeward. Anne assuring Melville she would assent to any plan that might prove successful in the affair but that she could not absent herself from home without first assuring her mother of her safety. To this, Melville said, Onahattan would not object. The day was fixed upon when Anne should converse with her father upon her intentions of becoming Melville's bride. Should the opposition appear as strong as usual Anne was to suddenly catch her bonnet and cloak and hasten from her father's home. With all the arrangements for a well laid plan, Melville and Anne separated with bright hopes for future years.

A day or two intervened and nothing was said of Melville Percy. The third day, as the old gentleman Archer was pouring over a volume of English Literature, Anne approached him with one of her sweet smiles and throwing her arms about his neck, said, "Oh, Papa, the Bailey girls give a party to-night. I want to go very much; shall I have your consent?"

"Why, yes, Anne; 'tis some distance from here, but I am going that way I can take you there at seven and call for you at nine, wont that do?"

"No, Father, I want to go in a little different way. You are kind, indeed you are my father, but some one wants to take me to the party with himself and sister, cannot I go?"

"Who is that some one—what's his name, Anne?"

"It won't offend you, dear father, I hope, but 'tis Melville Percy."

At this name the chair on which Mr. Archer sat was soon vacated. The volume of Literature was thrown into the middle of the room. Anne jumped into a corner, while Mr. Archer went up and down the room as if suddenly attacked with the jumping toothache—or a mad dog. In a moment or two, he opened the hall door—taking Anne by the

shoulder he said—"Go out from me; go to your own room, and never, on peril of your life, disturb my peace again at mention of a name I so outrageously despise!"

Anne wandered about the house in a confused manner. Then going to her room she had a little bundle of her wardrobe all ready, and telling her mother to have no fear for her safety she walked out, and called upon two or three families without giving the least cause for any suspicion. At four in the afternoon she was seen near the banks of the big pond, and the school children saw her going towards the deep forest which encircles the great rock. She was seen by many, but as night came on, and she did not return, a fear was felt for her safety at her home. Her brother went to several places; some had seen her in the early part of the afternoon—some had not. "She is at Percy's," shouted Archer, "and before nine o'clock to-morrow I will ferret her out."

On the morning, Archer took two influential citizens with him and proceeded to the house of Mr. Percy. Melville met him at the door. A few hard words passed between the elder brother Percy and Mr. Archer, and the former opened his house for the search for Anne. Melville was saddened at the news, and all the family seemed to partake of the sorrow. The visit was a short one, and Mr. Archer seemed very much disappointed at the result of his search, as he knew, he said, Anne was at Percy's.

Days flew by, no tidings of Anne were heard of. They searched the forests; searched the pond, and a hundred different stories were afloat. Some saw her at one place, some at another, some young folks had heard, that she said she did not wish to live—and many supposed she was at the bottom of the big pond.

'Twas nearly sunset about one week after Anne's disappearance that Onahattan was passing through the principle street of the town, when Archer, almost bewildered at the loss of his daughter called out to the Indian. Onahattan did not at first pay much regard to the call, but Archer going up to the Indian began to bewail his sad fate.

"I am crazy, Onahattan, where is my Anne? I have searched the town and no tidings can I gain of her. Have you ever seen her going by the pond, or up the big rock, or any where in unfrequented places Onahattan?"

"Yes, pale face, I have often seen her these last two moons wandering about as poor Indian do, sad and finding no peace. There is my cabin away down yonder dark path. Indian never fasten his door; go look if you will, but no pale face squaw is there. Onahattan will look to-morrow in the deep forest where white man cannot go—and if Indian find the squaw he will tell his enemy. Onahattan has good thoughts for enemy's child, Indian have no hate for maiden, only hate for enemies."

"Talk not of enemies, Onahattan; I know I wronged you in pushing you off from my thirty acre lot, but you shall have it back, and much more, if you will search for Anne and bring me intelligence of her, whether she lives or not. Go now tomorrow into the deep ravines about the big rock and search for me, and I will share with you my last dollar."

The next day Onahattan was wrapped in his blanket and was upon the big rock at an early hour. At noon he crouched at the back door of Mr. Archer and sat upon the step until the gentleman arrived from his search at the pond.

"What tidings, red man; what have you there in your hand Onahattan?"

The Indian rising up informed Mr. Archer that in climbing the rock that morning he had found here and there bits of silk, pieces of lace, little threads of fringe and rags of this kind and that flying in the wind up down the sides of the big rock.

Mr. Archer turned deadly pale. 'Twas Anne's apron; Anne's gingham dress—Anne had been torn to pieces by wolves or killed by some barbarous savage. Mr. Archer sent for Melville whom report said was made sick at the loss of Anne Archer.

Melville hastened to the home of Anne and was seemingly horrified at sight of the rags gathered on the big rock. Mr. Archer feared to show the rags to any one in his family, and went with Melville to the spot where they were found.

As they approached the rock tatters of the gingham and bits of black silk, were found hanging upon the bushes or clinging to the sides of the rock. She was murdered said Mr. Archer, and I heard to-day that a party of strange Indians were hunting about this place about the time Anne disappeared. With aching heart Mr. Archer returned to his home with the earnest conviction that Anne had been murdered.

The next week found the Archers and Percys all as one family, the best of feeling prevailing, and the best of affection bestowed upon each other. Nothing was now wanting to complete the happiness of the two families but the return of Anne. Onahattan had had many promises, and many kindnesses had been shown him for a few days. But Anne came not.

One evening just as Mr. Archer rose from the tea-table he called to Melville, who by the way was not released from his side scarcely a moment, and said, "I cannot help thinking that Onahattan might have done this terrible thing to me, as he has always said he would have revenge for my treatment to him. What think you Melville?"

"Onahattan would never murder," answered Melville. "I would risk my life with him. I know he could never do the thing; he is not the savage at heart, though his exterior might give him a different appearance. Let you and I visit him at his cabin." Hereupon the men sallied forth and found Onahattan smoking quietly by his fire.

"We have come," said Archer "to see you once more, and tell me Onahattan know you not who has got my child? I do feel," continued Archer, "that you owed me a revenge and maybe you have given Anne into the hands of other savages. Now if you have done this thing, tell me all you know of it, and let me find peace, even in the knowledge of knowing she is not suffering now."

"She is not suffering now," said Onahattan, "I can give the rest in that respect."

"How know you that savage?"

"As I know I am no savage. They that work wickedness and do the wrong you speak of, are savages; I never did a cruel thing. Why call me then a savage?"

"Is applied to thy race Onahattan, and I speak from customary appellation applied to the race of which you are one, not to any known wrong coming from you. But tell me where should you think my Anne could have gone? Tell me now and years of happiness shall be thine."

"Will you love the maiden should she return," said Onahattan.

"Love her! Heaven knows that all she has left behind, even those I once hated are loved with a love the angels might envy. Oh, my dark-skinned friend; my brother, Onahattan, could Anne Archer once again gladden with her sweet voice the home she has made so sad, her father would not only be the happiest of men but one of the best."

"How think you I have lived in these lonely shadows so long and mourned for those that speak of me?"

"Don't speak of it now," said Archer. "I alone did it. I am now having my reward; my sorrow is more than I am able to bear." With these words Mr. Archer and Melville returned home.

The third evening after this meeting at the cabin, Mr. Archer's folks were, with Mr. and Mrs. Percy, sitting in their comfortable parlor and mourning the loss of Anne. Suddenly they were started by the approach of footsteps and a loud knock upon the large, brass knocker. Melville answered the call—when lo and behold Onahattan had come, with an Indian girl to bring news of Anne. The people were all amazed at the sweetness of the Indian maiden's voice and as she refused to lay aside the blanket that she concealed her face in, Mrs. Percy was constantly peeping under and over and into every corner that she could catch turned aside, as she has since said, the girl had Anne Archer's ways; and she felt determined to see her eyes and that would be enough to know whether it was an Indian girl, or lost Anne Archer.

"Onahattan," said Mr. Archer, "who is this girl? Where did you get her, and what is this long story she is telling us about pale face maiden?"

Onahattan drew his blanket around him turned to Mr. Archer and said,

"I leave the maiden with you; Onahattan is revenged."

In a moment more, Onahattan was going homeward, and Anne Archer stood before the astonished party. An explanation was had; the party laughed, then cried, and Mr. Archer felt a little provoked at such a joke upon his dignity. But he was so actually heart softened that he could do no more than the rest could—rejoice and be glad.

"Onahattan is at the bottom of this," said Mr. Archer; "I always felt it. But I will love and take good care of him the rest of his days."

Melville and Anne were separated again. The next Christmas saw them Mr. and Mrs. Percy. Onahattan lived with them in his cabin near where he had been driven from; and often, in after years, he would carry Anne's little ones into the fields as he had carried her when a baby. All was changed for the better, and never did Anne pass a crowd of school boys, or a gathering of people, but she would hear the familiar epithet, Rag Rock."

The old man ceased speaking. I turned toward him—then gazed out upon the scene before me. The shadows had lengthened into night, the stars were shining down upon me. My aged friend arose, pressed my hand, and said, come again and I will tell thee fairer tales. He then left me, and I could hear his footsteps going down the craggy steep. The voices of my friends greeted my ear, and I made a rapid descent in hopes to overtake my aged sire. But no one saw him, neither could I get any trace of him afterward.

CRAB-DALE COTTAGE, Woburn, 1862.

WHILE we are coldly discussing a man's career, sneering at his mistakes, blaming his rashness, libelling his opinions, and man in solitude, is perhaps, shedding hot tears, because strength and patience are failing him to speak the difficult word and do the difficult deed.

LIFE.—Life is a continual struggle after that we cannot take with us, riches; which seen given to us as the nurse gives the child a pretty ornament or shell from the mantelpiece, to keep it quiet until it falls asleep, when it drops from its helpless hands, and is replaced, to please other babies in their turn.

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The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEB. 1, 1862.

HAVE WE A MILITARY LEADER?

In the face of the flattering unctious which so many of our people have laid to their souls, that General Macellan is equal to the great emergency with which we have to do and grapple, this question may seem superfluous and out of place. But we have long harbored a doubt as to his ability to satisfy the great expectations which have been formed upon his untold and undeveloped powers. Our people have almost worshipped him—they have lauded him too highly for his good and theirs, and if he falls from the high pinnacle upon which they have placed him, great will be his fall. We have given him as endearing epithets as ever fell to the great Napoleon, in short we have placed as much confidence in him as though he were the hero of a hundred gory fields. But confidence cannot live on hope alone, it needs reality and achievement, and without these it wanes and dies. We, as a nation, cannot take to defeat calmly and resignedly. We have had too much sunshine to do so, and the consequence is we never reckon upon its results; so that when they come we are unprepared for their reception or their maintenance. The nations of the Old World having borne with repeatedly our young and impetuous actions, we came to regard it as a duty involved upon them to do so always. As a metropolitan paper said yesterday, "we should not imagine that the little brook which runs in front of our door is the largest river in the world, or that the little hill in the rear is the largest mountain upon the face of the earth."

But to return to our subject—"Have we a leader?" As yet nothing has been done that could be attributed to such a person. We have not been gratified by a single master-stroke that has, as yet, led to any important strategic result. Everything—and that is but little—that we have accomplished has come from the heroic valor of our troops or our overpowering force, but we have not gained much by the latter cause. The man that has to guide a nation through weal and woe, especially the latter, must be the possessor of a giant mind, an unwavering will and an iron nerve, and above all, if possible, he should have experience. He should be wrapped up, body and soul, in his herculean task, and minor and petty matters should never be allowed to divert his meditations for a moment. Does our young and inexperienced chief possess, sufficiently, these qualifications? Has he that great desideratum—confidence in his powers to win success, without which he is as a cipher?

If the present policy is—only speak from appearances—to tip the rebels out by harassing them at different places with small forces, we think that it will prove too slow, because it seems to require two or three months for us to transport from one point to another, an expedition comprised of only ten or fifteen thousand men. There is no way open by which we can honorably retire from the contest. If we do retire, it will be as a vanquished, not as a disgraced, people. But the national pride will never admit of any such proceeding without a giant struggle and without putting our ability to stem the tide of rebellion to the dread arbitrament of the sword—an awful commingling of half a million infuriated men in deadly combat. However appalling such a spectacle will be, and however sickening its details will seem, we shall have to meet it, and we might as well make our minds up to the fact now, as when the reality falls like a thunderbolt upon us, when we will have something else to think about besides the mortality of the combat.

Wherever we have landed in rebellion, we have found the inhabitants unwilling to yield to our force, and ready to give the last battle of courage and the last ear of corn to the devastating flames rather than return to the allegiance which they so ignominiously left and appear so much to detest. Can such a people be brought back to their fidelity by any other means than an overpowering force at every point and the best of generalship? We think not. It is useless to be dodging about here and there with a handful of men. Ten or even twenty thousand men, are but as a drop in the bucket to the number that we should use. When we move it should be

with the full conviction that we move as conquerors, and not as men groping about in the dark without any decided end in view. The ardor and confidence of our troops and also of our generals, have hardly recovered from the shock which they received at Bull Run, and to add to the memory of that defeat would be like adding fuel to a fire. Already have the clarion notes of our downfall been sounded throughout Europe; let us stamp them as false and as coming from those who cry, "wolf, wolf," when there is no wolf, by acting well our part and doing our whole duty.

The Generals now in command of our army—if we except General Wool and one or two others—have seen little or no active service; that part of a general's education—and the most important—which is learnt upon the battle-field, has yet to be acquired by our commanders, and let us hope that it will be attained at a small sacrifice of life, and little loss to our national honor. A man may be a good military critic, and also a good exposer of tactics, but still he may be unequal to maneuver large bodies of troops on the battle-field, where everything that is to be done must be done promptly, with little forethought, and at a time perhaps when the fate of the battle may hang upon the advantage that is taken of a single, fleeting opportunity. The ablest Generals Europe has ever had, even Napoleon himself, have sprung from the ranks, and at the very moment when their services were most needed by their respective countries. Will we secure a leader in this way? Is the man who is destined to carry us triumphantly through our difficulties, now walking the lonely beat of the midnight sentinel? It may be so; such things have occurred before, and why should they not again, and in our case? It is but little difference to us whether we are carried through this war by a West Point Graduate, or by practical and energetic John Smith, as long as we obtain the coveted and necessary result. The French people did not see in the Corsican student, the genius of the man that was one day to lead their armies magnificently and gloriously through a dozen campaigns, and dictate terms of peace to half the nations of Europe. Neither did England see in her briefless barrister, the greatness of the man that was to win for her Waterloo, and save her from destruction and from the ignominious humbling that fell to the lot of other nations.

What we need now is a man full of energy and determination; one not afraid to go ahead and meet the consequences. We want a man with a Garibaldian cast of character, who will overcome all obstacles and carry our army after him to victory. We hope that such a one will soon appear upon the stage, and plant confidence where distrust is attempting to get a foothold.

Taxing Newspapers.

It appears that Congress is fully bent upon Taxing Newspapers. Such a proceeding is not worthy of the age, nor of American statesmanship. It is but a short time since England removed the tax levied upon her newspapers, and are we going to catch up and use that which she has discarded as worthless and unjust? Since the repeal of this tax the number of papers in Great Britain has more than doubled, and the circulation of those established previous to the repeal has increased hundreds of thousands. Before this act was abolished a penny paper in Great Britain was unknown, and now they can be counted by hundreds; and one has a daily circulation of eighty thousand. When the stamp act flourished, a poor man could not afford to pay, except occasionally, 3d., 4d., and 5d. for a paper, and the consequence was that he knew little or nothing about the government of his country or the designs of politicians, and was led to the polls, as it were, blindfolded; just as has been the case with a certain class of people in our own land. The establishment of penny papers in England has been a great blow at the domineering power of the aristocracy, and if one thing more than another will lead to the overthrow of this power, it will be the establishment of cheap papers. And are we in America desirous to place a similar power in the hands of a few capitalists who will be none the less eager to dominate and rule than their brother egotists beyond the sea? The love of power is none the less in Republican America, than it is in Monarchical England; it is a human trait to be found flourishing in every land.

We cannot believe, until it is done, that our legislators will do such an unworthy and small act. Tax every superfluity first, and then if your treasury is minus funds, tax newspapers, but make it a last resort.

If the newspaper press of the country is taxed, it will be the means of stopping more than half of the whole number of newspapers published, and placing in the hands of a few monopolists the great power wielded by this mighty machine. And then what will be the consequence? Why a few bigots will shape the destinies of the country and rule the people with a rod of iron. This must not be, and we hope the members of Congress will see the error they have fallen into ere it be too late. The untrammelled press of the country still lives, and will not die without a hard struggle, and a great effort to short-sighted politicians, who may become its executioners. We hope that every Senator and Representative of Massachusetts will be found arrayed against this unjust and unwelcome measure.

Bad Travelling.—During the latter part of last week and the beginning of this, the travelling was very bad indeed, both for man and beast. On Monday the roads in the outskirts were very rough, and locomotion had to be performed slowly and surely.

We understand that it is contemplated to open a new Coal and Lumber Yard in Woburn, in the rear of the Depot, Success to enterprise.

Letter from the Union Guard.

HALLS HILL VA., JAN. 26th, 1862.

Mr Editor—I closed rather abruptly in my last in order to prepare myself for a fatiguing march on the following day. It has been frequently remarked that "the anticipation is more than the realization," but in this case I found that it did not begin to compare with the realization, for bad as I expected to find the roads they were much worse than I had even imagined. At half past seven o'clock, Tuesday morning, the right wing of the Regt. provided with two days rations, and having their "Poncho" tents on their backs, started for the "ground of their future labors." Our route lay through the camps of the Mass 9th and the 83rd Penn. regts. As we passed through the 9th, we saw Mr. D. F. Eager watching us as we pulled one foot after the other through the mud, and some of us could not help remarking that we had seen him in Woburn when we thought even that Pleasant st. was muddy, and we were very glad that he had an opportunity to judge in part of the many difficulties under which a soldier labors. On our arrival at the Headquarters of the picket forces, we were immediately put upon duty and before two o'clock, P. M., four of the men were sick, and unable to do duty, having been unwell when they were put upon the post, and standing guard two hours did not tend to improve their health. After being relieved by the 4th Mich. Regt. on Thursday morning, we took up our line of march for the camp. A small quantity of snow had fallen the night before and that made the roads worse, if possible, than on Tuesday, as it covered the mud and decoyed us into what we thought hard ground. Arrived in camp, we met Capt. Thompson, who had returned during our absence, and had received orders that all extra baggage should be packed that day and sent to Washington; that the officers should reduce their effects to the prescribed weight (80 lbs.) and be ready to start at any time. The order was obeyed, and of course for the next twenty-four hours nothing was heard or talked about, except our probable destination and the time of our departure. But now the excitement has all died away, and the boys have gone about their usual duties and consider that move as being among the things that were.

There is but very little gossip going the rounds of the camp just now. Last night, while one of the members of Co. C, was standing guard in front of the Colonel's quarters, and while fixing his bayonet, he brought his gun to the ground with too much force, causing its discharge, whereby he lost the fore finger of his left hand. This is the second accident of the kind within a few weeks, and should learn the men to be more careful for the future, but whether it will or not time will tell. The weather here is not very cold, but it is very uncomfortable. The sun shone yesterday for the first time for thirteen days, and for ten days the weather was such that we had no drills. It is rumored now that we are to form a part of another expedition, and we hope it is so, but anything more definite we are unable to learn.

Yours, in haste,
UNION.

Statistics of the Town of Woburn for the year 1861

Mr. Nathan Wyman, our gentlemanly Town Clerk and obliging Postmaster, has kindly furnished us with the following statistics:—

Births.—Whole No. 224; males 118, females 106, foreign parentage 122, twins four pairs.

Intentions of Marriage.—Whole No. 43. **Marriages.**—Whole No. 28; widowers 6, widows 2; average age of males, 29 years, 2 months, 20 days; average age of females, 25 years, 3 months, 3 days; oldest male, 60 years; female, 60 years; youngest male, 19; female, 18.

Deaths.—Whole No. 114; males 49, females 65; average age of males 22 years, 2 months, 15 days; average age of females, 27 years, 7 months, 28 days; number under 10 years, 51; 10 to 20 years, 5; 20 to 30 years, 15; 30 to 40 years, 11; 40 to 50 years, 8; 50 to 60 yrs., 7; 60 to 70 years, 7; 70 to 80 years, 6; over 80 years, 4, whose average age was 84 years, 3 months, 9 days. Principal causes—Consumption 23, Cholera Infantum 16, Congestion of Lungs and Lung Fever 8, Croup 4, Typhoid Fever, 4, Dysentery 3.

No. of persons enrolled in the militia, 965. No. of dogs licensed from May, 1861, to Jan., 1862, 194; males 189, females 5.

No. of letters sent from the Woburn Post Office during the quarter ending Sept. 30, 10,173; during quarter ending Dec. 30, 9,652.

Those brave of rebels, Mason and Stoddell, have before this arrived in England. We trust that England will receive the "worthless booty" about the same as she would "two negroes." "How are the mighty fallen."

Next week we will republish our list of "Woburn Volunteers." If any of our readers have observed errors in the list as last published, they will confer a great favor by pointing them out to us, between now and then.

ACCIDENT.—Rev. Mr. Bronson's little son James, was run over by a sled loaded with bark, on Tuesday afternoon, and had his ankle fractured.

From a private letter, we learn that Mr. J. L. Parker of the *Budget*, has been sworn in a member of the Woburn Union Guard.

CITIZENS' BALL.—A Citizens' Ball will be given at Lyceum Hall, next Friday evening, February 7th. Music by Hall's Band.

J. R. Kimball, Esq., will please accept our thanks for State documents kindly furnished us.

The several favors of our poetical friends, now on hand, will be attended to in due season.

WINCHESTER.

Winchester Roll of Honor.

Volunteers for the War.

1ST REGIMENT, Col. Cowdin.—Company F, Capt. Adams.—Privates—William H. Foss, Charles H. Foss, Benjamin D. Foss, George W. Foss, Edmund F. Foss.

2D REGIMENT, Col. Gordon.—Company G, Capt. Richard Cary.—Wagoner, Ira L. Gove; Privates.—G. H. Burnham, C. H. Hazleton, M. F. Richardson.

12TH REGIMENT, Col. Webster.—Company D, Capt. Shurtleff.—1st Lieut., J. Otis Williams.

13TH REGIMENT, Col. Leonard.—Company D.—Capt. Harlow.—Privates, Alonzo P. Bacon, D. B. Coffin, J. T. Lawrence.

16TH REGIMENT, Col. Wyman.—Company E, Capt. Wiley.—Privates—Alfred C. Ansorge, R. A. Davis, Wm. H. Hunnewell.

21ST REGIMENT, Col. Morse.—Company I, Capt. Richardson.—Sergeant—Josiah Stratton Jr.; Private.—W. H. Shedd. Company G.—Capt. Whorf.—Private—David C. B. Abrahams.

22ND REGIMENT, Col. Gove.—Company F, Capt. Thompson.—Sergeant—Josiah Stratton Jr.; Private.—W. H. Shedd. Company G.—Capt. Whorf.—Private—David C. B. Abrahams.

24TH REGIMENT, Col. Stephenson.—Co. E, Capt. Hooper.—Private—Reuben H. Fletcher.

28TH REGIMENT, Col. Monteth.—Company E, Capt. Moore.—Private.—Patrick Murphy.

3D CO. LIGHT ARTILLERY (FOURTEEN'S).—Privates, D. Norcross, J. T. Hunnewell.

1ST REGT. CAVALRY, Col. Williams.—Battalion Quartermaster, Edward A. Brackett.—Clerk, George P. Collins. Company B, Capt.—Private—Ira Johnson.

9TH N. Y. REGIMENT, Col. Stiles.—Co. K, John R. Forbush.

9TH MAINE REGIMENT, Col. — Co. K, Capt.—John A. Wright.

NAVY.—U. S. Steamer Mohican—Acting Master, Jefferson Ford.

30 IN ALL.

If there are any mistakes, I hope they will be corrected by any cognizant of the fact. In the Boston Almanac there are five names, viz: John Heath, A. Fisher, A. Scott, G. E. Evans & Felix Jiley, put down as belonging to this town, which must be mistakes and probably should be Winchendon.

The above list includes those whose residence, parents or family is located here. It is carefully compiled from authentic sources and is doubtless correct. A difficulty arose in making up the list from the fact, that some of the volunteers put themselves down as belonging to Boston, and other places.—On account of twelve of the volunteers, aid has been rendered by the town in accordance with the laws of the State—of these five were for the benefit of wife and children, five for father and mother, and two for mother alone, in sums ranging from one to four dollars per week. The amount paid out by the Selectmen on account of volunteers, to the first of this month is about \$400. Much difficulty arises in defining the law upon this subject.—One question is, whether, after the family of a volunteer has moved away from our town, they can continue to draw their allowance as heretofore. A liberal interpretation of the law should be made in the case of the volunteers, and their relatives liberally provided for.

EXCELSIOR.

For the Middlesex Journal.

ANSWER TO THE CRITICISMS OF SUNDAY CORRESPONDENTS.—I was very much surprised to learn that my remarks under the lead of *Morals*, in the *Journal* of the 18th inst., had so much troubled the people of this town. I have had reason to think to the contrary from conversations which I have held with several of our prominent citizens who expressed the opinion that I was right, and very mild in speaking of the matters referred to, and that the circumstances called for stronger language. For my own part, I cannot see the cause of this outburst of indignation from sundry individuals who have taken occasion to criticize and comment upon my communication. With the temper and spirit of the two criticisms published in this paper last week, I have no fault to find, though differing from some of their conclusions.

"One of the People," quotes an old saying, adding another, both of which maxims he thinks are "generally admitted and yet more generally disregarded." I cannot see the pertinency and applicability of these maxims to my case. The illustrations which I gave of degeneracy in this community were public matters, well known and talked about generally; one case had been made a matter of record in a Court of Justice, and stands defaunted there a silent witness of its truth; and the other matters were of sufficient public notoriety to warrant their being mentioned in this paper. I refrained from giving names and full details as I could have done out of regard to the feelings of relatives and friends. There may be certain events transpire in every community which those interested in them would prefer of course to keep to themselves or within a limited circle. But when it becomes town talk and the facts seem to substantiate the same, it will be promulgated elsewhere in a wider circle whether it be desired or not; and the only difference as it seems to me is whether the statement should be given in a mild form with all the extenuating circumstances possible, or go forth in all its details. Nor do I believe in attempting to cover up glaring sins, even though they may be committed by persons occupying prominent positions in society, or the church. Justice to the church requires that no unworthy members shall profane its sacred precincts, nor its fellowship be claimed by any unfit to wear the mantle of the Great Master.

I will admit that "faults and indiscretions will occur in the best regulated families," and should be confined as a general thing, within the household band. But when a place of resort for young men exists in any community, the natural tendency of which must be to lead moral young men astray, it becomes the duty of some one to raise the warning cry ere it be too late. Perhaps it would be more fitting and proper that some other person should have written upon the morals of this

town than myself. Unfortunately, or fortunately as may be the case, I do not in my religious belief come within the circle of the churches here, but am classed as a heretic because I believe in a liberal theology; and am not allowed, as a believer in actions before words, to fellowship with them. Without going into a full exposition of my views, suffice it to say that I believe that,

"God asks not, 'To what sect does he belong?'"

But "Did he do the right, or love the wrong?"

This may be the secret of the opposition to my moralizing upon affairs here.

I think that in all my correspondence from this place, I have not stated "matters on insufficient proof," unless sometimes I have been misinformed. I have been careful not to make statements affecting the character or reputation of any one without the facts warranted and the public good seemed to require it. Some things may seem of little consequence, but it should be remembered that from small beginnings large results have been attained; and while "other things may induce deep mortification and shame," it will redound more to our credit if we do not try to cover it up or conceal it from public view.

Another correspondent who designates himself by an interrogation point (?) asserts that I was not "potted up" in regard to the den. It is true that the place was closed at the time my remarks in reference to it were written, yet it did not alter their force. It was the pressure of public sentiment which brought about the result. The statements which I made concerning it and the manner in which those who frequented it occupied the time there, were based upon information derived from some of the young men who were in full fellowship. I did not convey the impression "that some of the young men were notoriously bad characters," but merely stated what was reported on good authority and said that whether true or not the object for which the room was used was suggestive of evil. So far as I know the young men, they were perfectly moral, young men whom I respect and would have set a better example, for their own sakes and that of others whose good opinion they highly prize. Some of them may think they are not responsible for the actions of others which they did not approve of, but by being present they virtually countenanced and sustained the doings.

The writer refers to my remarks upon the late hours to which the meetings of the "Literary Assembly" are extended, and asserts that "they have not been prolonged beyond the hour which suggests itself to the minds of the members (some of whom are church members and all moral) as being beyond the bounds of propriety." I happen to know that some of the church members and their parents, do not approve of the hour.

I would gladly stop here, but my attention has been called to a communication in the *Budget* of last week from a correspondent of this place, commenting upon the same article which has been before referred to as appearing in this paper of the 18th inst. The manner in which this correspondent has referred to me and my suggestions requires a passing notice. His communication under the head of "Sermonizing," commences with an allusion to the fact that in "looking over the contents of an old volume a few days ago we (the writer) met with the following anecdote." Then follows the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican, and a clear and lucid exposition of its meaning. It is the first time that I have heard a parable of our Lord designated as an "anecdote," and our Saviour spoken of as the "narrator of this incident." I was glad to perceive that the writer had been improving a portion of his leisure time in perusing this "old volume" recently, but think that if he had studied it more attentively, and imbibed more of its spirit, he would have come to a clearer perception of his own position, and a different result in his application. To my own mind, if any application is to be made to the case under consideration, it should be the reverse of what this writer attempts to give it. It is this Pharisaical class in the community who think themselves better than others outside the pale of their church and wrap themselves in their robe of self-righteousness, who think that no one has a right to condemn their sinful acts, or question the sincerity of their profession. They have accepted a certain creed and are safe. Let no out-sider express an opinion to the contrary, because a strictly moral man cannot be saved, unless he believes these doctrines. I did not "accuse the young men of every species of immorality." I gave stubborn facts, and called attention to what I believed to be an evil which should be remedied. According to this writer's theory, no minister would be justified in denouncing sin and exposing its evil effects; no paper should publish any items conveying information of the performance of a criminal act. Our Courts of Justice should be abolished and the criminal go unpunished. While we are to remember that all of us are sinful and liable to go astray, yet if we commit any great sin at variance with the laws of our country or of God, or are engaged in such pursuits or settings such an example or having such companions as are sinful in their nature and effect, then it is the duty of every friend of humanity "to cry aloud and spare not."

While I would go as far as any one in my efforts to reclaim one who has gone astray and win him back to Virtue's bright path, yet if he will not admit that he has done wrong when it is mainly apparent he has, justice to others require him to be exposed, and to receive the consequences.

But I have already said more than I desired, and which I would have gladly avoided, but have been obliged to say in justification of my position in the premises. I do not particularly desire to force my opinions upon the public, but I have written what I thought and believed to be the truth and let them go for what they were worth. I have not written any thing personal other than reporting those items of news which are current in the community, and which I contend are not of that class. I do not claim to be any better than other people and am as willing to be rebuked for my sins as others should be for theirs. It is perhaps a small matter to take up so

much space in your paper, but on account of the apparent general onslaught upon me, I desire this statement of my views. I have written in haste and although necessarily imperfect, they will I think be clearly understood.

LYCEUM.—At a meeting last Monday evening the hall was crowded, so that some were obliged to stand. About half the audience were ladies, and all seemed interested. The question "Ought woman to have equal political rights with man?" was discussed in the affirmative by Messrs. Young, Stanton and Campbell, and in the negative by Messrs. Wilder and Norton. The debate was interesting, and carried on with a good deal of spirit. On taking the vote, it appeared there were twenty-two in the negative, and nine in the affirmative.

The following question was selected for the next meeting. "Is Spiritualism in harmony with the Bible and reason?" Mr. Campbell to open on the affirmative side. Four persons were voted in as members. The Report of the Committee to nominate certain Committees was laid upon the table after a reconsideration of the vote by which it was adopted. A Code of By-Laws were adopted which were in substance as follows:

1. The general arrangement of the exercises to be under the supervision of the Directors.
2. A Committee on Social Entertainments to be chosen each quarter, whose duty it shall be to provide Readings, Music, Tableaux, and whatever else shall conduce to this object.
3. In debates, each side shall have the right to discuss the question alternately.
4. Fifteen minutes allotted to each speaker and no one to occupy the floor more than once on the same question to the exclusion of others who desire to speak; excepting that the leading disputants on each side shall have five minutes each at the close of the debate, the one who opens the discussion shall close the argument.

5. Debates to close at 9 1/2 o'clock and the vote when taken shall be upon the merits of the question.
6. The Secretary to keep a record of all questions submitted from which subjects for debate may be taken from time to time.
Messrs. J. Russell, E. P. Boon and B. B. Stanton were chosen the Committee for this quarter on Social Entertainments.

The meetings for the future will commence at 7 1/2 o'clock.
EXCELSIOR.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

LITERARY.—The Exhibition of the Crescent Literary Association which has been postponed from time to time for several weeks, was finally held on Monday evening, with one feature of the weather favorable, that is, it was not stormy, but it was quite cold and so slippery that it required much dexterity to support the center of gravity and retain an upright position. But a good number were present.

On entering the School Hall, the appearance was that of a school in session, quiet, attentive and happy,—the pupils in their seats, and the Principal at his desk, with the addition only of a Secretary upon the platform. In fact the exercises were those of a school-room.—Music, declamation, reading and composition. "Without effort at display the parts were admirably performed, and all the more interesting because so natural. The reading was excellent, and the articles read from the paper published by the Association, exhibited a talent for composition, which be, and may be, sometime, engaged in a wider sphere of action. In fine, all the exercises were of a high order, and reflected great credit on the High School, to which most of the actors belong. It is encouraging to raise money when spent so profitably, as the appropriation for our present High School. The Crescent Literary meets weekly, but is open to the public only once in three weeks.

MORE LIGHT.—During the week we have been troubled much for want of gas. Sometimes the quantity of the gas is a matter of complaint, but this week the quantity is deficient. The Gasometer is out of sorts and it is rather a bad time to repair it. This communication is being penned in the shade. At times, the room is almost perfect blackness, and it requires an old fashioned oil lamp light to discover the flame of the gas. But look! the darkness deepens, the blue tapers—it is going—going—gone—and the pen must grope its way to finish the sentence.
M.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Alas! It has come to this, that the Mormon territory of Utah demands admission as a state, into the American Union! There is craft in making the demand at the present time. The Country is engaged in a terrible war; and the Mormons' threat to unite with the Southern Confederacy, if their request shall be denied, may perhaps, secure the admission of a state, full of adulterers and fornicators, into the Federal Union. But we hope not, whatever may be the consequence of their rejection. Heaven grant that a people who scoff at and despise the morality of the New Testament, and practise the God-forsaken customs of the Old world, may never add another star to our consecrated flag! But whether admitted, or rejected, as a state, we predict that the Mormons will prove a curse to this nation, second only to the unmitigated evil of African Slavery.
S.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Died, in Greenwood, on the 25th inst., Mary, wife of Mr. Charles Green, aged 67 yrs. Mrs. Green was an exceedingly active, industrious and cheerful woman; faithful and devoted to her family, and a kind and friendly neighbor. She was calm in spirit in the prospect of her decease, and in peaceful resignation to the will of God she passed away, in the hope of a better world to come.
"As distant lands beyond the sea,
When friends go thence, draw nigh,
So heaven, when friends have thither gone,
Draws nearer from the sky."
S.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

"M." of the South Reading department, who always wields his pen with signal ability, very properly and justly calls attention to the incorrectness of the enlistment rolls at the Adjutant General's office. I will add my testimony as to the importance of early attention to suggestions contained in the article alluded to by "M." and also in the leading editorial in the same number, in relation to the same matter, by rectifying a case with which I had occasion to become somewhat familiar, omitting some of the minor details as occupying too much room. It was the case of a lady who was justly entitled to State aid, but found much difficulty in obtaining it,—her husband having enlisted in the army in August last, and at the time of enlistment was an inhabitant of Somerville, but enlisted in a Plymouth company, 18th Regiment. The Selectmen of both towns demurred about paying her anything, and after the matter had been foot-tailed for several weeks between the authorities of these two towns, and until the further exercise of patience ceased to be a virtue, the matter was finally adjusted. I went to the Adjutant General's office to obtain a certified copy of enlistment, and found to my surprise that his enlistment was there recorded as from Plymouth instead of Somerville as it should have been. Up to this time, however, the Selectmen of Somerville were not aware of the record made at the Adjutant's office, but acknowledged the justness of her claim from S., and for reasons not necessary to state, deferred paying said claim; but when I made them acquainted with the record above stated, they promptly refused to do anything in the premises. I mention this case somewhat in detail to show that much trouble, expense and inconvenience may be avoided by a correct entry in matters of importance.

The great and honorable Senate of Massachusetts, have recently given a display of their manifold wisdom in modifying the law in relation to the reading of the Bible in our public schools. Now suppose they next pitch into the law of divorce and in all cases where either party have conscientious scruples as to living any longer together, they be permitted to take up their bed and walk, when and wheresoever they please. If a child has conscientious scruples about submitting to the rules and regulations of the schoolroom, then let him do as he pleases, and set at naught everything he does not like. A beautiful principle this, to inculcate in the rising generation! A great display of wisdom. What next, gentlemen? It is hoped the House of Representatives will put a veto on the doings of the Senate in regard to the act referred to. If the Bible is of questionable authority, and thereby an unsafe guide for our children, then, gentlemen of the Senate, say so like men, and the people will understand you when another election occurs, and hold you in remembrance, though it may not be a grateful one.

Mr. Daniel Berry returned from the seat of war last Friday evening in a very low state, and expired Sunday evening at eight o'clock. Mr. B. was connected with the 14th Regt. M. V., located at Fort Albany. He has a son in the 24th Reg

Some things or Nothings.

"Variety is the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavor."

The Vegetable Girl.

Behind a market stall installed,
I mark it every day,
Stands at her stand the fairest girl
I've met with at the bay;
Her two lines are cherry red,
Her hands a pretty pair,
With such a pretty turn up nose,
And lovely reddish hair.

"Tis there she stands from morn till night,
Her customers to please,
And to appease their appetite
She sells them beans and peas,
Attracted by the glances from
The apple of her eye,
And by her Jersey apples, too,
Each passer by will buy.

She stands upon her little feet,
Throughout the livelong day,
And sells her celery and things—
A big feat by the way.
She changes off her stock for change,
Attending to each call,
And when she has but one beet left,
She says—"Now that beats all!"

"Home, Sweet Home."—Scarcely thirty
years ago, a man of genius and of disappro-
priate, child of a New England home, gave in
his need to Charles Kemble, then manager of
the theatre at Covent Garden, for the sum
of thirty pounds, the manuscript of the opera
of "Clari, or the Maid of Milan." As I re-
member it, it is mainly noticeable for its one
lyric gem, the long, longing utterance of a
weary and despondent exile. It made the
fortune of every one prominently connected
with it, except the author, who was not even
complimented with a copy of his own song.
It secured to Miss Tree, who first sang it,
a wealthy husband; it filled the treasury of
the theatre; within two years the publishers
were estimated to have made \$10,000 by it.
Since then it has gone wherever the English
tongue has gone, it is enshrined in every
heart, its music and its words wake in each
and all one sentiment, the first to live, the
last to die. When the returning regiments—
the wreck and remnant of the great Crimean
struggle—marched in triumph through the
streets of London, stepping to the martial
strains of England's grand anthem, "God
save the Queen," as the first rank wheeled
beneath the gates of the Horse Guards, the
great head-quarters of the army, the old
men died away, and slowly, sweetly, softly,
and with an electric power that thrilled
through every soldier heart, and called, un-
bidden, warrior tears, arose the strains of
"Home, Sweet Home!" They were
men who had faced death for months and
years unremoved, and many of the quicker
sensibilities had been blunted by familiarity
with scenes of violence and blood, but there
slumbered underneath, pure, and strong, and
fervent, the love of home; and as those long
familiar notes fell on their ears, there amid
old scenes and sympathetic faces, they were
no longer war-worn veterans, proudly re-
turning from hard-earned fields, but little
children at the cottage-door, the dear, far-
off, long-left home!—J. F. W. Ware, in
Monthly Religious Magazine.

STRENGTH OF KIND WORDS.—Some peo-
ple are very apt to use harsh, angry words,
perhaps because they think they will be
obeyed more promptly. They talk loud,
speak stern, though after all they are
only laughed at; their orders are forgot, and
their ill-temper is remembered. How strong
is a kind word! It will do what the harsh
word or even the blow cannot do; it will
subdue the stubborn will, relax the frown,
and work wonders. Even the dog, the cat,
or the horse, though they do not know what
you say, can tell when you speak a kind word
to them. A man was one day driving a cart
along the street. The horse was drawing a
heavy load, and did not turn as the man
wished him. The man was in ill-temper, and
beat the horse; the horse reared and plung-
ed, but either did not or would not go in the
right way. Another man who was with the
cart, went up to the horse, and patted him
on the neck, and called him kindly by his name.
The horse turned his head and fixed his large
eyes on the man as though he would say, "I
will do anything for you because you are
kind to me!" and bending his broad chest
against the load, turned the cart down the
narrow lane, and trotted on briskly as though
the load were a plaything. Oh, how strong
is a kind word!

A COVETOUSNESS PRO.—A Yankee and a
Frenchman owned a pig in copartnership.
When killing time came they wished to di-
vide the meat; the Yankee was very anxious
to divide so that he could get both hind quar-
ters, and persuaded the Frenchman that the
way to divide was to cut it across the back.
The Frenchman agreed to it, on condition
that the Yankee would turn his back, and
take the choice of the pieces after it was cut
in two. The Yankee turned his back accord-
ingly.

Frenchmen—"Which will you have, ze piece
vid ze tail on or ze piece vidout ze tail on?"
Yankee—"The piece with the tail on."
Frenchman—"Zen, by gar! you can take
him, and I take ze ozer one."

Upon turning round, the Yankee found that
the Frenchman had cut off the tail and
stuck it in the pig's mouth.

Some friends of ours in Akron, Ohio,
have a little girl, about four years old, and
a little boy, about six. They had been en-
coun-tered in their morning staid after hen's eggs
not to take away the nest egg, but over-
coming the little girl reached the nest first, seized
an egg and started for the house. Her dis-
appointed brother followed, crying—"Mother,
mother!—Susy's been and got the egg the old
hen measures by!"

Who was Susy's wife? Mississippi-
of course. The author of the foregoing has
found in disguise to the rebel lines to escape
cognate punishment.

NOT RESISTANCE.

Perhaps too far in these considerate days
Has patience carried her submissive ways;
Wisdom has taught us to be calm and meek,
To take one blow and turn the other cheek;
It is not written that a man shall do,
If the rude cut strikes the other too.

THE VEGETABLE GIRL.

New Sono—"How do you like the clam
song?" asked an old lady of her daughter as
they stepped into the street after a popular
concert.
"Clam song?" exclaimed the young lady
in astonishment. "Why, what do you re-
fer to mother?"
"Why, the first one she sung."
"Oh! you mean Shells of the Ocean, don't
you, mother?"
"Well, yes," said the old lady, "I do
think that was it; it was something about
clams, any way, and you know I do like
them so. Didn't you like it?"

"Miss Josephina," said a cherry-lipped
negro to one of Africa's daughters, "Miss
Josephina, will you do dis nigga de antici-
pation of dancin' de Virginia reel wid him?"
"I dosen' assent to dance vulgarian
dances of dat sort, Mr. Casus," said Miss
Josephina, turning up still higher, her well-
rounded lip, "I dances only de porker."

"When I see the leaves drop from their
trees in the beginning of summer, just such,
think I, is the friendship of the world.
Whilst the sap of maintenance lasts, my
friends swarm in abundance; but in the
winter of my need, they leave me naked."
—Ward Beecher.

Queer ideas of civilization some folks
have. A missionary in London was riding
outside of a cab, and told the driver that he
had been to China. Cabby was much interest-
ed, and promptly asked, "Are they civilized,
like the people about here, sir? Do they
take their gin of a morning?"

"It is very difficult to live," said a widow,
with seven girls, all in genteel poverty.
"You must husband your time," said a sage
friend. "I'd rather husband some of my
daughters, answered the poor lady.

Charles the Second's politeness did not
desert him even in his last moments. He
apologized to the courtiers around his death-
bed for having "been an unreasonable
time a-dying, but hoped they would excuse
him."

Jones has discovered the respective natures
of a distinction and difference. He says that
"a little difference" frequently makes many
enemies, while "a little distinction" attracts
hosts of friends to the one on whom it is con-
ferred.

When the furious Orson saw his own
image reflected from his brother's shield, he
started back and stayed his blow; and many
of our own attacks on our brother's faults
might be arrested, if there were a mirror on his
bosom, to show us our own likeness there.

A young Pantlader, whose sweetheart
was rather talkative, asked her if she knew
why her cheeks were like a span of pome-
granates. "I don't know, unless it's because
they are red," replied she. "That isn't it,
honey—it's because there is one or 'em each
side of a waggin'-tongue."

"Buy a trunk, Pat," said a dealer.
"And what for should I buy a trunk?"
rejoined Pat.
"To put your clothes in," was the reply.
"And go naked?" exclaimed Pat; "the
d—l a bit it is."

Railers at women are either weak fops,
or vicious rakes.

AUCTION SALE OF SECURITIES.

PURSUANT to an order to me directed
by the Court of the County of Middlesex,
I shall sell by public auction, to the highest bid-
der, the following described securities, on Fri-
day, 11th inst., at 11 o'clock, A. M., on the premises
situated at No. 11, Old Dock, A. M., on the premises
described by John Buckman, now of Charleston,
in said County, an insolvent debtor, dated Jan-
uary 1st, 1882, in and to the Register of Deeds for
the Southern District of said Middlesex, in Book
701, page 62. This Mortgage deed was given to se-
cure the payment of two promissory notes of your
dear, signed by said Buckman for \$500 each, and
the said Mortgage deed was recorded by the Su-
perior Court of said County, and conditional judg-
ment ordered for \$1,000, on all of the notes hav-
ing been paid. This last Mortgage deed was con-
veyed to the said County, and conditional judg-
ment ordered for \$1,000, on all of the notes hav-
ing been paid. Also one other mortgage deed ex-
ecuted by said Buckman, December 30, 1880, con-
veying other real estate adjoining the same prem-
ises included in the first above named Mortgage
deed. This last Mortgage deed was given as ad-
ditional security for the payment of the two said
\$500 notes and interest, and is recorded in the
Registry of Deeds for the Northern District of
said County, in Book 12, p. 117. The above de-
scribed securities, with all the rights and appurten-
ances thereunto in anywise connected, shall be
sold by me, at the above time and place, to the
highest bidder, for cash, and the proceeds of the
sale shall be paid to the said County, and con-
ditional judgment ordered for \$1,000, on all of
the notes having been paid. Also one other mortgage
deed executed by said Buckman, July 30th, 1881, con-
veying the same premises described in the first
above named Mortgage deed, and signed by said
Buckman, and assigned to John L. Hunt, recorded
in said Northern District, in Book 11, page 116.
Conditions made known at the sale.

J. F. W. WARE, Auctioneer.

Whitcomb, January 16, 1882.

Jan 16-37

Mortgages Sale of Real Estate.

BY virtue of a power of Sale contained in
a certain Mortgage Deed given by Henry S.
Harding and Rosanna Harding, of Holliston, in
the County of Middlesex, to Isaac B. Jewell, of
Waltham, in said County, and assigned by said
Jewell to Cass W. Jencks, of Newbury, in the
County of Suffolk, in said State, and recorded in
said County, in Book 84, folio 487, will be sold at
public Auction, upon the premises hereby granted,
in said Holliston, on Saturday, the Eighth day
of February, A. D. 1882, at ten o'clock, A. M., for
satisfactions broken. A certain tract of land with
a dwelling house and woodshed thereon, situated in
said Holliston, containing three eighths of an acre,
more or less, bounded by the County road, as fol-
lows, viz: Beginning at a corner of the wall on
of said Sanford Drake, on the County road; thence
South by said road, fifty eight feet; a stake and
stone; thence West by land now or late of
said Drake and Thayer, ninety two feet to stake
and stone; and said stake and stone; thence East
by said Drake's land as well run to first mentioned
boundary, containing the balance of the lot, more
or less, to said County road, as follows, to wit:
One hundred and forty dollars, recorded in Book 84,
folio 487, on which said mortgage about one thousand
dollars remain to be paid.

CHAS. W. JENCKS, Auctioneer.

Jan 18-37

Something for the Times!

A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD

JOHNS & CROSLY'S AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE!

The strongest Glue in the world.
The cheapest Glue in the world.
The most reliable Glue in the world.
The best Glue in the world.

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE

The only article of the kind ever produced which
Will Withstand Water.

It will Mend Wood,
Save your broken Furniture.

It will Mend Leather,
Mend your Harness, Straps, Belts, Boots, &c.

It will Mend Glass,
Save the pieces of that expensive Cut Glass Bottle.

It will Mend Ivory,
Don't throw away that broken Ivory Fan, it is eas-
ily repaired.

It will Mend China,
Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made
as good as new.

It will Mend Marble,
That piece knocked out of your Marble Mantle can
be put on as strong as ever.

It will Mend Porcelain,
No matter if that broken Pitcher did not cost but
a trifle, a shining vase is a shining earned.

It will Mend Alabaster,
That costly Alabaster Vase is broken and you can't
match it; mend it; it will never show when
put together.

It will Mend Brass, Copper, Lead, and
In fact everything but Metals.

Any article Comed with AMERICAN CEMENT
GLUE will not show where it is mended.

EXTRACTS:
"Every Housekeeper should have a supply of
Johns & Crosley's American Cement Glue."—New
York Express.
"It is so convenient to have in the house."—New
York Express.
"It is always ready; this commands it to every-
body."—Independent.
"We have tried it, and find it as useful in our
house as water."—Hudson's Spirit of the Times.

Economy is Wealth.

\$1.00 per year saved in every family by One Bot-
tle.

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE

Price 25 Cents per Bottle.
Price 25 Cents per Bottle.
Price 25 Cents per Bottle.
Price 25 Cents per Bottle.
Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

VERY LIBERAL REDUCTION TO WHOLESALE BUYERS.

TERMS CASH.

For sale by all Druggists, and Storekeepers gener-
ally throughout the country.

JOHNS & CROSLY,

(Sole Manufacturers),
78 William Street,
Corner of Liberty Street, NEW YORK.

Important to House Owners.
Important to Builders.
Important to Railroad Companies.
Important to Farmers.

To all whom this may concern, and it concerns
everybody.

JOHNS & CROSLY'S Improved Gutta Percha CEMENT ROOFING.

The cheapest and most durable Roofing in use.

It is Fire and Water Proof.

It can be applied to New and Old Roofs of all
kinds, steep or flat, and to Shingle Roofs without
removing the Shingles.

The Cost is only about One-Third that of Tin,
and IT IS TWICE AS DURABLE.

This article has been thoroughly tested in New
York City and all parts of the United States, Cana-
da, West Indies and Central and South America,
on buildings of all kinds, such as Factories, Found-
ries, Churches, Railroad Depots, Cais, and Gen-
eral Buildings generally. Government Buildings,
&c., by the principal Builders, Architects and En-
gineers, and has been found to be the most durable
and CHEAPEST and MOST DURABLE
ROOFING in use. It is every respect A FIRE,
WATER, WEATHER and TIME PROOF
ROOFING FOR ROOFS OF ALL KINDS.

It is the ONLY material manufactured in the
United States which combines the very desirable
properties of Elasticity and Durability, which are
universally acknowledged to be the most impor-
tant qualities in a Roofing material. It is GUAR-
ANTEED PERMANENT AND INDURABLE.

No heat is required in applying it.

The expense of applying it is trifling, as an ordi-
nary Roof can be covered and finished the same day.

It can be applied by any one,
and when finished forms a perfectly Fire Proof sur-
face, with an elastic body, which cannot be injured
by Heat, Frost, Rain, or any other cause. It is
guaranteed to last for many years.

LIQUID GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT,

For Coating Metals of all kinds when ex-
posed to the Action of the Weather, and

For Preserving and Repairing Metal
Roofs of all kinds.

This is the ONLY COMPOSITION known which
will successfully resist extreme changes of all cli-
mates, for any length of time, without injury to
metals, to which it adheres firmly, forming a body
which will not crack, and which is perfectly in-
destructible, and will LAST THREE TIMES AS LONG,
and from its elasticity is not injured by the con-
traction or expansion of Tin and other Metals.
Roofs, consequent upon sudden changes of the weather.

It will not CRACK in Cold or Run in Warm
Weather, and will not WASH OFF.

It is applied by simply brushing it on with a
brush, and it will adhere to all metals, and is pre-
sented from further corrosion and leakage,
which is a perfectly water-tight roof for many years.

This Cement is peculiarly adapted for the pres-
ervation of roofs from rusting, and for the repair of
Agricultural Implements, &c., and for general
Manufacturers' use.

GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT

For preserving and repairing Tin and other Metals
Roofs of every description, from its great elastic-
ity, it is not injured by the contraction and expansion
of Metals, and will not crack in Cold or run in
Warm weather.

These materials are adapted to all climates, and
we are prepared to supply orders from any part
of the country, at short notice, for GUTTA PERCHA
CEMENT, in bulk, ready prepared for use, and
GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT in barrels, with full
printed directions for application.

AGENTS WANTED.

We will make liberal and satisfactory arrange-
ments with responsible parties who would like to
establish themselves in a Lucrative and Permanent
Business.

Our Terms are Cash.

We can give abundant proof of all we claim in
favor of our improved Roofing Materials, having
applied them to over a thousand Roofs in New
York City and vicinity.

JOHNS & CROSLY,

(Sole Manufacturers),
Wholesale Warehouse 78 William Street,
Cor. of Liberty at, NEW YORK.

Full descriptive Circulars and Prices will be fur-
nished free of charge on application.

Almanacs for 1882.

LADY'S OLD FARMER'S LEAVITT'S,
and CHRISTIAN ALMANACS for 1882, are
now at hand.

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

Harper for February,

For sale at WOBURN BOOKSTORE

WOBURN BOOK STORE!

A LARGE SUPPLY OF NEW BOOKS
STATIONERY, WRITING PAPER,
BLANK BOOKS, HOUSE PAPERS, FANCY
GOODS, you have just purchased the former
took making a large and well-selected

VARIETY OF GOODS,

Consisting of works in History, Theology, Poetry,
Fiction, Agriculture, the Arts, and general
Literature. A constant supply of all the

SCHOOL BOOKS,

used in Academies, High Schools, Grammar, In-
termediate and Primary Schools.
American and English
Bibles and Testaments, a very
large stock; Palmar, Watts and
Select, Plymouth Collection, and Chris-
tian Hymns; Barnes' Notes and Questions.
Books, Note, Bill, Letter, Cap, Blank Post,
Political and Ornamental Writing Papers, White,
Colored, Ornamental and Wedding Envelopes—
Gillett's and Commercial Pens and Holders of
various kinds, Black, Blue, Red and In-
delible Ink, Covered, Plain, Trans-
parent, and Porcelain Slates, Cart-
rulers, Drawing, Blotting and
Tissue Paper, Whittney's
Patent, Portable, Pen-
cy and Office Ink
Stands.

EXTRA ADHESIVE MUCILAGE!

Playing Cards, Portfolios, Ink Presses, Ivory
Tables, Tape Measures, Transparent Slates, Pencil
Leads, Superior, Common and Perfumed Sealing
Wax, Waters and Stamps, Paper's, Carpenters, and
Common Lead Pencils, Crayons and Holders,
Drawing Books, and Letter Books, Tablet Paper,
Pens, Pen Racks, Paper Terrors, Bill Files,
Data Cases, Rulers, Ivory Folders, Sand and
Boxen, Thermometers, Mathematical Instruments,
&c., &c.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

in Cloth, Morocco, and paper covers.

Blank Books and Memoranda of all kinds in
general use, Full and Half-Round Ledgers, Jour-
nals, Day Books, and Letter Books, Tablet Paper,
and Ivory Memoranda, Writing and Exercise
Books, School Journals, &c.

HOUSE PAPERS.

A good supply of House Papers, Borders, Win-
dow Blinds, &c., of the latest and most fashionable
patterns, at LOW PRICES, always on hand, and
supplied to order.

FANCY GOODS AND TOYS.

A large variety of Work Boxes, Bouteilles, Puff,
Black, Round, Pine, Pocket and Dressing Combs;
Hair, Tooth, Nail, Clothes and Shaving Brushes;
Wool, Ladies' and Gentlemen's, and South America,
China, China, Railroad Depots, Cais, and Gen-
eral Buildings generally. Government Buildings,
&c., by the principal Builders, Architects and En-
gineers, and has been found to be the most durable
and CHEAPEST and MOST DURABLE
ROOFING in use. It is every respect A FIRE,
WATER, WEATHER and TIME PROOF
ROOFING FOR ROOFS OF ALL KINDS.

It is the ONLY material manufactured in the
United States which combines the very desirable
properties of Elasticity and Durability, which are
universally acknowledged to be the most impor-
tant qualities in a Roofing material. It is GUAR-
ANTEED PERMANENT AND INDURABLE.

No heat is required in applying it.

The expense of applying it is trifling, as an ordi-
nary Roof can be covered and finished the same day.

It can be applied by any one,
and when finished forms a perfectly Fire Proof sur-
face, with an elastic body, which cannot be injured
by Heat, Frost, Rain, or any other cause. It is
guaranteed to last for many years.

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The Cost is only about One-Third that of Tin,
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This article has been thoroughly tested in New
York City and all parts of the United States, Cana-
da, West Indies and Central and South America,
on buildings of all kinds, such as Factories, Found-
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This is the ONLY COMPOSITION known which
will successfully resist extreme changes of all cli-
mates, for any length of time, without injury to
metals, to which it adheres firmly, forming a body
which will not crack, and which is perfectly in-
destructible, and will LAST THREE TIMES AS LONG,
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This Cement is peculiarly adapted for the pres-
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Agricultural Implements, &c., and for general
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Roofs of every description, from its great elastic-
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GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT in barrels, with full
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Our Terms are Cash.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI. : No. 19.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

The Frozen Flower.

There was ice on its full, velvet leaves; I thought of death.

How the slumbering harp of memory
Is stirred when a faded flower I see;
From its magic strings comes a low, sad strain,
And the lost hours live in my heart again.

And then I remember, long ago,
Of wandering where dark waters flow,
And finding there, with its petals froz
On a low moss stem, a drooping rose.

And some thing dark and shadowy,
Came with that frozen flower to me—
Made me closer clasp the hand in mine,
As I saw the ice-drops on its pale leaves shine.

Then came wild, whispered words to me,
That such would be her destiny,
Whose dove-like eyes in that calm, still hour,
With mine were fixed on that frozen flower.

Thus even so: for an angel's love
Stole the heart away of our cherished dove;
She is sleeping now in a little grave,
Where in summer hours bright roses were.

To many a heart it brings gloom, I know,
To see loved graves hid by the winter snow;
But I love it, then, for it speaks to me
Of that fair, young, sleeper's purity.

And as sure as the snow will melt away
By the South wind's breath and the sun's warm
ray,
And in summer hours bright roses were,
In wondrous beauty, o'er that little grave.

Will the fair earth bud whose blighting here,
Made a sunny home so sad and drear,
Its beauties unfold in the perfect flower
In a happier clime, a heavenly bower.

ZELIA GERTRUDE GREY.

Select Literature.

CHEERFUL PEOPLE.

I don't like cheerful people. Now, don't misunderstand me, respectable reader; I don't mean for a moment to insinuate that I'm right; on the contrary, I think it very possible, nay, probable, that I'm wrong. It is not my desire to convert you to my way of estimating worthy persons; I only feel called upon to make a confession. The doctor says it's my liver. I dare say it is. I've had a liver, I regret to state, for a great many years, and it has accounted for a great many peculiarities; among which not the least is an unquenchable aversion for cheerful people. They would be very good for me, I dare say, but I don't like the look of them. I feel towards them as I do towards parsnips. Parsnips, I've been told, are very wholesome food, and I ought to eat them whenever I have an opportunity, but I can't; they have to me the appearance of carrots in a bad state of health. If I am to eat carrots, let them be of a healthy red, I say; but don't set before me carrots of a pallid hue, and bid me devour them under the name of parsnips. And then there are oysters; I will not go so far out of the track of truth as to say that I never eat oysters; I have eaten them in all shapes; but I declare I never liked them, and I don't think I ever shall like them. I never eat them without shutting my eyes, for indeed I cannot bear the look of them. So it is with cheerful people. I take them in the way of business, or of sociality, but there is to me something inexplicably repulsive in their appearance. It may be they can't help it, but it is my private opinion that they can. I never look cheerful; why should my fellow-creatures? They have as many crosses to bear as I have, perhaps more (I hope so); and yet they will persist in looking cheerful. It's downright hypocrisy, I say. I can understand a man's being merry, and I can comprehend his being sorrowful; but cheerfulness is more than I can realize.

Perhaps I have a bad disposition: it is not at all improbable; and if I have, I can't help it, any more than Lupinus having a bad hat. Not so much; for my disposition is natural, and Lupinus' hat is artificial; and he might have a new hat by paying for it, and he might pay for it if he had any money, and he might have money if he'd work for it, or if some relation or friend, or even enemy (which would be an agreeable surprise), would leave him any, and he might have work if he only knew where to go for it, and at any rate he might know better than look shabby, and be a reproach to his friends and connections, who have got on very well without him, and so why shouldn't he get on very well without them? But, as I was saying, perhaps I have a bad disposition. And, talking of dispositions, it strikes me that what is called a naturally good disposition is rated a vast deal too highly; it covers a multitude of sins; all kinds of wickedness are forgiven for the sake of the naturally good disposition. If your heart is in the right place, as the phrase goes, you may put everything else in the wrong place, if not with impunity, with a tolerable chance of being extirpated and set right again; but if you have a naturally bad disposition, woe betide you. And yet I can't see how a man with a naturally good disposition is entitled to more consideration than a man with a naturally bad one; on the contrary, it seems to me that the latter has more claim to indulgence and sympathy. The former begins his game of life with—use a phrase not unknown to billiard players—a considerable number of points in his favor; whilst the latter may be said—to borrow an expression from the interesting game of pyra-

mids—to commence by owing two or three. There are, depend upon it, many men who struggle mightily against a naturally bad disposition, some of whom overcome it, and deserve immortal glory, and some of whom succumb to it, and earn eternal shame; but these last merit pity and sympathy, as well as contempt. Old John Bradford showed a proper feeling when, as a wretch rode by to Tyburn, he turned to his friend with the exclamation: "But for the grace of God, there goes John Bradford!"

So I say, if I have a bad disposition, I'm very sorry for it, but it is no more my fault than it is your merit, sir, that you have a fine head of hair, or an aquiline nose, or regular teeth, or a villainous trick of the eye. Besides, I'll back my disposition against yours; and yet you say you like cheerful people. Very well; then I dare say you like parsnips, and oysters, and caviare, and all sorts of things that raise my gorge to look at. You're very welcome to do so; but pray, don't expect me to do the same. Of course I am talking only of the cheerful people that I have met; there may be some very agreeable persons of that persuasion amongst your acquaintance, honored sir, or fair madam, or supercilious miss, so recollect I am not alluding to them. The people I mean appear to me to have made up their minds to put on a cheerful countenance always, just as you lay it down as rule to put on gloves always; they are never more or less than cheerful; they are cheerful at weddings, and at funerals they are only just cheerful. I was once present at one of the latter (to most people gloomy entertainments in company with one of the cheerful set). His cheerfulness never deserted him for a second. He talked cheerfully about the weather (which by the way, was excessively cold), and about the distress amongst the coal-whippers very cheerfully; he recounted cheerfully the number of deaths there had been from starvation, and he dilated cheerfully (nothing beyond the buoyancy of the money-market; he cheerfully reminded us that "in the midst of life we are in death"; he cheerfully ate a biscuit, and cheerfully offered me one, which I declined by no means cheerfully; he drank a glass of wine and a glass of brandy very cheerfully, recommending me cheerfully to do the same (for which I could cheerfully have insulted him); and at last, when it was found that there would be some crowding in the mourning coaches, he offered, with the most touching cheerfulness and moving incongruity, to "go outside, if it would be any convenience to anybody." If it had been that man I was following to the tomb, I really believe I should have looked cheerful.

Then there is a man, whose name I don't know, but whom I meet in the public ways nearly every day of my life. I've never seen him laughing; I've never seen him with his teeth set, as though he had something he was determined to go through with; I've never seen him gay; but he is always cheerful.—Confound him, I say; why does he always look cheerful? He wears spectacles, too, to which I strongly object, for he by means of them evidently spies me at a considerable distance, and immediately surveys me cheerfully from head to foot, as though he were making a mental calculation as much my outfit might be worth altogether. The man has just the sort of grin I have observed on an entomologist's face when he is engaged in scrutinizing some wonderful but very insignificant-looking insect. However, if he has any bowels of compassion, I hereby inform him that my doctor says he interferes with the healthy action of my liver.

Then there's Hickup; his cheerfulness must be affection. Why, he has no digestion, no more than a wooden doll; and if it is defensible for a man with no digestion to look cheerful, then I renounce all distinctions between right and wrong. It's true he is getting on very well at the bar; makes £1200 a year, they say—that is (allowing for the multiplying tendencies of envious friends), perhaps £300, which you know is a great deal for a barrister of only ten years standing; but he has nothing else to make him cheerful. He's as cadaverous-looking a man as you'd see in a large hospital; he has lost nearly all his hair (from constantly wearing a wig, I suppose), and what he has is not at all of a creditable description, either in point of texture or color. He's pimply, too; and I should say his eyes were decidedly aquint. But just as he is, he'll sit opposite you at dinner, with his shirt-collars running into the corners of his eyes (for he eschews fashion), eating a steak, and looking cheerful.—The idea of a man with no digestion eating a steak and looking cheerful! I've spoken to the proprietor of the dining-establishment upon the subject, and told him how exceedingly annoyed I am; but he only told me to mind my own business, and if I objected to gentlemen looking cheerful over their victuals (particularly such victuals as he provided at a moderate charge), advised me to dine elsewhere. Hickup is evidently one of those persons who think it a duty to put a cheerful face upon everything. I say it's downright acting, and not dealing honestly with your fellow-creatures. If you've good reason for being merry; if you've good reason for being miserable, be miserable. When Job lost all his property, and had breakings-out all over his body, he didn't put on his Sunday coat, dine at a restaurant, and look cheerful; but, in the frank way in the world, acknowledged the change in his position by sitting in the grate in a suit of sack-

cloth, fasting, and currying-combing himself with a postherd. You don't set yourself up for a better man than Job, I hope; and yet you say that a man is bound, under all circumstances, to keep up a cheerful appearance. I say he isn't. I say, if a man is miserable, he is bound, in common candor, to look so; and if he ought to feel miserable, and doesn't, he ought to be ashamed of himself for being so callous and indifferent to his lot, and for his contumacious resistance to the efforts which are made to render him a sadder, perhaps, but a wiser man. When a boy at school takes a caning cheerfully, doesn't the schoolmaster (and I hope you'll not gainsay the authority of a schoolmaster) immediately tax him with obstinacy and impudence, give him a double allowance, and consider that he has not done his duty until he has removed from that school boy's features every trace of cheerfulness? And should a man who has gone through this preliminary discipline not know better than to bear the chastisements which are inflicted upon him cheerfully.—Resignedly is a very different thing. I've no particular objection to a man's looking resigned (from an artistic point of view), but I beg he'll not look cheerful. I am told that general cheerfulness is assumed on Christian principles; if it be so, I have nothing further to say. Let me remark, however, that I have looked in Cruden's *Concordance* under the word "Cheerful" and its derivatives, but have found no passage which bears out this assertion. A "cheerful giver" is certainly commended; but the people I mean never give anything (that is, of value to themselves, and what other kind of gift is commendable?) except advice, which I must do them the justice to say they dispense with excessive cheerfulness.

Another unchangeably cheerful person is my friend the Rev. Mr. Lewyer. I went with him upon one occasion when he wished to purchase some branch candlesticks to a well-known lamp-seller's. The lamp seller thought he had exactly the article wanted, and he proceeded to describe minutely a pair of candlesticks which he was sure Mr. Lewyer would like. Mr. Lewyer listened to the description with the most cheerful smile imaginable, interposed a few questions, made several suggestions, prolonged the conversation for about half an hour, and then solemnly informed the lamp-seller that the article in question "was precisely what he didn't want." The lamp seller, I regret to state, swore in an undertone; but Mr. Lewyer left the shop as cheerful as he had entered it, whilst I was afraid that the lamp-seller, seeing I had no cloth to protect me, would visit upon me the indignation with which he was red in the face. And yet I sympathized heartily with him; for nothing provokes me so much as cheerful patience.

But worse than Lewyer is my cousin Thomas; there never was such a cheerful creature as Thomas. If you have the tooth-ache, he looks as cheerful as ever, and dilates upon what must be your sufferings with an agonising smile. Tell him of a common friend who is dying of starvation, and his cheerfulness is not a whit impaired. "Ah! poor fellow," says he, with a cheerful air, "he hasn't a very full lot in this world." "Well, but won't you help him in some way or other?" "My dear Jim," says Thomas, "I would with pleasure; but I don't see how it can be done. All the money I have to spare, I lay by for my little boy, and it only amounts to a few hundreds. Charity begins at home, you know." And Thomas bids me cheerfully adieu. Our common friend dies miserably, and Thomas wears a hat-band with undiminished cheerfulness. But did you ever "spend a quiet evening with a few cheerful friends?" I did, and I spent the most wretched time that I ever did in this life. Poor Grollop was alternately the merriest and most melancholy dog you ever saw in your life, when he had the misfortune to marry (for his sins, I suppose) what they call a "cheerful little woman"; so I called upon him to console with him, but to my horror and astonishment, I found him beginning to look cheerful. I remonstrated with him, but without effect; and not many days afterwards received the following note:

"DEAR SIR—We are going to have a few cheerful friends to spend a quiet evening with us next Friday, and Tom desired me to write and ask you to give us the pleasure of your society. We take tea about seven o'clock; and if you will come to us about that time, I hope I need not say how very glad we shall be to see you. Tom told me to say that he thought a little cheerful company would do you good; and I think we can promise you that.—Yours very truly, FANNY GROLLOP."

It quite upset me; the number of years I had known Grollop, and that he should think cheerful company would do me good! I didn't believe it. "Mrs. Grollop," said I to myself, "you don't speak the truth, ma'am. I know what it is. You saw that I was low-spirited the other day, and you talked to Tom about it, and arranged to try whether you couldn't reduce another fellow-creature to the same state of happiness that I observed in him. It's just like you women; you take an unwarrantable interest in your husbands' old friends, and if you see them in a state of natural and proper depression, you think it incumbent on you to endeavor to effect a cure. But you'll not succeed with me. I'm not going to be cheerful, if I know it. Show me something ludicrous, and I'll laugh as heartily as anybody; but defend me from an equitable condition of cheerfulness. I'll drink your tea, though you dispense it at the hour

at which I usually dine; but if you see me cheerful, I give you leave to tell me of it."—On Friday, therefore, I make for Grollop's, after much communing with myself as to the proper costume for an evening with a few cheerful friends.

One of my chief objections to cheerful people is, that they don't give entertainments like other folks. When you get a note formally requesting the pleasure of your company at ten o'clock, with the word "Dancing" in the left-hand corner of the first page at the bottom, you know what to do. You clothe yourself appropriately in mourning garments, thrust your feet into uncomfortable patent-leather boots, make yourself as much like a waiter about the throat as you can, buy the cheapest possible pair of white kid gloves, and make up your mind to stand on the staircase for an hour or two, lamenting that you should ever have been born. But cheerful people write you a friendly letter, babble of green tea, and lead you to believe that you may drop in in walking dress. It's a mercy I didn't go to Grollop's in a pair of yellow cord trousers and a lounging coat; and I thought there was great excuse for a fellow-sufferer I observed there in a coat which was black certainly, but cut as for shooting. He was the only person besides myself who didn't look cheerful; and he soon pleaded toothache and retired. As for the other people, they stared at each other in a cheerful manner, and occasionally interchanged a cheerful remark; they drank tea and coffee cheerfully, played whist (which I hate) cheerfully, and some cheerful young ladies played and sang cheerfully. This is all certainly very cheerful, thought I; but I don't think it will do me much good. I don't know anybody here, except Mr. and Mrs. Grollop, who are engaged with their guests. I can't drink any more tea and coffee—I've had too much already. I feel very uncomfortable. I know I'm very red in the face, and I should like to slip out without attracting attention, but I can't; for though all the people are in full evening-dress, this is evidently not what is usually termed an evening-party; and if I vanish without giving notice, I shall be thought rude; and if I do give notice, Mrs. Grollop will think I don't like my entertainment, which is quite true, but not to be acknowledged. So I tell to examining the prints as carefully as though I were a line-engraver (and I'm sure I wasn't); it is profitable, I'm told; then I scrutinized my boots, congratulating myself that I had not come in my lace-up ones, with iron tips; after that, I scrutinized the other men's boots, and wished I hadn't such large feet; and then I scrutinized the ladies, and wondered why they were in ball-dresses, when they were only spending a cheerful evening. Presently our cheerful hostess proposed a quadrille. This was walked through in a cheerful manner, and so was a second, and so was a third. There was no waltzing, as that, I suppose, is considered incompatible with cheerfulness; but there was a polka and a country-dance. After this, we had some negus (which I abhor), for all cheerful people drink negus; and then I managed—by telling, I am sorry to say, something very like an untruth—to get away, and wandered homewards with my spirits at zero. My road lay over the river; and as I walked across the bridge, my despondency was such that I believe I should have thrown myself in, only I could see no one at hand to pull me out again if I did.—But my motions had been watched; and just as I gained the opposite shore, a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and the rough voice of a policeman said: "You've thought better of it, young man, 'ave you? If you'd thrown yourself in, I should a took you into custody; but apparently you ain't got the pluck to do it." "You're quite right," said I; "I haven't, so you needn't trouble yourself on my account." But I declare if anything would inspire me with courage for the deed, it is a quiet evening with a few cheerful friends.

The London Times.

At a time, when the power and influence of the *London Times* upon our affairs in forming British opinion, is not only felt but acknowledged, it will not be out of place to give our readers the following sketch of the rise and progress of this giant lever in English politics, taken from an article in *Graham's Edinburgh Journal* on "Newspaper Maps and Maps of Newspapers":—

Mr. Mitchell, in comparing the provincial with the London Press, adverts in the following terms to the "philosophy of advertising," as developed in the two kinds of newspapers:—"If advertisers residing in the country find their advantage in advertising in London journals, so those advertisers who live in the metropolis are no less interested in making their business concerns known in the country. Perhaps there is no class, however, of London advertisers who would be so much benefited by a judicious system of country advertising as publishers, whether connected with literature, music, or the fine arts. It is an almost universal opinion amongst publishers, that by advertising in two or three generally circulated London journals, and in the periodicals, all the advantages of a country circulation are secured. They are mistaken. There are thousands of families in every county who see no other journal than their local newspapers, which is to them an oracle or guide; they know of nothing, hear of nothing, beyond what is contained in their columns. There are thousands of others who look at a

London paper for the news or politics only. Several parties will club for a weekly or daily paper; it passes rapidly from hand to hand; and there is no time, even if there were inclination, to peruse the advertisements it contains. The great majority of newspaper readers in the country can, indeed, only be approached by advertisers through the medium of their own local journals. They think advertisements in a London paper cannot concern them, and therefore pass them over."

This matter of advertising never, perhaps, received such an illustration as in the wonderful number of the *Times* for the 21st of June last. It was the first and only issue consisting of twenty-four full pages, or a hundred and forty-four columns. It was on the 1st of January, 1788, that the *Times* first appeared—nineteen years after the *Morning Chronicle*, sixteen years after the *Morning Post*, four after the *Morning Herald*, and six before the *Morning Advertiser*. Nominally, its birth was on the day here named; but in reality it was a continuation under a new name of the *Universal Register*, a daily paper which had been commenced in 1785, one year after the *Morning Herald*. If, "according to Cocker," we select the monster number above adverted to (No. 23,965); if we consider that there are three hundred and thirteen week-days in a year, with an addition occasionally on account of leap year; and if we then calculate backwards from the middle of 1861, we shall come to the year 1785, which has always been adopted as the numerical though not the nominal, birth year of the *Times*. From first to last, the *Times* has been chiefly the property of one family, the Walters. The first Mr. Walter was more of a printer than an editor, and the *Times*, under him, did not take precedence of the other daily papers. The second Mr. Walter who assumed control in 1803, was a man of wonderful tact and energy; he took a very decided part against the Pitt ministry, and contrived that the *Times* should always create a ferment in one way or another. The government bitterly opposed him, and adopted various expedients to prevent him from obtaining correct information as to what was going on in the court, in the government, and in foreign countries; and there were also numerous imprisonments to be borne, and fines to be paid, for statements which were deemed libels in those days. All this served only the more to rouse the energies of Mr. Walter. The more determination he showed, the more liberally was his paper bought by the public, and the more numerous were profitable advertisements sent him for insertion. The earlier numbers of the *Times* consisted of four pages of four columns each, but the number of pages and the size of each page were gradually increased.

In 1814, Mr. Walter began the bold system of printing his newspaper by steam. In subsequent years, the great upward starts of the *Times* in circulation seems to have taken place immediately after some striking public events, as if the vigorous writing in that journal had drawn new streams of subscribers to it. It was talked of as a great thing when, on the 10th of January 1806, the *Times* sold a few additional thousand copies, on account of its narrative of the funeral of Lord Nelson. In 1828, the regular sale was seven thousand, but we now laugh at the issues of those days. On February 10, 1840, when the account of the Queen's marriage appeared, the *Times* sold thirty thousand copies. Curiosity-hunters were wondrous struck, and calculated that all the columns of all the copies, if laid end to end, would reach from the Land's End to Yorkshire. Eleven years afterwards, however, the regular issue was thirty-eight thousand copies; and on the day after the opening of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, the number of the *Times* sold was fifty-two thousand. Rush's trial carried off forty-five thousand; and the opening of the Royal Exchange fifty-four thousand. These numbers were far exceeded on the 19th of November 1852, when the account of the Duke of Wellington's funeral commanded a sale of seventy thousand copies, which were printed at the rate of ten thousand or twelve thousand per hour. That was indeed a week for newspapers; the *Illustrated London News* is said to have sold to the astounding amount of four hundred thousand double numbers; and the Stamp-office issued altogether nearly two million newspaper stamps for that week. The gradual but vast increase in advertisements brought the proprietors of the *Times* so much money that they could afford to incur expenses utterly beyond the power of any other journal in the world. On one particular day in 1852 there were two thousand two hundred and fifty advertisements.—The daring course adopted, and the enormous outlay incurred, in exposing a gigantic system of fraud in 1851, by which the banks of most of the European capitals would have been plundered of vast sums (as brought to light in the famous trial *Bogre v. Lawson*), won the admiration of the whole commercial community. A subscription of £2000 was raised, to present a testimonial to the proprietors; but this was respectfully declined, and the amount was applied in the founding of two "Times scholarships," one for Christ's Hospital, and one for the City of London School. Amply did the result give an equivalent for the public-spirited exertions; the sale of the *Times* increased enormously month by month. The regular circulation in 1853 was forty-two thousand. The Russian War of 1854–56 brought out the *Times* in greater force than ever; the glowing articles by Mr.

Russell; the splendid fund raised by the *Times* for the poor suffering soldiers, and administered by its own commissioners; the voluminous correspondence of which it became the medium; and the absolute necessity for the government to pay attention to what this particular journal said and thought—all tended to give to the *Times* a greater influence than was ever possessed by any other newspaper, English or foreign. No other newspaper has been so often or so heartily abused. The proprietors, editors, and writers take the abuse with great equanimity. They do not exactly announce their independence in the form adopted by an American newspaper a few years ago:

We do not belong to our patrons;
Our paper is wholly our own;
Whoever may like it, may take it;
Who don't, may just let it alone—

but they imply this; and the world, in spite of assertions to the contrary, believes them.

On the day above named (June 21, 1861), the place of honor in the paper, that to which we always look for the celebrated "leader," contained the following observations:—"Our impression of this day will be found to consist of twenty-four pages, the extraordinary pressure of advertisements having compelled us to add an extra sheet to our already ample dimensions. Fifty years ago, the average number of advertisements in a single impression was about a hundred and fifty; today, no less than four thousand advertisements will make known the wants of the community throughout the length and breadth of the empire. We have long discontinued the heading of "Supplement" to the second sheet of the *Times*, and have only adopted the title of "Extra Sheet" in this instance to attract the notice of our readers to this, the largest production that has ever issued from the daily press. We trust it will not be too large for a constant reader to get through within the compass of this the longest day in the year." Our own estimate tells us that the amount of printed surface in this gigantic *Times* would paper the side of a moderate-sized room; but a patient individual, whose name we are forbidden to divulge, has calculated that if, as is reported, the regular sale has reached 60,000 copies, all the columns of all the copies would stretch from England to America—a ribbon of the "Fourth Estate" to link together two great Anglo-Saxon communities.

A Scotch Clergyman's Wife.

James Frazer, the author of a work on sanctification, a minister of great repute in the first half of the last century, was a man cursed in a fiery holocaust. Here was a woman to try a poor husband's patience:

A cold, unfeeling, bold, unheeding, worldly woman was his wife. Never did her godly husband sit down to a comfortable meal in his own house, often would he have fainted from sheer want of needful sustenance, but for the considerate kindness of some of his parishioners. She was too incensed to try to hide her treatment of him, and well was it for him, on one account, that she was. His friends thus knew of his ill treatment, and were moved to do what they could for his comfort. A godly acquaintance arranged with him, to leave a supply of food in a certain place, beside his usual walk, of which he might avail himself when starved at home. Even light and fire in his study were denied him on the long, cold winter evenings; and as his study was his only place of refuge from the cruel scourge of his wife's tongue and temper, there, shivering and in the dark, he used to spend his winter evenings at home. Compelled to walk in order to keep himself warm, and accustomed to do so when preparing for the pulpit, he always kept his hands before him as feelers in the dark, to warn him of his approaching the wall at either side of the room. In this way, he actually wore a hole through the plaster, at each end of his accustomed seat, on which some eyes have looked that glistened with light from other fire than that of love, at the remembrance of his cruel wife.

But the godly husband had learned to thank the Lord for the discipline of his trial. Being once at a presbytery dinner, alone, amidst a group of moderates, one of them proposed as a toast the health of their wives, and, turning to Mr. Frazer, said, as he winked at his companions, "You, of course, will cordially join in drinking to this toast." "So I will, and so I ought," Mr. Frazer said, "for mine has been a better wife to me than any one of yours has been to you." "How so?" they all exclaimed. "She has sent me," was his reply, "seven times a day to my knees, and that is more than any of you can say of yours." On the day on which her godly husband entered into his eternal rest, and a very few hours after his death, some of the elders, on hearing the sad tidings, hurried with stricken hearts and in tears to the manse. To their horror, they found Mrs. Frazer outside, feeding her poultry. Approaching her, one of them said, sobbing as he spoke, "Mr. Frazer has gone to his rest." "Oh yes, the poor man died this morning," she said, as she scattered the corn among the fowls; "if you want to see the body, you can go in—chick, chick, chick."

¶ We have heard of a Mrs. Good who let ten dollars, all she had, on an election. In other words, Good let her best!

¶ What is the difference between a clergyman and a conjurer? One is a divine, and the other a diviner.

The Yankee Woman.

When a Yankee woman goes to ride with her children she considers it necessary to keep them from falling out—puts one foot on one child and the other foot on another—holds baby in one hand and carpet bag in the other. Rides—budget in hand and change in her mouth, two minutes before the cars come to a stop.

Give her a morning call—she will peep through the side light, at the ring of the door-bell; if you are a pedlar she will make her appearance and give you an answer. If you are a minister she will slip on a pretty dress and cordially receive you into the parlor.

The Yankee woman bakes, brews and fries, in the forenoon; makes the button-holes in the afternoon; snatches half an hour after supper, for practising on the piano; makes calls or attends lectures, in the evening.

Does up the Summer sewing in the Winter for the chance of doing the Winter sewing in the Summer.

Spends a week in the mysteries of pastry salads and creams; and at the last moment makes curls, draws on gloves, and appears as hostess for a brilliant party. Never mind those colored waters—they were only hired for show—like the chandeliers—they never performed a bit of hard labor for this party, it was all done by the Yankee lady.

How do European ladies manage?

Don't know. I happen to be a Yankee. In the midst of the multiplicity of ragging, baking, boiling, scrubbing and polishing, the Yankee woman always manages to send the children to school with clean faces and aprons.

When Tom rushes in, pantaloons torn, she puts him to bed till they are mended.

Makes her own bonnet, and leaves her neighbors to their conjectures whether it came from Upton's or Bigelow's—also whether the cost was five dollars or fifteen.

Wears the last baby in season for the arrival of the next one.

If no Irishman be handy, or money be tight, she digs out the cellar herself, and you will see the result of that economy next month, in the top flounce of a new dress.

The Yankee woman can talk; let her little boy be accused of quarrelsomeness in the streets, and won't she entertain you for one hour and a half; can you get in ten words edgewise?

The Yankee woman will have her poetry in life; she will get it somewhere; if she cannot play on the piano, she will work points on the neck of her little girl's frock, or at least, have the brightest tins and whitest tables in the country; most likely she will command piano, embroiders, and bright tins, all three.

The Yankee woman has her thoughts about her; the Yankee woman understands cost and income too; don't the shopman have to take down every piece of goods from his shelves, before she will decide concerning half a yard of cambric.

Does she ever offer the baker a quarter when the price is two shillings?

She never has to ask the milkman the amount of the quarterly bill—ten chances to one if there be any bill. The Yankee woman is good at cash; she hates bills of one kind; bills of another kind she hugs and cherishes.

IMPORTANCE OF LOCAL PAPERS.—Merchants whose business depends upon public patronage, and men controlling capital invested in various forms of property, know the value of the press as a local institution but they are too reluctant to acknowledge it in the only efficient, effectual way—that of sustaining it liberally. They think that by cutting off the twenty or thirty dollars in advertising, they are saving so much. Judicious and successful merchants, have found that it tended to poverty as surely as effect follows cause. A successful manufacturer in one of the largest towns in Bristol county, said to us not ten days since, "I have found by long and successful experience, that advertising pays."—*Full River News*.

A FACT.—You may read some of the literary weekly papers for a year, and scarcely find a fact that will make you wiser and better—all romance, fictions, lies, velvet and feathers; little seeds, equipped in smiles and crinolines, big secondaries in epaulettes, with a love of a moustache, turning the heads of simpering maidens—the every day history of life ingeniously belied, and beautifully outraged. And yet it always ends most charmingly. Hundreds of people who cannot afford a home paper, in the course of a year spend three times the amount it would cost, in purchasing this trash.

A BEGGAR'S BLESSING.—In Queen Anne's reign, the Lord Bateman married three wives, all of whom were his servants. A beggar woman meeting him one day in the street, made him a very low courtesy: "Ah! God Almighty bless you," said she, "and send you a long life, and if you do but live long enough, we shall be all ladies in time."

¶ Mrs. Smirkles says the reason children of this generation are so bad is owing to the wearing of gaiter boots instead of the old fashioned slippers. Mothers find it too much trouble to undo gaiters to whip children, so they go unpunished; but when she was a child, the way the old slipper used to do its duty was a caution.

Somethings-or-Nothings.

"Variety is the Spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor."

The Sunshine on the Wall.

Fade away, oh, beautiful sunshine, beautiful
sunshine on the wall,
Fade slowly away each day and hour, then never
come at all!
I lie upon my couch of gale and view your beams
depart,
And fear that with you fade too, the sunshine
in my heart.

The days are getting short and dear, the leaves
begin to fall,
As your yellow rays are paling, oh sunshine on
the wall!
I watch them growing less and less with growing
sense of pain—
Shall the spring behold me watching for their
return again?

Or, shall my poor unquiet heart, that never
rests,
Be lying where my kindred lie, on yonder hill-
side lone?
Shall I fade with you, oh, sunshine, beautiful
sunshine on the wall,
Till my spirit hear the summons and answer the
recall?

—Phil. Sat. Evening Post.

A Race with a Bull.

We find the following yarn in the Novem-
ber number of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*.
It is more or less rich.

Some forty years ago, the members of a
race-course near Brownsville, on the Monon-
gahela, published a notice of a race, one mile
heats, on a particular day, for a purse of one
hundred dollars, "free for anything with
four legs and hair on."

A man in the neighborhood named Hayes
heard that he was in the habit of riding
a bull with his bag of corn, and he deter-
mined to enter him for the race. He said
nothing about it to any one, but he rode him
around the track a number of times, on sev-
eral moonlight nights, until the bull had the
hang of the ground pretty well and would
keep the right course. He rode with spurs,
which the bull considered particularly dis-
agreeable, so much so that he always belloved
when they were applied to his sides.

On the morning of the race, Hayes came
upon the ground on horseback—on his bull.
Instead of a saddle, he had dried an ox-hide,
the head part of which, with the horns still
on, he had placed on the bull's rump. He
carried a short tin horn in his hand. He
rode to the Judge's stand, and offered to
enter his bull for the race; but the owner of
the horses objected. Hayes appealed to the
terms of the notice, insisting that his bull had
four legs and hair on, and therefore he had a
right to enter him. After a good deal of
swearing, the judges declared themselves
compelled to decide that the bull had the
right to run, and he was entered accordingly.

When the time for starting arrived, the bull
and the horses took their places. The horse-
racers were out of humor at being bothered
with the bull, and at the bayouque which
it would be over as soon as the horses started.

When the signal was given, they did start.
—Hayes gave a blast with his horn and sunk
his spurs into the sides of the bull, which
bounded off with a terrible bawling no trilling
speed, the dried ox-hide flapping up and
down and rattling at every jump, making a
combination of noises that had never been
heard on a race-course before. The horses
all flew the track, every one seeming to be
seized with a sudden determination to take
the shortest cut to get out of the Redstone
quadrant, and none of them could be brought
back in time to save their distance. The
purse was given to Hayes.

A general row ensued, but the fun of the
thing put the crowd on the side of the bull.
The horsemen contended that they were
swindled out of the purse, and if it had not
been for Hayes's horn and ox-hide, which he
ought not to have been permitted to bring
upon the ground, the thing would not have
turned out as it did.

Upon this Hayes told them that his bull
could beat any of their horses anyhow, and
if they would put one hundred dollars against
the purse he had won, he would take off the
ox-hide and leave the tin horn, and run a fair
race with them. His offer was accepted and
the money staked. They again took their
places at the starting post, and the signal was
given. Hayes gave the bull another touch
with his spur, and the bull gave a tremen-
dous bellow. The horses, remembering the
dreadful sound, thought all the rest was
coming as before. Away they went again in
spite of all the exertions of the riders, while
Hayes galloped his bull around the track, and
again won the money.

A son of Erin having hired his ser-
vices to cut some ice, was asked if he could
use the cross-cut saw. He replied that he
"could surely." He was sent accordingly,
in company with his co-laborers, to cut some
ice, and on reaching the centre of the pond
the saw was produced with both handles still
in their place. The verdant son, looking at
the saw, very coolly put his hand in his
pocket, and drawing from it a cent, said,
"Now, Jamie, fair play; head or tail, who
goes below?"

Too much noise.—An Irishman from Bat-
tle Creek, Michigan, was at the battle of Bull
Run, and was somewhat startled when the
head of his campaign on his left hand was
knocked off by a cannon ball. A few mo-
ments after, however, a spent ball broke the
fingers of his comrade on the other side.
The latter threw down his gun and yelled,
"Blasht your soul, you coward, you coward,
shooting crying: you make more noise
about it than the man who lost his head!"

TOYS, FANCY GOODS, &C.



JUST OPENING AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE.

A large lot of Toys and Fancy Goods,
consisting in part of—
Dolls and Doll Heads in variety, Fruit, Bead,
and Willow Baskets, Cushions, Wax An-
gels, Beads, Drums, Whips, Whistles,
Rattles, Domino Masks, Paper Sol-
dier Zouaves, Fire Engines, Toy
Brushes, Jumping Mine and
Jacks, Wagons, Rings,
Harmocorns, &c., &c.

Alabaster Inkstands, Pearl and Shell Car-
cases, Pearl and Ivory Paper Knives, Doll
Hoses, Backgammon Boards and Chek-
er Men, Puff Boxes, Watch Stands,
Bracelets, Necklaces, Porte-
monnaies, Perfumers, Por-
tills, Extracts, Brush-
es, Combs, &c., &c.

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

THAT "PRINCE"

—OF—

CLOTHIERS

GEORGE H. LANE,

AT HIS

"Great Bargain Store,"

KNOWN AS

LANE'S CLOTHING PALACE,

No. 31 & 32

Dock Square,

BOSTON,

INVITES the attention of the residents of WO-
BURN and vicinity, irrespective of party, to his

NEW AND SPLENDID STOCK OF

Fall and Winter

CLOTHING,

AMONG WHICH IS THE

LARGEST & MOST SUPERB STOCK

—OF—

OVERCOATS

TO BE FOUND AT ANY STORE,

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL, IN

NEW ENGLAND.

Please remember also, that No Clothing
House in Boston can approach our

ALL PRICES.

Our Customers say so — Everybody

SEE THAT THE SIGN READS

"Lane's Clothing Palace,"

31 & 32 Dock Square,

BOSTON.

Nov. 1, 1861. 3m

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JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE AND VARIED

ROOM PAPER!!

CONSISTING IN PART OF—

Oak and Oak Striped, Satin, Pearl

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ENTRY PAPER & BORDERING

IN GREAT VARIETY.

Curtains and Curtain Paper.

PRICE—From 6 Cts. to \$1.50 per roll

THIS is the largest and most varied stock of Pa-
per Hangings in this town—containing 100
different styles.

Persons are invited to call and examine
samples at the

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

WILLIAMS & CO.,

No. 65 & 67 Union St., Boston.

Plain & Fancy Tin Ware,

AND DEALERS IN

COOKING AND PARLOR STOVES.

FOR SALE, THE

FIRST QUALITY KEROSENE OIL

AT

WAR PRICES,

With good Lamps of all kinds to Match.

Lamps altered to burn Kerosene Oil at short no-
tice.

We also have a

Nice Lantern to Burn Kerosene Oil.

ALL ARE INVITED TO GIVE US A CALL.

WILLIAMS & CO.,

65 AND 67 UNION STREET,

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GAMES!

A VARIETY OF NEW GAMES—"THE

REBELION," "MILITARY," "CO-

QUETTE," &c., &c.—can be found at the

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

WILL REMOVE

Almanacs for 1862.

LADY'S OLD FARMER'S, LEAVITT'S,
and CHRISTIAN ALMANACS for 1862, can
be found at the

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

Harper for February,

For sale at WOBURN BOOKSTORE

Something for the Times!

A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD

JOHNS & CROSLY'S

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE!

The strongest Glue in the world.

The cheapest Glue in the world.

The most durable Glue in the world.

The only reliable Glue in the world.

The best Glue in the world.

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE

the only article of the kind ever produced which

Will Withstand Water.

It will Mend Wood,

Save your Broken Furniture.

It will Mend Leather,

Mend your Harness, Straps, Belts, Boots, &c.

It will Mend Glass,

Save the pieces of that expensive Cut Glass Bottle.

It will Mend Ivory,

Don't throw away that broken Ivory Fan, it is eas-
ily repaired.

It will Mend China,

Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made
as good as new.

It will Mend Marble,

That piece knocked out of your Marble Mantle can
be put on as strong as ever.

It will Mend Porcelain,

No matter if that broken Pitcher did not cost but a
shilling; a shilling saved is a shilling earned.

It will Mend Alabaster,

That costly Alabaster Vase is broken and you can't
match it; mend it, it will show when you
put it together.

It will Mend Bone, Coral, Lava, and in
fact everything but Metals.

Any article Cemented with AMERICAN CEMENT
GLUE will not show where it is mended.

EXTRACTS:

"Every Housekeeper should have a supply of
Johns & Crosley's American Cement Glue."—*New*

"It is so convenient to have in the house."—*New*

"It is always ready; this cement is to every-
body."—*Independent.*

"I have tried it, and find it as useful in the
house as water."—*Worcester Spirit of the Times.*

Economy is Wealth.

\$10.00 per year saved in every family by One Bot-
tle of

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE

Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

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RELIGIOUS, WRITING, PAPER,
LEARN BOOKS, BOOKS, PAPERS, FANCY
GOODS, &c., has just been added to the former
stock, making a large and well-selected

VARIETY OF GOODS,

Consisting of works in History, Theology, Poetry,
Fiction, Agriculture, the Arts, and general
Literature. A constant supply of all the

SCHOOL BOOKS,

used in Academies, High Schools, Grammar, Inter-
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Bibles and Testaments, a very

large stock; Psalmist, Watts and

Select, Plymouth Collection, and Chris-
tian Hymns; Barnes' Notes and Question

Books. Note, Bill, Letter, Cap, Bank-Post,
Political and Ornamental Writing Papers. White,

Colored, Ornamental and Wedding Envelopes.—
Gillett's and Commercial Pens and Holders of

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Patent, Portable, Fan-

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EXTRA ADHESIVE MUCILAGE!

Playing Cards, Portfolios, Ink Erasers, Ivory

Tablets, Page Markers, Transparencies, Pen-
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Case Cases, Rulers, Ivory Folders, Sand and

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JUVENILE BOOKS,

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Blank Books and Memorandums of all kinds in
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and Ivory Memorandums, Writing and Exercise
Books, School Journals, &c.

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A good supply of House Papers, Borders, Win-
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Piano and Ornamental Cards; Dolls in variety, and
eyes of all kinds.

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FOR PRIVATE USE AND MEDICAL PURPOSES.

WE offer the country trade and consumers, a

complete assortment of every variety of

LIQUORS, WINES, &c., and would pay that our

experience of more than FORTY YEARS as Im-
porters is not only a sufficient guarantee for the

quality of our Goods, but that it enables us to offer

advantages to buyers that cannot be excelled by

any house in Boston. Owing to the difficulty of

procuring, in many towns, a strictly pure and re-
liable article of Liquors and Wines for medicinal

and other purposes, we have for many years given

special attention to filling orders for Private Use,
and consumers will find it greatly to their advantage

to send their orders to us direct, as we employ
only the purest materials, and our agents, who

require Pure Liquors and Wines, in large or
small quantities, may rest assured that all orders

will receive our best personal attention, and that

every article sent from our house will be satisfac-
tory in

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI: : No. 20.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

Be Sure, Ye Rich.

Be sure, ye rich, who dwell in splendid halls,
And make a summer there in wintry weather,
While the grating snow so gently falls,
And clothes with beauty mountain pine and heather—

Be sure, ye rich, who banquet on the best
That Nature yields, and precious gold can buy,
Who on the softest down supinely rest,
Regardless how the moments hurry by—

Be sure, ye rich, whose forms are warmly clad,
Defended from the cold and arrowy sleet,
That smites the wanderer in the open glade,
And the poor outcast in the wind-swept street—

Be sure ye make some heart with pleasure glow,
Some lips a blessing from this season cold,
For if thou'rt deaf unto the cry of woe,
A curse will haunt thy more than useless gold.

—Chambers' Journal.

Select Literature.

The Painter and the Apparition.

Some few years ago a well-known English artist received a commission from Lady F. to paint a portrait of her husband. It was settled that he should execute the commission at F— Hall, in the country, because his engagements were too many to permit his entering upon a fresh work till the London season should be over. As he happened to be on terms of intimate acquaintance with his employer, the arrangement was satisfactory to all concerned, and on the 15th of September he set out in good heart to perform his engagement.

He took the train for the station nearest to F— Hall, and found himself, when first starting, alone in a carriage. His solitude did not, however, continue long. At the first station out of London, a young lady entered the carriage, and took the corner opposite to him. She was very delicate looking, with a remarkable blending of sweetness and sadness in her countenance, which did not fail to attract the notice of a man of observation and sensibility. For some time neither uttered a syllable. But at length the gentleman made the remarks usual under such circumstances, on the weather and the country; and, the ice being broken, they entered into conversation. They spoke of painting. The artist was much surprised by the intimate knowledge the young lady seemed to have of himself and his doings. He was quite certain he had never seen her before. His surprise was by no means lessened when she suddenly inquired whether he could make, from recollection, the likeness of a person whom he had seen only once, or at most twice? He was hesitating what to reply, when she added, "Do you think, for example, that you could paint me from recollection?"

He replied that he was not quite sure, but that perhaps he could.

"Well," she said, "look at me again. You may have to take a likeness of me."

He complied with this odd request, and she asked, rather eagerly—

"Now do you think you could?"

"I think so," he replied; "but I cannot say so for certain."

At this moment the train stopped. The young lady rose from her seat, smiled in a friendly manner on the painter, and bade him good-by; adding, as she quitted the carriage, "We shall meet again soon!" The train rattled off, and Mr. H. (the artist) was left to his own reflections.

The station was reached in due time, and Lady F.'s carriage was there, to meet the expected guest. It carried him to the place of his destination, one of "the stately homes of England," after a pleasant drive, and deposited him at the hall-door, where his host and hostess were standing to receive him. A kind greeting passed, and he was shown to his room; for the dinner hour was close at hand.

Having completed his toilet, and descending to the drawing-room, Mr. H. was much surprised and much pleased, to see, seated on one of the ottomans, his young companion of the railway carriage. She greeted him with a smile and a bow of recognition. She sat by his side at dinner, spoke to him two or three times, mixed in the general conversation, and seemed perfectly at home. Mr. H. had no doubt of her being an intimate friend of his hostess. The evening passed very pleasantly. The conversation turned a good deal upon the fine arts in general, and on painting in particular, and Mr. H. was encouraged to show some of the sketches he had brought down with him from London. He readily produced them, and the young lady was much interested in them. At a late hour the party broke up, and retired to their several apartments.

Next morning, early, Mr. H. was tempted by the bright sunshine to leave his room, and stroll out into the park. The drawing-room opened into the garden; passing through it, he inquired of a servant who was busy arranging the furniture, whether the young lady had come down yet?

"What young lady, sir?" asked the man, with an appearance of surprise.

"The young lady who dined here last night,"

"No young lady dined here last night, sir," replied the man, looking fixedly at him. The painter said no more; thinking within himself that the servant was either very stupid or had a very bad memory. So, leaving the room, he sauntered out into the park.

He was returning to the house, when his host met him, and the usual morning salutations passed between them.

"Your fair young friend has left you?" observed the artist.

"What young friend?" inquired the lord of the manor.

"The young lady who dined here last night," replied Mr. H.

"I cannot imagine to whom you refer," replied the gentleman, very greatly surprised. "Did not a young lady dine and spend the evening here yesterday?" persisted Mr. H., who in his turn was beginning to wonder.

"No," replied the host; "most certainly not. There was no one at the table but yourself, my lady, and I."

The subject was never reverted to after this occasion, yet our artist could not bring himself to believe that he was laboring under a delusion. If the whole were a dream, it was a dream in two parts. As surely as the young lady had been his companion in the railway carriage, so surely she had sat beside him at the dinner table. Yet she did not come again; and everybody in the house, except himself, appeared to be ignorant of her existence.

He finished the portrait on which he was engaged, and returned to London.

For two whole years he followed up his profession; growing in reputation and working hard. Yet he never all the while forgot a single lineament in the fair young face of his fellow-traveler. He had no cue by which to discover where she had come from, or who she was. He often thought of her, but spoke to none about her. There was a mystery about the matter which imposed silence on him.—It was wild, strange, utterly unaccountable.

Mr. H. was called by business to Canterbury. An old friend of his—whom I will call Mr. Wyld—resided there. Mr. H., being anxious to see him, and having only a few hours at his disposal, wrote as soon as he reached the hotel, begging Mr. Wyld to call upon him there. At the time appointed the door of his room opened, and Mr. Wyld was announced. He was a complete stranger to the artist; and the meeting between the two was a little awkward. It appeared, on explanation, that Mr. H.'s friend had left Canterbury some time; that the gentleman now face to face with the artist was another Mr. Wyld; that the note intended for the absentee had been given to him; and that he obeyed the summons supposing some business matter to be the cause of it.

The first coldness and surprise dispelled, the two gentlemen entered into a more friendly conversation; for Mr. H. had mentioned his name, and it was not a strange one to his visitor. When they had conversed a little while, Mr. Wyld asked Mr. H. whether he had ever painted, or could undertake to paint, a portrait from mere description? Mr. H. replied, never.

"I ask you this strange question," said Mr. Wyld, "because about two years ago, I lost a dear daughter. She was my only child, and I loved her very deeply. Her loss was a heavy affliction to me, and my regrets are the deeper that I have no likeness of her. You are a man of unusual genius. If you could paint me a portrait of my child, I could be very grateful."

Mr. Wyld then described the features and appearance of his daughter, and the color of her eyes and hair, and tried to give an idea of the expression of her face. Mr. H. listened attentively, and feeling great sympathy with his grief, made a sketch. He had no thought of its being like, but hoped the bereaved father would possibly think it so. But the father shook his head on seeing the sketch, and said, "No, it was not at all like." Again the artist tried, and again he failed. The features were pretty well, but the expression was not hers; and the father turned away from it, thanking Mr. H. for his kind endeavors, but quite hopeless of any successful result. Suddenly a thought struck the painter; he took another sheet of paper, made a rapid and vigorous sketch, and handed it to his companion. Instantly, a bright look of recognition and pleasure lighted up the father's face, and he exclaimed, "That is she! Surely, you must have seen my child, or you never could have made so perfect a likeness!"

"When did your daughter die?" inquired the painter, with agitation.

"About two years ago; on the 13th of September. She died in the afternoon, after a few days illness."

Mr. H. pondered, but said nothing. The image of that fair young face was engraven on his memory as with a diamond's point, and her strangely prophetic words were now fulfilled.

A few weeks after, having completed a beautiful full-length portrait of the young lady, he sent it to her father and the likeness was declared, by all who had ever seen her, to be perfect.

The mention of the University of Turin suggests to Dr. Spooner that the education to be obtained at the University of Turin must be superficial.

Fear not to do that which is right and just.

The Marvelous Tower.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The morning sun shone brightly upon the cliff-built towers of Toledo, when King Roderick issued out of the gate of the city at the head of a numerous train of courtiers and cavaliers, and crossed the bridge that overleaps the deep and narrow bed of the Tagus. The shining cavalcade wound up the road that leads among the mountains, and soon came in sight of the necromantic tower.

King Roderick and his courtiers arrived, wondering and amazed, at the foot of the rock. Here was a narrow, arched way, cut through the living stone, the only entrance to the tower. It was closed by a massive iron gate, closed with rusty locks of diverse workmanship, and in the fashion of different centuries, which had been affixed by the predecessors of Don Roderick. On either side of the portals stood the two ancient guardians of the tower, laden with the keys appertaining to the locks.

The king alighted, and approaching the portals, ordered the guardians to open the gate. The hoary-headed men drew back with terror. "Alas!" cried they, "you have the mischiefs of this tower unbound, and set loose, to shake the earth to its foundation!"

The venerable Archbishop Urbine likewise implored him not to disturb a mystery that had been held sacred from generation to generation, within the memory of man; and which even Caesar himself, when sovereign of Spain, had not ventured to invade. The youthful cavaliers, however, were eager to pursue the adventure, and encouraged him in his rash curiosity.

"Come what may," exclaimed Don Roderick, "I am resolved to penetrate the mystery of this tower." So saying, he again commanded the guardians to unlock the portals. The ancient men obeyed with fear and trembling; but their hands shook with age, and when they applied the keys, the locks were so rusted by time, or of such strange workmanship, that they resisted their feeble efforts; whereupon, the young cavaliers pressed forward and lent their aid. Still, the locks were so numerous and difficult, that with all their eagerness and strength, a great part of the day was exhausted before the whole of them could be mastered.

The patience of the king was now exhausted, and he advanced to apply his hand.—Scarcely, however, did he touch the iron gate, than it swung slowly open, uttering, as it were, a dismal groan, as it turned reluctantly upon its hinges. A cold, damp wind issued forth, accompanied by a tempestuous sound. The ancient guardians quaked within them, and their knees smote together; but several of the youthful cavaliers rushed in, eager to gratify their curiosity, or to signalize themselves in their redoubtable enterprise.

They had scarcely advanced a few paces, however, when they recoiled, overcome by the baleful air, or by some fearful vision. Upon this, the king ordered that fires should be kindled to dispel the darkness, and to correct the noxious and long imprisoned air; he then led the way into the interior; but, though stout of heart, he advanced with awe and hesitation.

After proceeding a short distance, he entered a hall or ante-chamber, on the opposite of which was a door; and before it, on a pedestal, stood a gigantic figure of the color of bronze, and of a terrible aspect. It held a huge mace, which it whirled incessantly, giving such cruel and resounding blows upon the earth as to prevent all further entrance.

The king paused at the sight of this appalling figure; for, whether it was living or a statue of magic artifice, he could not tell. On the breast was a scroll, whereon was inscribed in large letters—"I do my duty." After a little while Roderick plucked up heart and addressed it with great solemnity: "Whatever thou be," said he, "know that I came not to violate this sanctuary, but to inquire into the mysteries it contains; I conjure, therefore, to let me pass in safety."

Upon this the figure paused with uplifted mace, and the king and his train passed unmolested through the door.

They now entered a vast chamber, of a rare and sumptuous architecture, difficult to be described. The walls were encrusted with the most precious gems, so joined together as to form one smooth and perfect surface. The lofty dome appeared to be self-supported, and was studded with gems, lustreous as the stars of the firmament. There was neither wood nor any other common or base material to be seen throughout the edifice. There were no windows or other openings to admit the day, yet a radiant light spread throughout the place, which seemed to shine from the walls, and to render every object distinctly visible.

In the centre of the hall stood a table of alabaster, of the rarest workmanship, on which was inscribed in Greek character, that Hercules Alcides, the Theban Greek, had founded this tower in the year of the world, three thousand and six. Upon the table stood a golden casket, richly set around with precious stones, and closed with a lock of mother-of-pearl; and on the lid were inscribed the following words:—

"In this casket is contained the mystery of the tower. The hands of none but a king can open it; but let him beware! for marvellous events will be revealed to him which are to take place before his death."

King Roderick boldly seized upon the casket. The venerable archbishop laid his hand upon his arm, and made a last remonstrance. "Forbear, my son!" said he: "desist while there is yet time. Look not into the mysterious decrees of Providence. God has hid them in mystery from our sight, and it is impious to rend the veil by which they are concealed."

"What have I to dread from a knowledge of the future?" replied Roderick, with an air of haughty presumption. "If good be destined to me, I shall enjoy it by anticipation; if evil, I shall arm myself to meet it." So saying, he rashly broke the lock.

Within the casket he found nothing but a linen cloth, folded between two tablets of copper. On unfolding it he beheld painted on it figures of men on horseback, of fierce demeanor, clad in turbans and robes of various colors, after the fashion of the Arabs, with cimeters hanging from their necks, and cross-bows, and at their saddle-backs, and they carried banners of various devices.—Above them were inscribed in Greek characters, "Rash monarch! behold the men who are to hurl thee from thy throne, and subdue thy kingdom!"

At the sight of these things the king was troubled in spirit, and dismay fell upon his attendants. While they were yet regarding the paintings, it seemed as if the figures began to move, and a faint sound of warlike tumult arose from the cloth, with the clash of cymbal and the bay of trumpet, the neigh of steeds and a shout of armies; but all was heard indistinctly, as afar off, or in a reverie or dream. The more they gazed the plainer became the motion, and louder the noise, and more distinct; and the linen cloth rolled forth, and amplified, and spread out, as if it were a mighty banner, and filled the hall and mingled with the air, until its texture was no longer visible, or appeared a transparent cloud; and the shadowy figures became all in motion, and the din and uproar became fiercer and fiercer; and whether the whole were an animated picture or vision of an array of embodied spirits conjured up by supernatural power, no one present could tell.

They beheld before them a great battle, where Christians and Moslems were engaged in deadly conflict. They heard the rush and tramp and clatter, the clash of cymbals, and the stormy din of a thousand drums. There were battle-axes, with the whistling of arrows, and the hurling of darts and lances. The Christians quailed before the foe; the infidels pressed upon them and put them to rout;—the standard of the cross was cast down, the banner of Spain was trodden under foot, the air resounded with shouts of triumph, with yells of fury, and with groans of dying men. Amidst the flying squadrons, King Roderick beheld a crowned warrior, whose back was turned towards him, but whose armor and device were his own, who was mounted on a white steed that resembled his own war horse Orzela. In the confusion of the flight the warrior was dismounted, and was no longer to be seen, and Orzela galloped wildly through the field of battle without a rider.

Roderick stayed to see no more, but rushed from the fatal hall, followed by his terrified attendants. They fled through the outer chamber, where the gigantic figure with the whirl mace had disappeared from his pedestal; and on arriving into the open air, they found the two ancient guardians of the tower lying dead at the portal, as though they had been crushed by some mighty blow. All nature, which had been clear and serene, was now in wild uproar. The heavens were darkened by heavy clouds, loud bursts of thunder rent the air, and the earth was deluged with rain and rattling hail.

The king ordered that the iron portal should be closed, but the door was immovable; the cavaliers were dismayed by the tremendous turmoil and the mingled shouts and groans that continued to prevail within. The king and train hastened back to Toledo, pursued by the tempest. The mountains shook and echoed with thunder, trees were uprooted and blown down, the Tagus raged and flowed above its banks. It seemed to the affrighted courtiers as if the phantom legions of tower had issued forth and mingled with the storm; for amid the claps of thunder and the howling of the wind, they fancied they heard the sounds of the drums and trumpets, the shouts of armies and the rush of steeds. Thus beaten by tempests and overwhelmed with horror, the king and his courtiers arrived at Toledo, clattering across the bridge of the Tagus, and entering the gate in headlong confusion, as though they had been pursued by an enemy.

In the morning the heavens were again serene, and all nature was restored to tranquility. The king, therefore, issued forth with his cavaliers, and took the road to the tower, followed by a great multitude, for he was anxious once more to close the iron door, and shut up those evils that threatened to overwhelm the land. But lo! on coming in sight of the tower a new wonder met their eyes. An eagle appeared high in the air, seeming to descend from heaven. He bore in his beak a burning brand, and lighting on the tower, fanned the fire with his wing. In a little while the edifice burst forth in flames that mounted into the air with brilliancy more dazzling than the sun; nor did they cease until every stone was consumed, and the whole was reduced to a heap of ashes.—Then there came a vast flight of birds, small of size and sable of hue, darkening the sky

like a cloud, and they descended and wheeled in circles around the ashes, causing so great a wind with their wings that the ashes were borne up into the air and scattered throughout all Spain; and wherever a particle of those ashes fell, it was a stain of blood. It is, furthermore, recorded by ancient men and writers, that all of those on whom this dust fell were afterwards slain in battle when the country was conquered by the Arabs, and that the destruction of this necromantic tower was a signal and token of the approaching perdition of Spain.

The Original of Bluebeard.

At Champtocoe, a little village near the right bank of the Loire, in France, stand some imposing ruins, the remains of one of the castles of Gilles de Retz, Sieur de Laval, called Barbe Bleue—the original of Blue Beard. This nobleman, who lived in the first half of the fifteenth century, was handsome in person, captivating in address, acquainted with books, and full of admiration for such as spoke the Latin language with ease and elegance. He was considered religious, too, because his taste and ostentation led him to adopt the fashion then prevalent of maintaining a finely-ornamented chapel, with many boy choristers, educated at great expense. His band was large, finely disciplined, well supported, and formed part of his train wherever he went. He belonged to a princely family, was appointed a Marshal of France, and was especially honored at the coronation of Charles VII., by an order to repair to St. Rem's and bring thence the holy ampulla. To his own class he appeared a brilliant and loyal cavalier, but a haunting fear of him gradually spread among the peasantry wherever he dwelt. This fear was just; for within the recesses of his castles at Champtocoe, La Suce, and elsewhere, he pursued a course of unparalleled atrocity.

Having squandered an immense fortune and ruined his constitution by his excesses, he resorted to magic. He took into his service an Italian priest of Pistia, who persuaded him, or permitted him to believe, that his property and health might both be restored by the use of a charmed bath made of the blood of young children. He was not deterred from the trial, either by its difficulty or horror, but immediately began to tax his ingenuity to procure victims. Sometimes an old woman, called La Maffraie, travelled about the country, always with her face half-hidden by a black scarf. Whenever she chanced upon children tending cattle, or begging at a distance from their friends, she caressed and flattered them, and coaxed them little by little to the grounds of De Retz. Once there they never escaped. They were taken to the dungeons of the castle, where the monster killed them with prolonged tortures, enjoying their sufferings, and offering them to the devil, with a prayer that he would grant in return "gold, knowledge and power." He went on thus for fourteen years, and destroyed, as it was computed, not less than a hundred and forty victims. As long as the country people alone suffered, no one dared to express their suspicions, but his instruments, growing bold, began to entice away the children of townsmen, and obtained possession of the brother of a well-known artist, promising to educate him as a chorister in the Laval chapel.

Fortunately a rare combination of circumstances led to the arrest and punishment of the criminal. Three powers, seldom united in anything, agreed in getting rid of him, Jean V., Duke of Brittany, his suzerain, who could not endure that the family of Laval and De Retz should occupy so many fortresses on the marches of Maine, Brittany and Poitou; the Bishop of Nantes, who held over him spiritual jurisdiction, and who hated him for having forced one of his churches; and the King of France, Charles VII., whose constable was the mortal enemy of sorcerers. When, therefore, the duke was on a visit to his cousin, the Bishop, at Nantes, the latter brought certain charges against De Retz. The duke entertained them, and a tribunal was formed of the Bishop, who was also Chancellor of Brittany, the Vicar of the Inquisition, and the Grand Judge of the Duchy. De Retz might have escaped, but he thought that no one would dare to proceed to extremities against him, and permitted himself to be arrested. At this welcome news a crowd of bereaved parents, brothers and sisters flocked to the court as witnesses against him, who were at length joined by his own agents, Henri, his body servant, declaring that he had delivered to him with his own hand forty children. He was driven thus to a confession which struck terror to the hearts of all who heard him. He was condemned to be burned, and was placed at the stake, but was out of regard to his rank, strangled before the flames reached him.

Strangely enough, De Retz believed that he had secured the favor of God by masses and procession, and had eluded the devil by making a reservation of his life and soul while offering him service. He parted from his magician with these words: "Adieu Francois, my friend! may God grant you patience and knowledge, and rest assured, provided you have patience and hope in God, we shall meet in the joys of Paradise." Barbe Bleu, or Bluebeard, transformed into a Turk, and made the murder of wives instead of children, is at once the delight and terror of the nursery, and appears to have achieved an undying popularity.

Richelieu's Invitation.

Cardinal de Richelieu has always been considered a great minister, and in many instances he well deserved the name. He rendered an immense service to monarchy, in dispatching the last heads of the feudal hydra, and literature owes him much for the establishment of the French Academy. Although himself but an indifferent writer, he was ever ready to encourage the arts, and paid liberally for the efforts of others. Not always satisfied to use his own power among the nobles, he sometimes indulged in venting his spite against obscure citizens. The following anecdote is related of him:

M. Dupont, a small merchant of the Rue St. Denis, received one morning a letter, dated Rueil, a little village in the outskirts of Paris, where the cardinal had a country seat. The letter contained an invitation to supper for the next day with his Eminence.

M. Dupont could not believe his eyes; he read the letter several times, looked at the direction, and finally concluded that the letter was really addressed to him. Amazed beyond expression, he called his wife and daughter, to communicate to them his good fortune. You may imagine the joy and pride of the three women!

About four o'clock he mounted his horse, and started for Rueil. He had scarcely reached the *barriere*, when the clou's assumed a threatening look, and the sound of distant thunder announced the approach of a violent storm. The merchant having neglected to provide himself with a cloak, doubled the speed of his horse. But the storm traveled faster than his steed; flashes of lightning succeeded each other with frightful rapidity, and the rain fell in torrents. M. Dupont, assailed by the tempest, started his horse at full gallop; but unable to continue his journey, he stopped at a small tavern in Manterre. He alighted, sent his horse to the stable, and took refuge in a low room, where the servant lighted a blazing fire to dry the clothes of the unfortunate merchant. While he was wearing himself, the door opened, and another person, drenched with rain, entered and seated himself in the opposite corner.

The two travellers looked at each other for some time in silence. M. Dupont at last addressed his companion, and said:

"What detestable weather!"

"It is very bad indeed," replied the stranger. "But it is only a shower, which, I hope, will soon pass over."

"Hear," continued M. Dupont; "the storm increases; peals of thunder shake the house; the rain falls in torrents, and yet I must go on."

"Sir," said the unknown, "to wish to proceed on your journey in this weather you must have very serious reasons."

"I have, indeed," said Dupont; "I will tell you; it is no secret. I am invited to a supper, this evening, with the Cardinal de Richelieu."

"Ah! I know it is a difficult matter to decline such an invitation. But you have still a long way to go, and how can you present yourself before his Eminence in the state in which you now are?"

"His Eminence will, perhaps, be thankful for my embarrassment."

"If I did not fear to appear indiscreet, I would ask you if you ever had anything to do with the Cardinal?"

"Nothing at all. I must even say that I cannot account for the favor which I received."

"The Cardinal is very jealous of his authority, he does not like to have his actions judged. One word sometimes is sufficient to excite his suspicion; think well. Have you never given the Cardinal any cause for complaint against you?"

"I think not. I have been constantly occupied with my business. I have no interest in what they call politics. However, I believe that before two or three friends only, I censured the death of the Duke of Montmorency, and you would have done the same, for my grandfather was *maître d'hôtel* in that illustrious house."

"My dear sir, you look like an honest man. You have inspired me with much interest for you. Will you listen to me, then? Do not go to Rueil!"

"Not go to Rueil! I shall set out this instant, in spite of the storm."

"One more word, my friend, for your position interests me exceedingly; you really believe, then, that his Eminence is expecting you to supper? Well, let me undeceive you. You are expected, it is true, but to be hung!"

"Oh, merciful Heaven! what do you mean? It is impossible."

"I tell you again," said the stranger, "to be hung!"

At these words, Dupont, shuddering with terror, drew himself nearer to the unknown.

"For Heaven's sake, how do you know?"

"I am sure of it."

"But what have I done to deserve such a fate?"

"I don't know; but I am sure of what I say, for I am the one who has been sent for to hang you."

The poor merchant, pale as a corpse, drew back several steps, and scarcely able to speak, said:

"Pray tell me, sir—who are you?"

"The hangman of Paris, called by his Eminence to dispatch you. Think of the service I have rendered you, and that the least indiscretion on your part will be my ruin."

The merchant remounted his horse, without

waiting for the storm to abate, and, drenched to the bone, he reached Paris; but instead of repairing to his own house, he sought shelter with an old friend, to whom he related his adventure and wonderful escape. With the aid of money, he obtained a passport, under a false name, and well disguised, started for England, where he remained till the death of the Cardinal, which occurred two years after.

A CATTLE SHOW ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—It is supposed by many persons that our cattle shows are of modern origin. This, however, is a mistake. We find in the *Marlboro' Gazette* the following, taken from the *Maryland Gazette* of Sept. 8th, 1787:

"Whereas, there is a fair appointed by act of Assembly, to be held in Baltimore Town on the first Thursday, Friday and Saturday in October, yearly, the commissioners of the said town hereby give notice that whoever brings to the said fair on the first day thereof the best steer shall receive eight pounds current money for the same, also a bounty of forty shillings over and above the said eight pounds. The said steer afterwards, on the same day, to be run for by any horse, mare or gelding not exceeding five years old, three heats, a quarter of a mile each heat, not confined to carry any certain weight. The winning horse to be entitled to the said steer, or to eight pounds in money, at the option of the owner.

On Friday, the second day of said fair, will be run for the sum of five pounds current money, by any horse, mare or gelding, the same distance, not confined to carry any certain weight. Also a bounty of 40 shillings will be given to any person that produces the best piece of yard wide country made white linen, the piece to contain 20 yards.

On Saturday, the third day, a hat and ribbon will be judged for; a pair of pumps wrestled for; and a white shift to be run for by negro girls.

All persons are exempted from any arrest during said fair, and the day before and the day after, except in cases of felony and breaches of peace, according to the tenure of the above mentioned act."

UGLINESS.—It is curious to observe that an ugly face is generally the indication of a humorous and witty mind; it suggests innumerable exhilarating witticisms in the wearer himself, and is the cause of wit to others. There is scarcely a merry, shrewd, witty fellow, in fictitious history, but has the honor of ugliness attributed to him. *Æsop* was a very ugly little hunchback; *Uglier* still was *Socrates*, no less a man of wit, and a man of humor than a philosopher. The heroes of *Rabelais* were famous for personal deformity. *Sancho Panza*, his master, and *Rosinante*, were in their several conditions absolutely perfect of this interesting qualification. *Hudibras* and *Ralpho* were still more conspicuously ugly. Scarcely the favorite wit of France, was the most deformed little creature a lovely woman ever allowed herself to be coupled to.

DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNERS IN THE ARMY.—The following are the names of distinguished foreigners who have entered the service: Prince Salm-Salm, Col. Liebenhoff, and Lieut. Oscar Brendner, of Prussia; Lord Adolphus Vane Tempest and Lieut. Col Fitzroy de Courcy, of England; Count de Paris and Due de Chartres, of France; Capt. Vogesack and Capt. Holman, of Sweden; Major W. A. Kirk and Col. R. A. Rankin, of Canada.

An old gentleman has a queer way of showing his hospitality to strangers. The moment a person comes to his house, he brings him a pine-knot and a jack-knife! The old gentleman is a genuine Yankee, and believes there is but one pleasure greater than whittling, and consists of selling shoe-pegs for oats.

A young farmer asked an old Scotchman for advice in his pursuit. He told him what had been the secret of his own success in farming, and concluded with the following warning:—"Never, Sandie, never—above all things, NEVER get in debt, but if you ever do, let it be for manure!"

The greatest truths are the simplest; and so are the greatest men.

Be what you are. This is the first step toward becoming better than you are.

Crimes sometimes shock us too much; vices almost always too little.

Which is the most expensive to our government—regimental bands, or contra-bands? There were two hundred and forty-seven pleasant days last year, according to a Lowell meteorologist.

You need not tell all the truth, unless to those who have a right to know it all. But let all you tell be the truth.

Most men work for the present, a few for the future. The wise work for both, for the future in the present, and for the present in the future.

A writer thinks that much might be gained if speakers in prayer and conference meetings would observe the miller's creed—"always shut the gate when the grist is out."

A German writer, Boerne, compares the different stages in the lives of women to milk, butter and cheese. "A girl," he says, "is like milk, a woman like butter, and an old maid like cheese—all three may be excellent in their kind."

Somethings-or-Nothings.

"Variety is the Spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor."

What Doesticks' Wife Wanted.

Doesticks is out in the New York *Mercury* upon the habit of merchants exposing their tempting wares at their doors and in their windows. He thinks it should be prohibited by law. He says:—

My wife (I've got a wife) and I start for a walk down Broadway to see the people and the sights. Of course, she wants everything she sees; and the consequences can only be computed. Yesterday I made a mental calculation how much my wife's walk would have cost me, supposing me to be a millionaire, and able (willing, I was of course), to indulge my wife in all her freaks and fancies. Here is a list of the few articles that were forced on her attention:—

1 carriage, that she "wished she had," \$1,400 00
1 bugle, that she "thought she ought to have," 270 00
1 piano, that "we certainly can't do without," 375 00
1 harp, that "makes a parlor look so elegant," 200 00
27 carpets, each one "a great deal prettier than ours," 2,700 00
1 Newfoundland dog, "so lovely," 60 00
400 new dresses, "such ducks"—average \$50, 20,000 00
60 shawls, "such superb patterns," at \$50, 3,000 00
10 china sets, "so exquisite," at \$200, 2,000 00
20 bonnets, "such loves," at \$100, 2,000 00
70 sets parlor furniture, "just such as we ought to have," at \$100, 7,000 00
12 American flags, "so pretty for the parlor," at \$10, 120 00
1 cravat, "look very well for you, dear," 75
1200 volume books—"no gentleman's library should be without them," at \$1, 1,200 00
1 cashmere shawl—"such a magnificent thing," 900 00
4 dozen pocket-handkerchiefs—"you know I must have them, dear," at \$25, 600 00
1 paper-knife, "very handy for you, dear," 50
1 India-rubber doll, "for the baby," 1 50
100 fine engravings, "so handsome for the parlor," at \$5, 500 00
80 pairs new shoes, "so pretty and neat," at \$3, 240 00
10 teams of horses, "such as she had always prayed for," at \$100, 1,000 00
1 inkstand, "so much prettier than yours, dear," 87
7 marble statues—"look superb in the parlor," at \$400, 2,800 00
1 penholder, "prettier than any you've got dear," 14
\$148,858 76

Besides the trifles, there were also some further items, thus:

1 gun, "for the baby," \$1 00
1 drum, "for the baby," 2 00
1 soldier hat, "for the baby," 1 50
1 uniform, "for the baby," 10 00
1 zouave uniform, "for the baby," 10 00
1 paper fire-crackers, "for the baby," 10 00
1 sword, "for the baby," 10 00
8 new dresses, "for the baby," at \$1, 32 00
4 new pairs shoes, "for the baby," at \$15, 60 00
2 pounds almonds, "for the baby," at 25 c, 50
1 more gun, "prettier than the other," for baby, 2 00
1 other sword, "prettier than the other," for baby, 3 00
Various toys for baby, 12 75
\$50 10

You will observe that all this amounts to not far from a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Now if these things hadn't been exposed to view—in fact obtruded on our view—my little wife, who is as economical as any woman of her size, never would have thought of wanting them, and I would never have been compelled to reflect on the humiliating fact that, instead of having an income of fifty dollars an hour, I am only a poor devil, who thinks himself lucky to earn so much in a week.

Of course, I didn't buy all these things; but these fellows have no right to make me want to buy them. What right has a merchant to do such things, any more than any other man?

The doctor doesn't array his medicines in his window, and stand there, all dressed in his habit, to invite people to come in and be physicked. The minister doesn't pile his most eloquent sermons up in sight of all the world, and then stand on his front step, arrayed in gown and band, howling at people to come in and be preached at. The soldier doesn't put up his sword and bayonet on the sidewalk, and stand guard over them in the showiest of regimentals, with an affable smile on his face, urging the generous public to step up and be killed. And who is more respectable than these men? I'd like to know?

Now, I call on the law tinkers to fix up something that shall stop the merchants in their nefarious career, and make them keep their goods in the house. Am I to be led into temptation with impunity? And is my little wife to be led into the tempting kind of temptation, every time she walks down Broadway, and be made to commit the horrible sin of coveting her neighbors' goods, to the peril of her jolly little soul?

Horrible thought! Suppose she, my wife, should yield to this perpetual temptation, and steal something! Suppose she should rob a pair of gloves, or help herself to a bonnet, or take a dozen handkerchiefs, or pin a few dozen shawls to her crimoline, and try to make off with them? Suppose she should be caught at it; should be tried, convicted, and sent to prison? Isn't the rash shopkeeper in reality guilty of the crime? And hadn't he ought to be punished for the larceny? Wh'd! restore my poor suffering wife to her former place in society? Wh'd!

But I forget; I am talking about a mere contingency. She is yet honest; but when I observe the long looks she casts at a certain "love of a bonnet," that I can't afford to buy for her, I fear for the future.

TOYS, FANCY GOODS, &C.



JUST OPENING AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE, a large lot of Toys and Fancy Goods, consisting in part as follows:—

Dolls and Doll Heads in variety, Fruit, Bead, and Willow Baskets, Cushions, Wax Angels, Beads, Drums, Whips, Whistles, Battles, Domino Marks, Paper Soldiers, Zouaves, Fire Engines, Toy Brushes, Jumping Mice and Jacks, Wagons, Rings, Harmoniums, "No. 1," &c., &c.

Alabaster Inkstands, Pearl and Shell Card Cases, Pearl and Ivory Paper Knives, Dominoes, Backgammon Boards and Checkers, Men, Puff Balls, Watch Stands, Bracelets, Necklaces, Portemonnaies, Perfumery, Hair Oils, Extracts, Brushes, Combs, &c., &c.

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CLOTHING,

AMONG WHICH IS THE

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—Look until you find the RIGHT PLACE. You will get amply repaid for all time and trouble.

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AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE!

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the only article of the kind ever produced which
Will Withstand Water.

It will Mend Wood,
Save your Broken Furniture.

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It will Mend Glass,
Save the pieces of that expensive Cut Glass Bottle.

It will Mend Ivory,
Don't throw away that broken Ivory Fan, it is easily repaired.

It will Mend China,
Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made as good as new.

It will Mend Marble,
That piece knocked out of your Marble Mantle can be put on as strong as ever.

It will Mend Porcelain,
No matter if that broken Platter did not cost but a shilling; a shilling saved is a shilling earned.

It will Mend Alabaster,
That costly Alabaster Vase is broken and you can't match it; mend it, it will never show when put together.

It will Mend Bone, Coral, Lava, and in fact every thing but Metals.

Any article Committed with AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE will not show where it is mended.

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The cheapest and most durable Roofing in use.
It is Fire and Water Proof.

It can be applied to New and Old Roofs of all kinds, steep or flat, and to Shingles without removing the Shingles.

The Cost is only about One-Third that of Tin, and IT IS TWICE AS DURABLE.

This article has been thoroughly tested in New York City and all parts of the United States, Canada, West Indies and Central and South America, on buildings of all kinds, such as Factories, Foundries, Churches, Railroad Depots, Cars, and on Public Buildings generally, Government Buildings, and all kinds of buildings, and has been proved to be the CHEAPEST and MOST DURABLE ROOFING in use; it is in every respect a FIRE, WATER, WEATHER and TIME PROOF covering for ROOFS OF ALL KINDS.

This is the only Cement manufactured in the United States which combines the very desirable properties of Elasticity and Durability, which are universally acknowledged to be possessed by GUTTA PERCHA AND INDIA RUBBER.

No heat is required in applying it.

The expense of applying it is trifling, as an ordinary Roof can be covered and finished the same day.

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For Preserving and Repairing Metal Roofs of all kinds.

This is the ONLY COMPOSITION KNOWN which will successfully resist extreme changes of all climates, for any length of time, when applied to metals to which it adheres firmly, forming a body equal to sheet-iron of ordinary quality, costs much less, and will LAST THREE TIMES AS LONG, and from its elasticity is not injured by the contraction and expansion of the metal, and is not subject to sudden changes of the weather.

It will not Crack in Cold or Hot Weather, in Warm Weather, and will not Run off.

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Vol. XI: : No. 21.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1862.

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Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

New England at Bull Run.

A dirge was rung at set of sun,
From a nation's heart of sorrow—
A wailing cry, for the dead that lie
Asleep, for the long, sad morrow.

But a wilder cry went passing by,
For the States' bright honor tarnished,
When they told a tale—O! sorrowful wail—
Of the flight of the terror-vanquished.

O! deepest distress of all that press;
O! blight of all coveted glory;
When the tale of the past, must be the last
To live in honored story.

Thy dirge notes fell, like a funeral bell,
For the moment, a sad refrain,
But a prouder note the echoes woke,
As the heart-pulse beat again—

To trust again New England men,
As oft in the glorious past;
To ring back the taunt, the horror gaunt,
"As surely an easy task."

For who could believe the tale they weave,
That blight of all coveted glory,
N: they who knew how brave, and true,
Are the sons of the men of story. A. A. D.

Select Literature.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

Vigorously Herr Ostrom plied the whip as we approached the town of Haparanda, and a great clatter the little Swedish horses made as they galloped over the ill-paved streets. The rumbling carriage rattled worse than ever, and the worthy burgher produced the desired effect of bringing everybody to door and window, and causing open-mouthed wonder in the simple peasants. The carriage and its occupants excited so much attention that I followed almost unnoticed in the jangling "triller."

Herr Ostrom was a burgher of Stockholm, who, for love of filthy lucre, had demeaned himself so far as to become our courier and interpreter, with an express stipulation, however, that he was "not to be treated as a servant." Three days before, we had landed from the Stockholm steamer at Umea, a village about half way to the Gulf of Bothnia, where we had taken posthorses, and hurried with all attainable speed northward. Well might we hasten, for we were chasing the sun. We had learned that, on the 21st of June, from Avesax, a mountain forty miles north of Tornea, we might behold the god of day taking unto himself supreme rule, and casting night altogether; in other words, that the sun would remain the whole twenty-four hours above the horizon. We were three days behind time, but hoped still to catch a glimpse of the midnight sun.

Our progress had necessarily been slow, for nothing in Sweden as conducted on different principles from that in Central Europe. Certain farmhouses are designated as post-stations, and the neighboring peasants take turns in supplying travelers with horses. We drove up to a post-house, and if it happens to be a "fast" station—that is, one where the postmaster is bound to have horses always in readiness—we may hope to get off in an hour, that being the time allowed to produce his animals. The readiness consists in having the horses pastured in some neighboring fields; and on our arrival, three or four bare-headed boys and girls set off with encouraging haste in different directions to catch them. But be not sanguine, my traveling companions; perhaps we are doomed to see the horses—which, to do them justice, however lazy in harness, always exhibit amazing activity when at large—clashed from field to field, and, at last cornered, dodging their pursuers, and, with contemptuous elevation of heels, dashing off again at full speed. Whilst impatiently watching these parades, we are fortunate if the approaching tinkling of bells—the Swedes bell their horses as the Swiss do cows—announces the successful capture of some other herd, which, with much shouting, is triumphantly driven into the yard. The required number is selected; harnessed with much letting out and taking up of straps, for travelers provide their own harnesses; the postilion—a peasant boy or girl, the representative of the owner of one or more of the cattle—mounts the box beside Ostrom, and he sets off; while I drive the triller, a rude buggy; and we strive to get something more than the regulation speed—four English miles an hour—out of the clumsy brutes. They are all dun-colored ponies, with a black stripe down the back, and mane and tail enough to provide half a score of civilized horses.

As we go northward, the ponies are smaller, shaggier, and lighter colored; the cows, too, that we see browsing on the wayside are very small, hornless, and pure white in color. The trees are stunted, and we traverse vast forests of dwarf pines. There is no night now. The sun pours down upon us for twenty-two hours in the day, scorching us with his oblique rays during the many hours that he but just hovers above the horizon. When he sinks behind the hills, lingeringly, as if dreading to lose sight of us, there is a clear bright twilight. The peasants are stirring at all hours, for they take but little rest in midsummer, literally "making hay while the sun shines," and postponing sleep till the long winter nights. We go on, stopping but twice a day to snatch a meal of *lax stado* (broiled salmon) and black Swedish bread. The worthy burgher gets wearied from want

of sleep and the toil of urging forward lagging horses. As soon as we reach a post-house, he calls for a glass of brandy and a cup of coffee, and, throwing himself on the floor, falls fast asleep. I pay for the horses, hastening the harnessing of fresh ones, and then wake him with difficulty.

Thus we hurry northward: now plunged in dreary forests; then mounting hills, whence we behold the island-studded sea and the lake-dotted valleys; or crossing noble rivers, whose deep dark, waters flow so gently as hardly to swerve the rude ferry boats from their course—till we reach Haparanda. We are on the northern shore of the gulf. We send on a *firola*, or avant-courier, to order horses, and stop to dine luxuriously on a beef-steak. And what a god-send it is! We have been perforce rigid vegetarians since leaving the steamer—always excepting the article of fish, which is only too plentiful; and we find the peasants' diet of sour milk and black bread rather weakening than otherwise.

We here engage an interpreter, for we shall find only Finlanders north of this; and our communications with the natives must hereafter first be framed in French for Ostrom, by him translated into Swedish to Eric, and by Eric into the Finnish tongue.

We proceed along the shores of the Tornea river all of us travel-wearied. We move on slowly and, at last giving up all hopes of reaching Mount Avesax to-night, fix them instead on a nearer mountain. Twelve o'clock approaches, and we fear we shall not even reach this. The lower edge of the sun touches the horizon. Watching him anxiously, we find he does not descend. "He will not set," cries Eric; "we shall see the mid-night sun." We stop the horses, and in profound silence fix our eyes on the great luminary. Now we perceive he moves, but not downwards. A blood-red ball of fire, he seems to roll along the horizon. Majestically he rolls, till an intervening mountain threatens to hide him from our sight; but no—a full third of his disc shines brightly upon us. He keeps on from west to east. All nature is hushed as if in awe. The heavens are cloudless, save where a few light cirri float as in a winter's sunset. It is twelve o'clock. We hold our breath. Still the luminary moves toward the east, rising almost imperceptibly. A bird in the pine-wood bursts into a flood of song. The sun detaches himself from the horizon, and slowly rises into the open heaven. We look around on the lonely landscape. The trees are few, and so low that they seem but shrubs. The frequent hills are destitute of vegetation, and the broad Tornea river winds his way among them. We mark the prospect well, for this is an era in our lives.

We drive on along the banks of the noble river till, at two o'clock, we reach the little village of Matrengi. There is no road north of this. If we wish to pursue our journey, it must be in boats. But we are too fatigued to moralize upon this, the end of civilization, the "jumping-off place," and I gladly throw myself into one of the little coffin-like boxes which the Finns use for beds, and close my eyes in sleep. O wise Sancho Panza, to invoke a "blessing on the man who invented sleep!" For seventy-two hours sleepless, with little and poor food, had I been urging forward lagging horses under the burning midsummer sun. My face, blistered with heat, seemed on fire; my lips were parched and bleeding; my inflamed and half-closed eyelids could not protect my eyes from the glare. How gladly I closed them in forgetfulness!

At one o'clock the next day (Sunday) I awoke. The yard was half full of Finns, who loitered about the inn, after having examined our carriages with the greatest curiosity. They looked upon us as wonders. While I was dressing, a group collected about my door, eagerly staring in when it was opened by the *junger* who was arranging breakfast, and frequently pushing it afar themselves for greater convenience of observation. They are a large athletic people, active and energetic. The men wear queer leather caps, coarse home-spun clothes, and boots turned up at the toes, and constantly smoke bad tobacco in wooden pipes.

Late in the afternoon, we get out upon the river in two boats, each propelled by three men. Herr Bergstrom, the Swedish tax-collector, and the only civilized man in the neighborhood, kindly accompanied us. The boats are built very light, low in the center, and high in the bows, and are pushed up the swift stream by poling along the shore. The Tornea is wide and rapid, studded with large islands. The banks are rather high, and covered with bright green grass; for here, though the summer is so short, vegetation is very luxuriant while it lasts. We passed many salmon-fisheries. The fences of poles, stretched across the stream, pushed by the current, and receding by their own elasticity, make a low murmuring, as if complaining of being removed from their native element. Our men stopped to rest at the dairy belonging to the postmaster; they gathered round a huge bowl of sour-milk, each armed with a spoon, and soon despatched their frugal meal. Sour-milk, hard rye biscuit, and fish, are in summer the only food of these sturdy peasants. The little white cows were assembled in a stable, from which the goats were driven off by the smoke of a peat-fire before the door. They were tended by two strapping

royal-shocked lasses; and every thing from stable to dairy was neat and clean as possible.

Our next stoppage was at the falls in the river, where we left our boat, and, while the men drew the other up along the bank, we walked through the woods. Swarms of mosquitoes and gnats attacked us, and, in spite of handkerchiefs over our heads and waving pine-branches, bit us furiously. We walked two miles, through marshy grounds covered with a profusion of the *Linna borealis*, and other beautiful wild-flowers of kinds unknown to us, and reached a log-house in a narrow clearing. A pair of reindeer horns were nailed over the door, and a barrel was sunk in the ground to collect the water from a spring. This house was built and this clearing made but five years since," said Herr Bergstrom; "they are pushing cultivation northward." Northward it was indeed—the Arctic Circle, of 67° 30'! We were within the Arctic Circle. In no other country in the world except in Norway, can cultivation be carried even many degrees south of this; and here we were surrounded by a forest of green trees, and treading on green grass and lovely flowers. Taking boat again, we ascended the river till the sun sunk very low, when we landed, and scrambled up the high bank to a fine point of view. We saw some wonderful peasants regarding us attentively from the door of their hut.

But our attention was soon fixed on the sun, whose lower limb grazed the horizon. Now again a huge fiery ball, he rolled on the mountain-tops, this time not dipping behind them. His edge touched a distant solitary pine; then showed the bare branches in dark relief against his red disc; then appeared veiled by the seething turgid; kept onward, and left it behind him without rising or sinking a second. Thus swift and far he passed in rapid ascension, and not until some minutes past twelve did he alter his destination, and shaking off his contact with the earth, seek again the zenith.

Keeping to the center of the stream, we now rowed swiftly downwards. We had fishing hooks—long lines with large hooks, baited with a piece of bright tin and a bit of red worsted. This was so made that, as it towed far behind the boat, it shimmered in the water, looking not unlike a minnow. Three large fish were caught during the descent. Our progress was rapid, and we soon reached the bend of the cataract. Herr Bergstrom asked if I would descend the falls with him. I could hardly believe he would attempt such a thing, but finding him serious, and that it is unusual, I assented. A man was obtained who makes it his business to steer boats down the fall (for it would be certain destruction to attempt it without an experienced pilot), and with two rowers we set off.

The powers pulled lustily, to give steerage-way to the boat; the grizzly old steersman, his long white hair streaming in the wind, seized firmly his broad paddle; the men talked and joked in the uncouth Finnish tongue; the rapid stream hurried us along; while I sat quietly wondering, like the sailor when his ship was struck by lightning, "what the dickens was coming next." Soon the roar of the cataract drowned all other sounds; the water was here a surging mass of foam, and there showed through its yellow waves the rocks with which it warred. The boat shot down the first steep descent like lightning; then rocked and rose, and felt like a ship in a stormy sea; then was struck by a high wave, and trembled with the shock; then leaped downwards, as if to plunge beneath the stream, dashing the foam of the next wave far and near from her high prow. Still rushing down the torrent, the thunder of the billows in front directed our attention to a huge rock, the waters hurling themselves against it, and mounting over its very top. The pilot gave the boat a sheer, and before we knew how or why, we had left it far behind. The water was splashing into the skiff as we took an oblique course. All was noise and confusion around us; the waters belliowed and the shores seemed hurrying away. A boat rearer like an impatient charger, plunged downwards, and again shot by, giving us hardly time to glance at it as we passed. She leaped over the last wave, sped through the swift rapid below the fall, and safely grounded on the shore. It was a most exciting passage and I had plenty of leisure to meditate upon it while the men were bailing out the half-filled boat, and the rest of the party were accomplishing their slow overland passage.

We rowed down-stream to salmon-fishery, and sent a boatman ashore to waken the fishermen. With a loud halloo, six young men and three girls rushed out, helter-skelter from the rude hut, donning their clothes as they ran, and sprang shouting into their boats. The foremost girl, a strapping red-haired maiden, seized the oars of the first boat, into which three men had sprung, and pulled it into the stream before the others had tumbled into their boats. A fence of upright poles, driven into the bottom like stakes, stretches entirely across the river, with a square enclosure fenced off at the centre. This has openings at the sides, which the salmon enter on finding their progress up the river stopped at every other point, but discover too late that they are in a *cul-de-sac*, and wander about seeking the exit.

The boats, propelled at such speed as to throw jet at stem and leave foam astern, entered the enclosure, and the rowers, dropping

ping their oars, and pulling the boats along by the fence, payed out the nets along the four sides. Then all three boats' crews seized the upper net, one at the centre, and one at each end, and pulled it downwards, one person in each boat constantly darting a pole into the water and catching it again as it rose, to frighten the fish, and prevent their springing over the top of the net. They soon brought the upper net side by side with the lower one, and then, still thrashing the water with the pole, to keep the poor fish frightened and bewildered, hauled up the two nets together with three huge salmon entangled in the meshes. These were killed by blows of a club on the head, to prevent their jumping out of the boat. Again with great shouting the fishers dashed around the enclosure, the men pulling, while the half-wild girls threw overboard the nets as fast as their arms could move. They threw them down, pulled them in, took this time but one fish, lay on their oars a moment to look at us, and then, calling to one another, they darted off again across the stream. Such powerful energetic girls I never saw before and, indeed, the whole people in activity and alertness contrast agreeably with the lazy stolid peasants of Germany.

We reached Matrengi at ten o'clock, and retired to sleep during the noonday heat. Towards six o'clock I rose, and set off with the burgher to visit Herr Bergstrom. He has a pleasant place on the river, and three or four little red houses built in a quadrangle, after the Swedish fashion. His wife came in to welcome us, and brought a bottle of punch, which we drank with many bows and flourishes, the host always insisting on our emptying our cups at a draught; then refilling and clinking glasses. The room was plainly furnished, but, of course, scrupulously neat. There was the usual rack in the corner for pipes; among these was a pipe-bowl of great size, made of a knot of a wood resembling maple. It was a hundred years old, and had last belonged to the *papa*, or parish clergyman. With Madame Bergstrom and her son, Johann Eric, a little boy of four years old, we set off for an excursion to Mount Avesax.

The ascent was in some places steep and rocky, but the mountain was not high, and even the *gossa* (Anglicized small boy) got up without much fatigue. A barrel elevated on a pole marked the summit. It was here that some scientific measurements, having reference to the figure of the earth, were made by Maupertius and other French astronomers in 1736. The top of the mountain was destitute of vegetation, like every hilltop at that latitude, and the surrounding elevations were so low that Avesax, though by no means a high mountain, overtopped them all.

On one side flowed the broad Tornea. Far to the north, within the Arctic Circle, rose pyramidal mountains, behind which the sun, now low down, seemed about to sink. On the eastern and precipitous side, was a pretty lake, with an outlet encircling Mount Avesax, and joining the river. In every direction rose low hills, their bases covered with dwarf pines. Our enjoyment of the view was so lessened by the increasing swarms of mosquitoes, that we gladly took refuge in the smoke of a huge fire kindled by our boatmen.

Between admiring the prospect, brushing off mosquitoes and taking asylum in the smoke, and making absurd attempts at conversation in bad Swedish, we passed the time till near midnight.

And now the winged horses of the sun, that had long hovered over the mountains, just grazed their summits, and slowly drew their chariot along the horizon. They spurred with their heels the dark pinewoods till past twelve. Then the fiery car was half-buried, axle-deep, behind an intervening peak. They dashed forth, poised themselves for a moment, and then springing from this dark earth, began anew to climb high heaven. The rising sun was the signal for another little supper; and then, reversing the sun's course, we commenced our descent. That same day we began our journey southward, and were glad to welcome night again in lower latitudes. Sleep is a blessing, and darkness begets sleep; but still it will be pleasant around a winter evening's fireside to recall to mind our three days' visit to the arctic zone and the thrice-seen midnight sun.

The Tar-Barrel.

In the old coaching-days, before the giant Steam had monopolized every important road in England, I was travelling by coach to the university town of Oxbridge. In those days, it was considered an honor to share the box with the coachman; and, accordingly, I was somewhat annoyed when I entered the inn-yard, from which the coach started, to find the post of honor already occupied by a rough-looking fellow, half-farmer, half-drover, and wholly vulgar. However, he was in possession, and so I contented myself with the seat behind him, growling at the coachman for having let such an inferior-looking individual usurp the box-seat. An excuse, however, soon appeared—the coachman and his companion were old cronies; and no sooner was the former mounted in his place, than the two commenced a fire of questions about "parties" lost sight of years ago, loving memories of the doings of particular horses, quaint stories of characters known to both, and allusions to past transactions, quite sufficient to account for the high position which had been assigned by the coachman to his rough-looking companion.

Of course, much was unintelligible to me; and I did not like to trouble the pair by joining too frequently in their conversations, but I occasionally broke in, and was admitted to their confidences—one of which I shall take the liberty of confiding to my readers.

We had changed horses at Stoneham, and were bowling merrily along the level road which leads to Kentwade, when the coachman, *apropos* to nothing, remarked to his companion: "It were somewhere here, Bill—won't it?"

"Oh, ay," said the other, "the tar-barrel—yes, that were a rum un, that were."

And the two worthies chuckled over the memory of it so much, that I could not help asking for an explanation.

"Well," said the traveller, "I've no objection to tell you. You see I won't oblige a drover, I won't. I ain't ashamed on't. I were a carrier once and I drive along in this here road. So one market-day, as I were drivin' home from Sainsbury with a heap of things in my cart, I come up with a fellow walking along the road. 'Hullo, master,' says he, 'give me a lift.' 'Yes,' says I, 'you go! sixpence.' 'No, no,' says he, 'that I won't.' 'Very well,' says I, 'then you don't want to ride.' 'No, I won't jubbun along, and didn't say no more. Presently, I hears him a scrambling into the cart behind; but I takes no notice, and goes on without lookin' round. Well, among the things in the cart, I had an empty tar-barrel, belongin' to Mr. Reddy of Sainsbury. You knows Mr. Reddy of Sainsbury?"

I assented, and the narrator went on. "So, what does my gentleman do, but he goes knee and nose right into the tar-barrel, and there he sticks fast. 'Hullo, master,' says he, 'I'm stuck fast; help me out of this.' But still I takes no notice, and goes jubbun' along as if I hadn't heard un. But he kept a hollerin' out so, that at last I turns round, and says: 'No, hor, no,' says I; 'yer wanted to ride, and now yer may ride'; and so I went jubbun' along, he a hollerin' out to me to stop, and I now and then a turnin' round to be, and sayin': 'No, hor, no; yer wanted to ride,' just to keep his spirits up. Well, he got wonderful riled, and said as how he'd take the law of me, and all that; but I knowed better, and only said: 'No, hor, no; yer wanted to ride, and now yer may ride.' So I went jubbun' along, till we got to Kentwade Cocks. There my gentleman calls to the hostler to come and help him out. 'No,' says I. I says: 'Not till you ha' paid me my fare.' 'Well,' says he, 'if I must, I must; and how much is it?' 'Why, it's a shillin',' says I; 'and out o' that there barrel you don't come till you ha' paid me.' So he gets his hand into his small-clothes' pocket, somehow or other, and pulls me out a shillin'. Then the hostler and another man, they gets the tar-barrel out o' the cart, and tries to pull him out on't; but they couldn't do it, not they, he was stuck so stammin' fast. So, after tuggin' and pullin' ever so long, the hostler says to me: 'I'll tell you what it is, master,' says he, 'we can't get him out without we break the barrel.' 'No,' says I, 'you man't do that; that belong to Mr. Reddy of Sainsbury.' So to it they went again, a pullin' like mad, and I a laughin' fit to split myself. 'We can't do it master,' says the hostler; 'we must break the barrel.' 'Well,' says I, 'that belong to Mr. Reddy of Sainsbury, if you break it, you must pay for it.' So my gentleman he says: 'And how much do you ask for it?' says he. 'Why, I couldn't take less than half-a-crown for it,' says I. So he gets his hand into his small-clothes' pocket again, and he pulls me half-a-crown. 'Now,' says I, 'you may break the tar-barrel up, if you like; but mind, I must have the pieces.' So they breaks it up, and he come. Such a sight he was, you never see—all drenched over with tar, and runnin' down of sweat, and his face as red as fire, and a bran-new suit of clothes wholly spoiled. 'Now, hor,' says I, 'next time you want to do a poor carrier, just you take care there ain't a tar-barrel in the cart.' So you see he got to pay three-and-sixpence, and wholly ruined his clothes, because he wouldn't give me my proper fare at first. And I got the money and the pieces of the tar-barrel; and I got Mr. Reddy a shillin' for it, and he were quite satisfied with it; and so I think I didn't make a bad job of my gentleman after all.

Here ended the tale, and at it's conclusion, we found ourselves driving up to Kentwade Cocks itself, the scene of the catastrophe. There the *ci-devant* carrier left us, but before he and the coachman and I had had a jug of ale together to drink confusion to cheats and sneaks, and might they all meet with a tar-barrel.

Sensations of taking Chloroform. A correspondent of the San Francisco Weekly Mirror gives the following vivid description of the sensations he felt while under the intoxication of chloroform, in which he had been placed for the purpose of having a silver of iron extracted from his eye: "My last sane recollection is of the surgeon applying the handkerchief to my mouth; then the room began to magnify to gigantic proportions; a common lamp was transformed to a candelabrum, more luminous and costly than ever lighted the grandest cathedral in the world. The surgeon became a giant of prodigious magnitude, holding a huge gleaming knife, with a single blow of which he

might have severed me. The sound of voices in the room, seemed like the clamorings of a vast multitude during the burning of a city, and a signboard, screeching outside, conveyed the idea of a furious mob collected in the street for my execution. On entering the room I had noticed a large cat sitting lazily on a shelf, which turned its head lazily toward me and then resumed its slumbers; this creature became a hideous, vampiric-like monster, with great fiery eyes, and with fangs and claws like what are fabled to belong to the griffin, walking round, and blowing fetid breath on men, and pressing its frightful paws on my breast. But the worst of all was a collection of gigantic men sharpening instruments for my dissection. I could hear the whirring of the stone and the shrieking of the highly tempered knives as the grinders laughed at the intended dissection. One was more jocose and heartless than the rest; he was my implacable enemy; we had quarrelled and fought about a schoolmate love. Presently I felt their keen knives at every joint; I shrieked and screamed, blasphemed and besought my tormentors, but still the instruments hissed through my quivering flesh and grated along every bone. I am satisfied that all these emotions were experienced within a moment after the first inhalation which began the process of stupefaction—so swift are the evolutions of thought when sense is subdued, and when the phantom monarch of dreams leads the soul through the endless avenues, swifter in all its journeying than the shortest fire which falls from the womb of an overburdened cloud.

But a gradual revolution of mental perception succeeded; those frightful spectres began to recede; the men and knives began to diminish; the cat returned to his natural proportions and crept slowly away; the voices became less harsh and threatening, and the noise in the street was subdued to unbroken silence. I looked into a universe of light, with nothing visible, until indistinct forms appeared on the horizon, coming toward me and defining themselves as they came. One was my mother, clad in grave clothes, but, as she neared, her habiliments changed to the fabrics which glittered in the prophet's vision when he looked over the "great congregation which no man could number." Directly she stood by me; and, recognizing every feature, I saw each again; mine was gone; her cheeks were fresh as the young girl's when she first blushes at the whispered words of love, and, stooping to kiss me, the apparition went out, leaving another, still more beautiful and youthful; it was the form of my young wife, who died in birth of her first child. She held an infant in her arms, who reached down and ran his tiny fingers through my hair, but when I tried to take him in my arms, infant and mother were gone. Strange that I felt no disappointment; I knew they were but pictures that hung in a father's heart. Every thing changed to an existence of indescribable pleasure; I laughed and danced like one mad with the exhilaration of unexpected deliverance from torture; the air came into my lungs gratefully as the up-gushing of cool water to the lips of a thirsty drinker. The aroma of celestial gardens seemed about me; I believed that I was in the territory of souls, and wondered how any one should fear to die. I could hear sounds in the street, but they seemed to prolong and swell like the sound of a great organ. Millions of symmetrical creatures passed in review, along a horizon of silver and gold, and yet I was conscious that they were but the creations of a distorted imagination.

Presently I became conscious of returning sense; my limbs felt unyielding and of too great proportions to be moved by the strengthening will; my eyes opened and began to discern objects returning to natural dimensions, and I began to comprehend the conversation of persons in the room. The whole operation had not occupied half an hour, but I had lived centuries of indescribable horrors, and emotions of happiness which are incomprehensible to the sane and wakeful mind. My sight is preserved, and the fragment of steel is in my possession, which, like the key of St. Peter, unlocked the celestial splendours and opened a Pandora box of hellish imagery, which, even now, scares me from dreams to sudden and trembling wakefulness.

Letter from India.

The following letter was recently received by the children of the Old South Sabbath School, Reading, from Rev. Mr. Scudder, now residing in India:—

MADRAS, SOUTH INDIA, Oct. 29, 1861. MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS—My first letter to you from India was dated "Dindigul." This was the first missionary station which we reached in coming from Madras. I was second letter I write to you from Madras, which we will call the capital of our missionary country. Please look this place out on the map, so that you will know exactly where it is. It is quite a large city. But all the missionaries do not live here, any more than all the ministers of Massachusetts live in Boston. There are twelve of us, but only one lives in Madras. The others are in towns around this, twelve or sixteen, or thirty, or fifty miles away.

If we would preach to the heathen we must go to them, for they will not come to us; and as some of them live a good way off, we go in carts or on horseback to see them. Last night I came home from a trip of three days, which I took with an older missionary, and as I was riding back, on my little pony, I thought I would write you a letter about some of the strange things which I had seen; and here it is.

Bright and early on Saturday morning, I started off on my pony, and after losing my way among the rice fields, at last found the village I was looking for, about eight miles from Madras, and there met Mr. Barnell, who had come from his home ten miles in the other direction, to preach to the people in this village. We went into one of the school-houses where is a school for boys and girls, such as you pay for. There we sat down in some chairs that were brought to us, the only chairs, I suppose, in the village; for, you know, all the school children and teachers sit right down in the sand which is the floor. The school-house, like all others, had mud walls and a straw roof. We heard the little boys recite their lessons in geography, Bible questions, &c. One lesson they had which you will think a strange one. They have to learn the dictionary by heart! They say off the words and give the meaning to them, just as fast as they can talk; they sing them off, for their books are written in a sort of rhyme. After we had heard the lessons, we had a meeting for the old people; for this mud-house was the church as well as the school-room. As the people were coming in I saw a poor looking woman with a baby in her arms, climbing over a high wall and taking a seat outside the house on the ground. What do you suppose she was climbing over the wall for when there was a wide door and plenty of room inside! It so happened that there were three or four men, not richer, perhaps, but of a higher "caste" than herself, and she was afraid that if she passed near them they would be angry and scold at her or beat her. In this heathen land all men are not equal, as we say they are in America; but there are a great many different classes or castes. It is a sin for any two people of two different castes to cat together.

After preaching in this place, we went to visit some of the people in their houses. While we were in one of them, we heard a dull, heavy, drum-like sound. "There," said Mr. Barnell, "there is a *Kodangki*; shall we go and see him?" A *Kodangki*, what is that? He is a soothsayer, or magician, or prophet who tells fortunes, and professes to tell where anything is which has been lost, to be able to cure sick people, to drive the devil out of them, to make it rain, and do many other things for a little money. The poor heathen believe he can do all these things; and many are the pennies that they place before him. As I had never seen one, I was glad to go. We found the wise man sitting by the door of a devil temple, next to his own house. He was a young man, and fine looking. He had white ashes rubbed on his forehead. In his hand was a drum, shaped like an hour-glass, and from his little drum hung a belt, and on this belt dangled lots of glass beads, and sweet-smelling seeds of fruit. It has not rained here enough to make the rice grow, and he was singing to the god to bring the water. He stopped a little while after we came in; and then Mr. Barnell, after talking to him, took out a dollar from his pocket, and said, "I will give you this, if you can tell me what I write on this paper." He wrote my name in Yamil, and put the paper away. The man looked rather ashamed, but began to call on his gods. He thumped on the drum, and sucking in his breath till he grew red in the face, sang in a loud voice, crying out to the gods to tell him the secret. After pulling and singing about a quarter of an hour, he gave the answer: "You have written," he said, "about a man that people in America are disputing about." When he found how wrong he was, he did not seem to care much, for he knew that the people who he did guess wrong. And sure enough, we had only just left the house when we heard him thumping his drum again, as some one had come to get him to bring the rain down.

The next day was the Sabbath; and it was my first birthday in this heathen land. In the cool of the morning I went away from the noise of the village, and lay down in the grass with the sky above, which looks the same all over the earth, and in full view of the mountains, which made me think of the mountains I knew at home. Then I thought of my far-off friends, my father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and I knew that they would pray for me, too, this day. I tried to pray that God would make me a faithful servant of His in this land to which I had come to preach His word. Will any of you ever spend a birthday in a heathen land? That day we preached and talked to the people as all missionaries do every Sabbath day. I must not forget to tell you that a poor woman who had no money, brought in, as her weekly contribution, a wooden bowl of grain. So the next morning we had a little auction and sold it. It brought just one cent; a small sum, but large, I doubt not, in the eyes of the Saviour.

Monday morning we rose before day-break so as to go to a famous temple. After riding about an hour we came to it. We were not sorry to see that many of the buildings around it were tumbling down. Do you remember hearing how the little bandian-seed, lodging between the stones of a temple, takes root and grows till it splits the rocks, and one

(Concluded on fourth page.)

The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

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S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Boston and New York, S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Scituate Building, Court Street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEB. 22, 1862.

THE EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

The news that has this week been flashed over the telegraphic wires, carrying joy to every loyal heart from Maine to Minnesota, and doubtless spreading consternation throughout the length and breadth of Rebeldom, though it has been somewhat pruned down by later despatches, is still great enough and good enough to more than justify all the bell ringing and cannon firing that welcomed it in every city and town.

It is true that we have not taken prisoner the celebrated Sidney Johnson, or can yet rejoice to know that the notorious Buckner is in good hands, and that, after a hard fight and a glorious victory, we hold thirteen thousand men, a very formidable force, and immense stores of the material of war, as the fruits of one of the bloodiest battles ever fought by volunteer troops.

General Floyd displayed his usual mastery over the eighth commandment, and though no one supposed the rebels had a march left to them he succeeded in stealing one. It is a badge of mournful reflection to see such an accomplished thief descend to the lowest branches of his profession, and commit the very petty larceny of stealing himself. Such is the force of habit. But according to the present appearance of affairs in Kentucky and Tennessee his time will not be long in coming, and we may soon expect to see him fast in some Union prison, unless he should fall in honorable battle, or should lay hands on himself and finish his exploits by robbing the hangman.

The good effect of this news can hardly be overestimated. It has infused fresh spirit into the hearts of loyal people everywhere, and taken in connection with the success of Burnside, the taking of Fort Henry and the rumored capture of the important city of Savannah, it has strengthened into belief the popular impression that the arms of the Union are no longer to be dimmed by repeated reverses, and that the Battle of the Republic was for the last time darkened when Treason or Incompetency wrote the name of Bull's Bluff in shameful and bloody characters.

Not the least encouraging feature of this news is the report that reaches us of the feelings with which the conquerors of Fort Henry were hailed by the citizens in that section of country. It affords confirmation of the statement that a large part of the people in the mountainous districts of Alabama and Georgia are hostile to the Southern oligarchy and retain that affection for their country which a rebel paper calls "their idiotic love for the old Union."

There are not wanting those who believe that the decisive events of the war are not to be looked for on the Potomac, but in the West; and that the Union is to be restored in the valley of the Mississippi.

It is evident that our generals are concentrating their forces and that the powerful army of Buell and the troops under our other generals are very soon to make some important movements.

The news from Tennessee will therefore be anxiously looked for during the next fortnight. May the good prevail.

"Already shows the beginning of the end."
 "A ready tyrannous darkness breaks the day."

Rev. Mr. March left town on Wednesday last for Philadelphia, the scene of his future labors. The delivery of his farewell sermon last Sunday afternoon was followed by a large concourse of friends, both of his own and other congregations. We trust that his labors in Philadelphia in time to come will be as productive of good as they have been in Woburn in time past.

Our Correspondents at home and abroad, must bear with us this week. We are reluctantly compelled to either abbreviate or leave out entire their favors. Next week, such as will then be in season, will be attended to. Indisposition is our principal excuse for this rough treatment.

Hon. J. N. Goodwin, M. C., has our thanks for a copy of the Sanitary Commissioner's Report.

Our military and Naval letters this week will be found interesting.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.—At a meeting of the Selectmen on Thursday evening, it was decided to celebrate Washington's Birthday in a public manner, and a committee was appointed to carry the vote into effect. That committee has decided upon the following programme:—

At Sunrise, Noon, and Sunset the Bells throughout the town to be rung; at 12 M., a NATIONAL SALUTE on Meeting-house Hill. At 3-1/2 P. M., the citizens are invited to assemble at the New Congregational Church for public services.

EXERCISES AT THE CHURCH.

1. Introductory Remarks, by the president, John R. Kimball, Esq.
 2. Prayer, by the Rev. Dr. Stebbins.
 3. Singing—"Hail Columbia,"—by the children of the Public Schools.
 4. Reading Washington's Farewell Address by Mr. J. G. Pollard.
 5. Singing—"Star Spangled Banner," by the children.
 6. Concluding Prayer, by Rev. B. F. Brown.

The children are requested to meet at the church for practice at 2 1/2 o'clock. Doors open to the public at 3 o'clock.

Letter from the Union Guard.

CAMP WILSON, Hall's Hill, Va.,

February 13th, '62.

About 10 o'clock to-day, Cos. A and F, formed a division and went out on skirmish drill, and returned in about an hour and a half. After the Co. F, was dismissed, Captain Thompson, who is always foremost in every good work, was the first who received the news of Burnside's victory in camp. "Orderly," said he, "Fall in the Company, I've got good news for you." The tents were soon vacated, the cook-house not excepted, for I saw the chief cook swinging his cap with his mouth wide open, and six others were given for Burnside. This was contagious, for it went through every Co. from right to left.

Ten men from each Co. in the Brigade are making a corduroy road to Washington by felling trees and putting them across the road. This ought to have been done months ago.

Every day the Regt. practice target shooting—distance, from a hundred to a thousand yards.

Last Friday, Feb. 7th, D. F. Brown, Quartermaster's Sergeant, died of typhoid fever. His father was with him at the time of his death and conveyed his remains home to Cambridgeport, Mass. The deceased was a faithful officer and a gentleman of mild disposition. He was kind to all, and will be greatly missed in the department to which he belonged.

B.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Editor:—In common with many patriots, I am much gratified that our Chief Magistrate has proclaimed to the citizens of the United States that they notice in a public manner the birthday of the beloved Washington, the influence of whose counsels was never more needed than at this moment.

In the programme of exercises to be held in this town to-morrow, I see, in order No. 5 that the children will sing the "Star Spangled Banner." Allow me to make one suggestion, that the audience in one voice, (if not one chord) join in the chorus at the close of each stanza. The effect would be thrilling, and through perchance every voice should be, in the right key, every heart would be, and doubtless Mr. Clark will make up all deficiencies.

UNION.

Woburn, Feb. 21, 1862.

We are happy to have it in our power to say that the little daughter of Mr. G. W. Kimball who we stated last week as being sick with diphtheria, is fast convalescing, and that physician, (Dr. Harlow), parents and friends are looking forward to her early return to health. During the week another large piece of the disease has been removed and circumstances do not now warrant the supposition that the complaint will extend to the windpipe.

FOR WASHINGTON.—The following named gentlemen left town on Wednesday, for the purpose of spending a short time among the camps in the vicinity of Washington:—Dea. Thomas Richardson, Jotham Hill, Simon Holden, John G. Cole, Willis Buckman, and Philip Alexander.

KNITTING FOR THE UNION GUARDS.—The ladies connected with the several societies in Woburn, are desirous of having 150 pairs stockings knit in ten days, for the Union Guard, and will supply yarn to any ladies who may wish to contribute to the comfort of the soldiers, in the shape of knitting.

THE CHILDREN OF THE CENTRE GRAMMAR SCHOOL enjoyed a very pleasant sleighride on Wednesday afternoon. They visited Boston, Brighton, Belmont and West Cambridge, stopping at Brighton for refreshments.

THE TOWN OF WOBURN has paid to her military men from the breaking out of the war to February 1st, \$8,435.09; of this sum the State refunds \$4917.47.

GODEY for March is before the public. The interest manifested by the ladies in this pet monthly is beyond all precedent, and it is worthy of it all.

The chaplain of the Senate, Rev. Mr. Clark of Newton, will preach in the First Congregational Church, to-morrow.

A public spirited citizen intends, so we hear, to start the old Town clock again. "We wish him success."

The thirteenth Annual Ball of Gen. Worth Engine Co. No. 2, Stoneham, passed off on Wednesday evening in a pleasant manner. Sixty couples were present.

VOLUNTEERS FOR THE ARMY SHOULD leave the City until supplied with HOLLOWAY'S PILES & OINTMENT. For Sore, Scoury, Wounds, Small Pox, Erys, and Bowel Complaints, these ointments are the best in the world. Every French Soldier uses them. Only 25 cents per Box.

Letter from the Colorado.

STEAMER COLORADO, Jan. 30th,

Off S. W. Pass.

Mr. Editor—News will undoubtedly have been received at the North, ere this reaches you, of the capture of the rebel steamer Cuba—formerly known as the J. C. Calhoun—of New Orleans—by the Colorado, while attempting to run the blockade at this place; also of the escape of her crew and passengers, among whom was the great advocate and supporter of secession, Wm. L. Yancey of Alabama, and also ex-Hon. Thos. B. King of Georgia. Thinking that an account of the affair, with other events which have taken place subsequently, would not be uninteresting to your readers, I have hastily noted down the particulars connected with the capture, which, if on perusal you deem worthy of consideration, you are at liberty to publish.

The Cuba was first seen from the Colorado about sunrise on the morning of the 23d inst., in an easterly direction, and about two miles distant from us, the sea being at the time very rough, and the atmosphere filled with a dense fog. She was at first supposed to be the mail-boat, which had been expected for several days previously, but as the fog lifted a black smoke was seen to be issuing from her smoke stack, indicating that she was burning soft coal, which is not the case with any of our steamers. It was soon plain to be seen, also, that instead of approaching us, as at first conjectured, she was on the contrary showing us her heels, and rapidly increasing the distance between us; at the same time directing her course into an inlet or bay; which makes in between the islands, our or five miles to the eastward of us, and about half-way between this Pass and the S. Pass, evidently intending to reach the latter before the blockading vessels, and thus gain a free pass to New Orleans. Our Pilot, however, who is perfectly acquainted with the channels and soundings in this vicinity, informed Capt. Bailey that if such was the intention of her commander he would soon find himself sorely disappointed. Mean while the Colorado's tender, the Samuel Rotan—not the Robert Deman as I incorrectly stated in my other letter, and as I understood her name to be at that time,—had been signalled to beat to quarters and give chase; and as the wind was then blowing almost a gale from the N. W., she had gradually closed up the distance between herself and the steamer, when our look-out reported the latter ahead, and half and fast, the schooner being then only a mile or two distant from her. On arriving alongside it was found that she was not a ground, as had been reported, but anchored and deserted by her crew and passengers, who could be seen from her deck retreating in their boat toward Pilot-town, a small village about seven or eight miles from the bar, outside of which the Colorado is anchored. A fire having been discovered, however, in the hold of the steamer, the attention of the captors was immediately given to its extinguishment, which was after considerable difficulty accomplished, and the fugitives were meanwhile presented with an opportunity to make good their escape, of which they probably took every possible advantage.

There is no reason to doubt that if the officers of the Samuel Rotan had been possessed of sufficient presence of mind to have sent a boat's crew in pursuit of them, they would all have been secured as prisoners; but unfortunately, as it seems to me, the safety of the steamer was for the time uppermost in their minds, in consequence of which, as has since been proved, two noted secessionists,—the capture of whom would have created universal enthusiasm throughout the loyal States,—have made their escape, and are now probably safe, for the present at least, in the bosom of Secessiondom.

Soon after the Cuba had been boarded by the Rotan's crew, an engineer was sent off from the Colorado to take charge of her machinery, which was found to be in a disordered state, and owing to the delay occasioned by this circumstance she was not finally brought to an anchor along the Colorado until about 9 o'clock, P. M.

Early upon the following morning (24th), fifty or sixty men were sent up to Pilot-town on the steamer to search for her crew, who it was supposed would be found at that place, or in the immediate vicinity. No information was obtained, however, in regard to them, except that they had been seen to pass up the river on the previous afternoon, without making any stop at Pilot-town, and as the smoke of a rebel steamer had been seen by us coming down the river shortly after the Cuba left in the morning, it was conjectured that they had been taken aboard of her and carried up the river, as has since been proved to have been the case.

On Saturday (25th), a gentleman came down with a flag of truce from Pilot-town, who on coming aboard the Colorado introduced himself by the name of Scott, and stated that he with his wife were passengers from Havana upon the Cuba. He remained on board several hours, during a greater part of which he was closeted with the Captain and 1st Lieut. I have found it impossible to ascertain the precise circumstances in regard to his case, but I am informed that he claims to be an English subject, and that he sailed with his wife from London a few weeks ago with English passports. On his arrival at Havana he engaged passage upon the Cuba to New Orleans, where his wife's mother resides. His object in coming aboard the Colorado was to recover a few articles of clothing and jewelry which belonged to his wife, and had been left by them on board the steamer, both having refused to desert her and enter the boats, when ordered to do so by her captain, until informed by him that fire had been communicated to her magazine, which he stated would soon explode. He (Scott) claimed to have no complicity with the rebels and no sympathy with their cause, satisfactory proof of which was received, I presume, by our officers; at all events his property was restored to him, and he returned in the afternoon to Pilot-town, after having communicated several important facts in regard to the steamer and her passengers,

among whom, he stated, were Yancey and King, as had been previously concluded, from papers which were found aboard of her.

During the past week her cargo has been overhauled and found to consist of several cases of Enfield rifles, a large quantity of ammunition, salt petre, coffee, quinquina, lime and cigars, all of which has been transferred to the Samuel Rotan, and forwarded to the Flag Officer at Ship Island.

Nothing else of importance has taken place here since my last letter, with the exception of the appearance of three of the "Mosquito Fleet," on Wednesday of the present week, one of which came down the Pass until within about three miles distant from us, when she came to and fired two shots, which fell nearly a mile short of us. Two shots were then fired from our 30 pounder rifled Parrot gun, but without effect. Our 11-inch pivot—or peace-maker, as we term it—was then elevated and fired, the shell bursting within a few feet of her bow, reminding her that her presence was required further up the river, judging from the fact that she immediately retreated in that direction. The Cuba hid when this occurrence took place, no guns mounted upon her except a small boat howitzer, otherwise the affair might have ended differently. She has since been armed with two rifled Parrot guns, which will probably have an argument or two to offer, should the rebels repeat Wednesday's experiment.

The weather during the past month has been very unfavorable to health and comfort. Fogs and rains have prevailed to such an extent that the decks have been wet and sloppy a great part of the time; still there has been but very little sickness among the crew, the binacle list indicating only thirteen to be in the hospital at the present time. The thermometer has ranged from 52° to 70°, averaging about 64°.

SUNDAY, Feb. 24.—The Niagara came in last night and is said to be under orders to sail for the North as soon as she has transferred a part of her armament and stores to some other vessel of the squadron. It is thought by many of our officers that the Colorado will also be ordered home, as soon as relieved by some vessel of lighter draught—perhaps the San Jacinto, which is expected here soon,—and it is not improbable that ere two months more shall have elapsed, we may sail into New York or Boston harbor. With an earnest wish that such may be our fortune, I remain, yours respectfully,

C. W. GREENE.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

UNION LEVEE.—On Friday evening of last week, Excelsior Engine Company with their friends united in a Social Gathering at their house on Church Street. The engine and apparatus were taken out, and the whole house put in use, appropriately fitted up, and decorated for the occasion. In the upper hall, those who wished had an opportunity to dance and others to look on. In the lower hall were set three long tables which were filled with an abundance of eatables and drinkables of a substantial and tempting nature to which ample justice was done at a late hour. About three o'clock in the morning the company separated, and retired to their respective homes much pleased with the entertainment.

EMANCIPATION.—A petition has been at the Post Office for several weeks receiving the signatures of the legal voters, praying Congress under the war power to emancipate the slaves in the rebellious States, allowing a just and reasonable compensation to loyal slaveholders. Although no effort has been made to obtain signers to this petition, yet some fifty have already placed their names upon it, many of whom are our most prominent citizens.

LYCEUM.—The exercise for last Monday evening was a continuation of the debate upon the resolutions that Congress had no power under the Constitution to abolish slavery in the rebellious States; and that it would be bad policy to do it at the present time if such a power existed. Mr. J. Hovey opened on the affirmative side, by reading the clause in the Constitution relating to the fugitives from service, (claiming that it referred to fugitive slaves) and quotations from Dr. Channing, Ch. Jus. Story and Webster in support of its constitutionality. M. N. Gage on the negative contended that the arguments quoted by the previous speaker referred to times of peace and to States abiding by and supporting the Constitution and not States in rebellion who do not acknowledge the authority of the Constitution. Extracts from the speech of Bingham of Ohio and the Report of the Judiciary Committee in Congress, were read, that the power did exist to emancipate the slaves. Upon the latter part of the resolutions, he argued that whatever tended to the prosperity and happiness of the nation, whatever tended to advance the cause of civilization and humanity was the best policy. The results of emancipation would be beneficial in every respect, and it should be proclaimed at once by our Government if they would bring the war to a speedy and right conclusion.

O. P. Rogers on the affirmative, argued that it would be bad policy to emancipate the slaves, because the men who advocate it were men of "one idea." The whole tenor of his remarks was an attempt to ridicule that class in the community whom he designated by this title. He claimed that Jesus Christ was the only true reformer.

J. Campbell on the negative, also claimed that Jesus Christ was a true reformer, especially when he denounced the Scribes and Pharisees in the severest and strongest terms, which he commended to the consideration of the previous speaker. He would defy any one to show that there was any thing in the Constitution which prevents the abolition of slavery. There are four passages in the Constitution which refer to slavery.—The three fifths representation,—insurrections, importations of slaves, and return of fugitives. None of these have any thing to do with the question under the consideration. Extracts were

read from the speeches of John Randolph, George Mason, and Patrick Henry in the Virginia Convention of 1787, on the adoption of the Federal Constitution, to show that these patriots believed that there was nothing in the Constitution to prevent such a policy as he advocated. With regard to the war, he contended that the war is for slavery, and it was our duty to fight against it, using those means in our power to help us.

A. Norton on the affirmative, advocated emancipation only whenever it became a military necessity and enlisted the Commander of our Armies, speaking of the victories already achieved by our arms and predicting their ultimate success throughout the country.

Hon. O. R. Clark on the negative, referred to the description given by a previous speaker of "men of one idea" and remarked that some people were very good at describing their own phenological developments.—Sometimes they were apt to flatter, but in the case in question, there had been no exaggeration. There were many men at the North who ape the manners and customs of some of the people at the South who being deficient in knowledge themselves, attempt to ridicule those so far superior to them as to be beyond their comprehension. These little minds, cannot rise above their own limited resources or recognise those great ideas which are the basis of our civilization and to which we owe much of what we are permitted to enjoy in this lower world. Mr. C. believed that constitutionally we can abolish slavery. The rebellious States have broken the compact, and the other States are therefore released from their obligations. Let Congress provide the means and the work will be done.

A. G. Ham on the affirmative, claimed that the power existed only by the sword. His argument was presented with clearness and force.

John Story on the negative, referred to the arguments of the gentleman who opened the debate on the previous evening, said it reminded him of the story of the Irishman who seeing an elephant going through the street with a blanket, with his trunk out, was unable to determine which was the head or tail of the animal. Mr. S. then went on to show the fallacy of the gentlemen's arguments and contended that the Constitution nowhere recognises property in man.

By invitation, C. C. Woodman Esq., formerly of this town and of Woburn, being present, made the closing argument on the question. It was a clear logical exposition of the Constitution in reference to the question, and a defence of the good policy that it would be to proclaim emancipation at the present time. On taking the vote on the merits of the question, it was divided, and by a vote of 16 to 9, it was decided that Congress had the power under the Constitution to abolish slavery in the rebellious States; and by a vote of 20 to 7 it was decided to do it at the present time. Mr. Woodman will by invitation, deliver a lecture on Shakspeare with illustrations, from the same.

REJOICINGS.—The recent victories achieved by the Federal troops at Fort Donelson and other places were noticed here on Tuesday noon by the ringing of bells, display of flags, and the blowing of the steam whistle attached to the tannery of B. F. Thompson & Co.

PRESENTATION.—Capt. John A. Bolles was made the recipient of a splendid sword, sash and belt from the Association of the Sons of Connecticut of which he was the President, on Tuesday evening last. The presentation was made at the Cornhill Coffee House, Boston (Young's) by Hon. George M. Browne, Ex-President of the Association, after which the company partook of a supper. The Captain left for his post of duty on Wednesday afternoon last.

DEPARTURE.—Assistant Paymaster Weld left for New York on Tuesday afternoon last with orders to report to the Commandant of the Navy Yard there for service.

SCHOOLS.—The Winter Term of our Schools closes next week. The examinations will commence on Wednesday morning and close on Friday afternoon.

ACCIDENT.—Last Tuesday as Mr. F. W. Baker of this town, was unfurling the American flag from the roof of the building where his place of business is located on Washington Street, Boston, he lost his foot-hold, and fell to the ground fracturing his knee and receiving several other severe bruises. The building is two stories in height and it is miraculous that some of his limbs were not broken. His injuries though not serious, will doubtless confine him to his house and cause him some lameness for a while.

EXCELSIOR.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

There is little local news to be got at this week and I must be content to fill the vacuum with something else. A letter received from a private in the 18th Regt., M. V., now stationed at Hall's Hill, Va., by his wife residing in this town, does not speak in the highest terms of some things done and undone in this regiment, as the following extracts will show. "It is not often that I write in an angry or impatient mood; but I must say that I am out of all manner of patience with the way things are going on in our regiment. I have particular reference to our pay now. All the regiments around here have been paid off this week, and some regiments that were raised and started from Massachusetts after we had been out here for weeks, have had two full payments, while we have had only one. We should have been paid off a month ago. I am not quite ready to say where the whole blame rests; but still we know that Uncle Sam is just as ready to pay off the 18th as any other, and it is perfectly just and reasonable to suppose that if our Colonel wanted us to have been paid off before this, we should have been paid. It is talked of as a fact, that our Colonel is to be promoted to a Brigadier General. Perhaps he is looking after his own private affairs so

close that he neglects the men under his charge, or perhaps speculation may have something to do with it; however, it is not my intention to make charges that have no foundation. I will attest to this much coming under my own observation that a mean speculation is going on among some of the officers and privates of this regiment, and the poor private has to suffer as a consequence. For instance, there are a number of cases where families of this regiment are suffering from the want of the little owed by the government. It is true the cases are few, but I cite them, for though few they are needless. It may seem unnecessary for families that are drawing pay from the State to get out of funds so soon, and would in most cases be needless, but suppose sickness visits the family of an absent volunteer, how long will the little sum received from the State last them? They depended on money from Uncle Sam once in two months, and so do the soldiers here, and make their calculations accordingly; and if it does not come when it should, borrowing and hiring is resorted to; and if they cannot do any better they will pay officers and others few dollars for three; some of the officers and men keep money by them to speculate with. I never have been for spending money than I have been for the past three weeks, and I neither drink, gamble, smoke nor chew tobacco, and in fact only use money as needed, that is, for paper, pens, postage stamps, &c. Now I have been forced to send home several times for these things, when if I had been punctually paid I should not have had cause to. As a general thing when we get paid off, we send most of our money home to our families and friends, keeping enough back to get necessary articles with. It is a shame that we are kept out of our pay a month over the time, when there is no need of it, causing in some instances distress. It is hard enough at best, to leave family, friends, and all that we hold dear to us, behind, and in our country's defence suffer privations that no one can fully realize until they have themselves tried it, without being continually perceiving this neglect. If we must, because we are out here, pay a cent for the privilege of hearing from our friends through mail by a pre-paid letter, I say that it is no more than just that we should have the money that is our due to pay for them, and not be obliged to borrow money at ruinous interest to meet such expenses or charges. This may look small, it is a cent affair it is true, but it has already cost me some three dollars, and take it through a regiment of a thousand men, the amount is not insignificant. Well, the boys have borne the whole thing patiently until last night, when they could contain themselves no longer, and such a hallooing for the pay roll was never heard on these hills before, I tell you; and if the rumor is true that I hear as I write, it has had a good effect, for Brigadier Gen. Martindale, whom we all love and respect, has taken the matter in hand and the boys are to have their pay in less than twenty-four hours. But enough of this. As soon as I can find time I propose to write an article for insertion in some of the papers, showing up some of the doings in the service in their true light. It is true I have felt indignant at the way things have been going on, and it is due to the privates of the regiment that it be well known to the public how they are used; but these trifles, if they can be called such, will not deter us from doing our duty, but now that our country calls for help, we will with willing hearts and hands defend our country's flag against traitors' hands, and help wave the old star-spangled banner over every State and Territory in our land." A subsequent letter received from the same writer says:—"We have been paid off and great was the rejoicing. The men rushed out of their tents on the 'double quick' to catch a glimpse of something that looked like money."

LENO.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Extracts from our army correspondence dated Camp Hamilton, Va., Feb. 10th, 1862.

MR. M.—I find myself much improved in health to-day, and am seated to address to you a few lines. * * * We are having a few days of pleasant weather after a protracted storm. The camp has been a little excited to-day from the reports from the Burnside Expedition, that Elizabeth City had been captured, several of the rebel gunboats sunk, and a rebel vessel containing a large quantity of powder had been seized by our fleet. Co. D, under the command of Capt. Donovan, was sent out beyond Hampton this morning to procure wood for the Regiment. Sometime after they had reached their destination a party was seen upon the other side of a small creek displaying a white flag. They proved to be a party of "contrabands" in charge of one of the rebel cavalry pickets, who had deserted his post, and thus enabled them to escape. They were conveyed across in a skiff that would hold but one at a time, and they seemed very much rejoiced at making their escape from the enemy. The party consisted of six men, three women, and a child, small and purely white; its mother was light mulatto. She was the slave of an officer in Magruder's army, and, for some trivial offence, had been severely flogged a few days before, so that when she reached our guard, she was unable to proceed further on foot; and was brought into camp in one of the company wagons. The soldier in company with them had a quantity of the Confederate Shipplasters—bills of various denominations from two dollars down to ten cents, engraved on paper but little superior to the sheet on which I am writing. These he presented to the guard, and they have been shown around the camp, receiving all sorts of comments, both upon the currency and the parties issuing it. He states that the rebels are enduring many privations at Yorktown, that the most of the women and children are without shoes, and the cavalry horses in as bad condition for want of forage. He presented Capt. D, with a fine revolver, made by Whitney of New Haven, Conn. The party were the subjects

of much curiosity as they passed through the camp on their way to the Fort.

Feb. 11th.—The weather to-day is very fine indeed, reminding me of early June days in New England.

E. M. Livermore, Quartermaster of this regt., resigned his place yesterday—reasons unknown. He ranked as 1st Lieut., and is the son of Hon. Isaac Livermore, of Cambridge, and brother-in-law of the Hon. Anson Burleigh.

There is a three masted vessel coming up from Norfolk, attended by a number of steam-boats. It is in fair sight of our quarters, and a large crowd have collected with glasses watching her. It is reported to be the Merrimack, and the crowd and excitement are increasing. She is eight or ten miles off, and the mail will close before her character is ascertained. I see the post boy is on his horse and I must close.

Yours, &c.,

J. O.

DEATH OF A PRIVATE.—The sad intelligence arrived this week of the death of Sam'l Augustus Wiley, a young man from this town about 19 years old, who enlisted in the 23d Mass. Regt., and was in the Burnside Expedition. Young Wiley having been sick with the measles was left with others, in the Hospital Ship at Hatteras Island, and before he had fairly recovered from the measles he was taken down with the typhoid fever with which he died, and was buried upon the Island. He was the only child of his mother, and she a widow, in feeble health, and looked to Samuel for comfort and support in declining years. But she has long since learned to lean on the arm and promises of Him who is the widow's God. Where else can balm be found to assuage the bitter grief in such a trying hour?

WAR NEWS.—The joy was great on the arrival of the news on Monday afternoon, that notwithstanding the report that the black flag had been hoisted, Fort Donelson was captured. The flag soon adorned the staff of our Common, and the bells pealed forth Thanksgiving notes. The people begin to realize that there is a government, and that the men who administer its affairs will see to it that its power is put forth to crush this gigantic rebellion.

The present joy and in anticipation of future victories, and the ultimate declaration of peace, the citizens clubbed together, and purchased a Cannon, a six pounder, and on its arrival from Boston on Wednesday afternoon enjoyed a little sport with it upon the common. This being its first appearance in so public a place it spoke with a good deal of diffidence, so that its voice could scarcely be heard. It will doubtless gain confidence by use, and by increasing the quantity of explosive material.

ACCIDENT.—Rev. William Heath and wife of this town, were thrown from a sleigh on Wednesday forenoon, with such severity as to cause the dislocation of Mr. H.'s shoulder. Mrs. H. was, physically, unharmed. The day was very delightful, and Mr. Heath took his sick wife to ride. When on or near the turnpike in Stoneham, passing some boys snowballing, one of them threw at the horse and hit him, at which he became excited and ran, and in the effort to hold him the reins parted, and left a spirited animal to his own will. Mr. and Mrs. H. were left near Capt. Steele's, while the horse made full speed for home, which he reached safely with the sleigh right side up undamaged. The boys of Stoneham are probably like the boys of South Reading and other places in respect to their sports, but in either place, and in any case, boys who throw balls or other missiles at horses quietly driven along the streets, deserve to be "beaten with many stripes."</

Miscellaneous.

The Knight and Jester of the Period.

In days of old, when might was right,
Each strong-armed and beef-witted knight
Had a buffoon among his vassals,
Bedecked with bells, and boots, and tassels,
Whose scurrilous jest supplied the want
Of wit in his superior.
The master's powers of mind being scant—
Decidedly inferior.

This jester's duty was to datter
His master's friends, his foes bespatter,
And back him up in every matter.
Now come again in days of steam,
Telegrams and artillery,
A modern anti-type I deem
To find of ancient chivalry!

Sir Times rides pompous through the land,
Laying down law with iron hand,
Clad in cap-a-pie in shining mail,
And on his mule, face turned to tail,
His jester, Punch, trots after him,
And every word the great man speaks
The fool chimes in with silly squeaks
And ad-lib-pated laughter!

(Continued from first page.)

by one, they fall to the ground? Just so it was here; great temples had crumbled into ruins, looking for more pleasing to us, than when they were all whole, with a greasy idol within. But there was one temple still in use, and it is a famous one. We were walking in to see what was inside, where a man, and then three or four others, rushed to us saying, "Go back; go back; you can't come here!" "Why not?" "O, this is a holy place!" So we went back. We then went into another place, swinging open two enormous doors over thirty feet high and a foot thick. A man tried to keep us from going in, but we pushed aside. What do you suppose his reason was? "Why," said he, "you are white people, and can do anything; but if a black man should go in there without leave, he would never come out alive." It is a sacred place. There the people go who want to make vows. They take an oath and throw sand over their shoulders, and then never dare to tell a lie. We went up into a high tower of the temple where we could see a long way off Mr. Burnell shouted out to the people below, "Christ's kingdom shall come; and all the idols he shall destroy." So it shall come, we believe, if we do what our Saviour commands us to do. But we must work hard. "I would rather have my throat cut than be a Christian," said a man, a few days ago.

Pray much, children of the Sabbath School; and, if God permit you, come out to this, or to some other heathen land, to tell the people yourself of Christ. Now, when people write letters, they expect answers. Want you answer this and cheer up your friend?

David C. Scudder.

London by Night.

London by night presents strange scenes. The city proper, being devoted wholly to places of business, is deserted and silent at night, but in the other part of London the hours from nine to midnight are the busiest of the twenty-four.

Let us first enter the gin palace, gaudy with gilt and plate glass. Here is the portly landlord, always bald; the far-famed, chewing a straw; the bar-maid—somewhat from respectable families; and the motley crowd of customers all calling for gin—Costermongers, thieves, rowdies, dirty women, old men, children, and the seedy gentleman who has no money, and stands rubbing his hands and glaring at the gin casks with such thirsty eyes! Presently there is a light—ludicrously represented—the combatants dodging about, but never hitting each other.

Leaving this, we visit Butcher's Row, Whitechapel, the great market of the poor. Here, under the glare of the gas, are miles of legs, loins, joints, kidneys, meat, meat, nothing but meat. On the opposite side, on open stands, are for sale every nameable article, from brooms to Bibles, and such a babel of noise, swearing, laughing, fighting, fun, and confusion! Here you see big butchers, lean butchers, short butchers, tall butchers, and that other sort described by the boy when he called a butcher who kicked him off the sidewalk, "a dropsical old sausage!"

Next comes the penny theatre, where the tragic style is affected. Here is a peep show, "the very one which Her Majesty exhibits to the little Princes every Monday morning, and I borrow it for the rest of the week." In Ratcliff Highway we meet the ballad sellers and such ballads—"fourteen verses about Moses in the bulrushes, and all for a penny!" "Pharaoh's daughter went down to the Nile To take a bath in style, And running on the bank to dry her skin, She hid her foot again in the basket that Moses was a lying in."

A visit to a police station introduces us to the machinery of the London police, with its fifty-five thousand constables and inspectors. A little man is brought in, drunk, for knocking at Mr. Brown's door. "What is your name, sir?" "Dono." "How old are you?" "Dono." His watch is gone, but its number and the name of its maker are sent to every police station, and before morning every pawnbroker's shop in the city is visited.

But we must visit the Victoria Theatre—the costermonger's theatre—one of the great curiosities of London. The costermonger is a contraction of costard-monger, the small apples which they sell having formerly been called costards—are a class by themselves, the heathen of the great world of London, vendors of small wares, which they carry about in baskets. They have very crude notions of religion, and can't understand how any one can feel any interest in the salvation of their souls. They don't understand loving their enemies, but think it mainly to pitch in and "punch 'em." The young costermonger early sets up himself, and gets a girl to keep house for him. One of them said to me, "It's werry curus that a gal thinks the more of a feller the more he wallops her. It hurts, ye see; and all the while it hurts it makes her think of you, and so keeps you in mind."

This theatre is patronized by the young costermongers and their girls—fifteen hundred or two thousand of them in an immense gallery, and as they support the theatre the actors play only to them. It is a sight to see them—such a mass of faces upon the move. They shout, they laugh, they fight, they pitch nutshells into the girls' bonnets hung upon the railing, they interrupt the actors, keeping up a running commentary on everything said, and all is quietly submitted to by the manager. They don't understand sentimental scenes, but enjoy fights, and when they are over, shout encore, and the dead man must get up and fight it over again, or Hamlet must give them a comic song in his soliloquy, or the ghost give them a fancy dance. We come here not to see the play, but the audience.

From the theatre to the lodging-houses, the haunts of thieves, the encounter with pickpockets, the noble institutions of charity, the ragged schools, and the movement for the reformation of prostitutes, by inviting them to ten at a restaurant, where clergymen wait upon them, and conclude with Christian exhortations which move the hardest hearts. Places of refuge are provided for them, and numbers have been saved.—John B. Gough.

Curious Epitaphs.

In the churchyard of Truro, says an English paper, the Shrewsbury Chronicle, are the following epitaphs:

"Here lies two little ones,
Whose ears were tender as their bones."
The second is equally original:

"Father, and mother, and I,
Close to be buried as under:
Father and mother lies buried here,
And I lies buried yonder."

A freeholder in the parish of Wistanton, whose wife died some time ago, has lately erected a tomb in the churchyard to her memory, and described her age in the following way:

"Twice six, twice ten,
Twice twenty and eleven."

On being asked why he put her age in that way, he replied: "Why her was always an odd 'un when her was alive, and I thought her should have summat odd now her's dead."

A critic of Mr. G. V. Brooke's acting in "Othello," complains of the long pauses introduced, and says it is a common fault with him. Once while acting Hamlet, Mr. Brooke made a very long stop after the words,

"To be, or not to be," upon which an impatient occupant of the gallery vociferated to the tragedian, "Toss up for it, Brooke!"

Nothing hides a blemish so completely as a cloth of gold. This is the first lesson that heirs and heiresses commonly learn. Would that equal pains were taken to convince them that the having inherited a good cover for blemishes does not entail any absolute necessity of providing blemishes for it to cover!

The worst of all kinds of eye-water is a coquette's tears.

A widow said to her daughter,—"When you are of my age, you will be dreaming of a husband." "Yes, mamma," replied the girl, "for a second time."

Napoleon Bonaparte punished every dishonest army contractor with death. He regarded every man who sought to coin money by malpractice upon the Government, in a time of war, as worse than a public foe.

Upon two lovers, who, being espoused, died before they were married:—
"She first deceased; he for a little tried To live without her, liked it not, then died."

No doubt honesty is the best policy, but those who do honest things merely because they think it good policy, are not honest.

TOYS, FANCY GOODS, &c.

JUST OPENING AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE, a large lot of Toys and Fancy Goods consisting in part as follows—
Dolls and Doll Heads in variety, Fruit, Boat, and Willow Baskets, Cushions, Wax Angels, Beads, Drums, Whips, Whistles, Rattles, Domino Masks, Paper Soldiers, Zouaves, Fire Engines, Toy Brushes, Jumping Mice and Jacks, Wagons, Rings, Harmonicas, "No. 108," &c., &c.
Alabaster Inkstands, Pearl and Shell Card Cases, Pearl and Ivory Paper Knives, Dominoes, Backgammon Boards and Checkers, Men, Puff Boxes, Watch Stands, Brooches, Necklaces, Portemonnaies, Perfumery, Hair Oils, Extracts, &c., &c.

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The cheapest Glue in the world.
The most durable Glue in the world.
The only reliable Glue in the world.
The best Glue in the world.

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the only article of the kind ever produced which

It will Mend Wood,

Save your broken Furniture,

It will Mend Leather,

Mend your Harness, Straps, Belts, Boots, &c.

It will Mend Glass,

Save the pieces of that expensive Cut Glass Bottle.

It will Mend Ivory,

Don't throw away that broken Ivory Fan, it is easily repaired.

It will Mend China,

Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made as good as new.

It will Mend Marble,

That piece knocked out of your Marble Mantle can be put on again.

It will Mend Porcelain,

No matter if that broken Pitcher did not cost but a shilling, it is a shilling saved in shifting around.

It will Mend Alabaster,

That costly Alabaster Vase is broken and you can't mend it; mend it, it will never show when put together.

It will Mend Bone, Coral, Lava, and in fact every thing but Metals.

Any article cemented with AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE will not only be mended, it is mended.

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"It is always ready; this commands it to be useful to every body."—Independent.

"We have tried it; it is as useful as glue in the house as water."—Hill's Spirit of the Times.

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THE

MEASURES

are

A, the distance

round the Neck

B to B the Yoke

C to C the Sleeve

D to D the distance

around the Body

E to E the length

of the

Shirt.

F.Y.S.

BALLOU'S

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI.: No. 22.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
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Poetry.

"Hearts of Gold."

Here to the hearts that love us,
Thy forms our own have clasped,
Thy faces we have gazed upon,
Thy hands that we have grasped;
For though within our circle
Time a gap hath clef,
There are still some pleasures spared to us
And still some dear ones left.

Here to the hearts that love us;
May they faithful still remain,
Till the summer sun of happiness
Shine on us again.
The hearts that ne'er forsake us,
Nor as fortune's frown grows cold,
Are cherer far than "pearls of price,"
For they are Hearts of Gold.

Plant, plant within our bosoms
One spray of ivy green,
To climb around the ruined home
Of pleasures that have been;
But let us not repining,
Ungratefully forget,
That though some storms have come on us,
Some beams are left us yet.

Select Literature.

A SOLDIER'S FIRST BATTLE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

So then the problem is solved, and I am
after all a hero! I am glad to know it, for
it gave me confidence in myself that I did not
before possess. I had long doubted whether
that identity known to his fellows as
Edgar Brandon, was a brave man or a
coward, and now the doubt is removed, the
matter is clear, the fact is established, num-
bers have witnessed it, and the general has
made it public.

Well, now that I am a hero, I have been
congratulated by my comrades and strangers,
been acknowledged as such by my govern-
ment, and am lying here in the hospital with
a broken arm, two broken ribs, a bruised
head, a serious stab, and sundry minor ail-
ments, with plenty of time to think and re-
flect, let me recall the details and see what
claim I have to the honorable distinction.

A private in a battalion of cavalry, flank-
ing the right of a column of infantry, and
quietly watching the dense bodies of the ene-
my, they steadily moved up into position
for opening the terrible conflict, their bright
arms glittering and flashing in the unclouded
rays of a clear, morning sun, I had not the
responsibility of command to distract my
thoughts from consideration of personal dan-
ger, and I remember calculating the chances
of my being one of the first victims when the
black mouthed batteries of the foe should
belch forth their messengers of death. Though
I was firm and still, I felt very ill at ease, and
looking round upon my comrades, I saw many
a pale face and quivering lip, which convin-
ced me that their thoughts and feelings were similar
to mine. Why could we not advance? Why
must we remain there, like so many statues,
and let the iron hail strike us with all our
cold, shuddering reflections upon us. Oh,
for action of some kind, to ward off the
thoughts that were secretly making us trem-
ble like cowards? Were we cowards?—
Should we break and run at the first sight
of blood? There was no telling, for we were
as yet untried soldiers, and scarcely a man
among us had the right to say that he would
stand fire. How was it with veterans? Did
they feel as we felt while waiting for a
battle to begin?

The suspense was awful, and every minute
made it worse. Why did not one side or the
other fire, and break the paralyzing dread?
But no—marching, marching—marching here,
there and yonder—all, except our column,
which had got into position too soon, and
must now wait idly for the dread messengers
of destruction, like so many sheep in the
butcher's pen.

Gradually the whole field began to settle
down into a death-like quiet, and at last the
two armies stood passively before each other,
face to face, watching each other in that omi-
nous silence which precedes the bursting of
the tempest. And then I would have given
half of my life, whatever that might be, to
have been safe at home. So much for that
courage which men now applaud, and which
is said to have won me such honorable dis-
tinction.

From my position on elevated ground, I
could see the headquarters of the opposing
army, with mounted officers prancing and
curtling around a centre, which I knew to
be the commander-in-chief, the single human
being, who was to direct that host amid the
roar and rush and carnage so soon to be—
Ah! cool should be the brain and great the
skill of him who is the thinking principle of
such a mighty mass! whose will may be the
fate of hundreds, perhaps of thousands, per-
haps of a nation itself!

There was now a deep and awful silence of
perhaps a minute, as if each commander
dreaded to be the first to open the work of
death, and then there was a single flash, a
single roll of smoke, a single heavy boom,
and the signal of deadly strife had been given
from the cannon's mouth. Then came the
unrelenting roar of more than twenty batteries,
all along the lines, to which our batteries gave
the answering roar, and in an instant the mis-
siles of death had passed from foe to foe, and
the rifle battle had begun.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, with the

ground fairly trembling under the roar of
cannon, and still there was nothing for me to
do but sit on my horse, look down on a cloud
of smoke, listen to the sound of strife, and
calculate the chances of being suddenly
hurled into eternity with every breath I drew.
At first the balls went wide of the position I
occupied, and men fell at a distance; but
gradually the strife grew nearer and more
near, till at length the balls began to sing
around us, and the heavy smoke rolled up to
envelop us in its sulphurous folds. Now
the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry,
the groans of combatants, made a horrid din
in the ears of one who, with nothing to do
wished himself a thousand miles from that
perilous place. Why were we kept idle, to
be shot at like so many dumb targets? Ge-
nerally, as the smoke lifted, I could see
the cavalry charging, and infantry advancing
and firing, and I envied those who, while
doomed to face the danger, had some action
for the body as well as the mind. If we
must remain in that horrible locality, (and I con-
fess I thought seriously of the chances of
running away), in the name of Heaven, let
us have action of some kind!

"Well, Palmer, what do you think of this?"
I said, turning to the man on my left.

His lips opened for a reply, but none ever
came. A cannon-ball passed through his
breast, and he fell over against me, his life-
blood staining my garments. I uttered an
involuntary cry of horror, and clung to my
saddle, with every thing swimming around
me.

While thus I sat, sick, faint and dizzy, I
have a dim recollection of seeing an officer
dash up to the commander of our troops, and
a dim consciousness that he said something
in a loud, hurried tone. Then I remember
hearing the words:

"We must take yonder battery!—let every
man do his duty! Forward! charge!"

The bugle sounded, and somehow I found
my horse in motion, with my comrades rid-
ing beside me. On we went, faster and faster,
through smoke and flame, amid a confused
roar of firearms and human voices, till down
went my horse, pitching me clean over his
head and into the arms of a man, who grasp-
ed me by the throat, and, springing back,
struck at me with a sabre. Instinctively I
parried the blow, and then somehow getting
impression that if I did not kill him he would
kill me, I cut him down. Then there was a rush
and whirl around me that I did not under-
stand, and somebody else seemed trying to
take my life. Of course it was my duty to
defend myself as well as I could, and I re-
member striking out with my sabre right and
left, though with what effect I really do not
know.

However, in something like a minute or so,
I found myself standing all alone, just in
front of a large cannon, with several persons
fighting near me, some mounted and some on
foot. One of the mounted men looked like
my captain; and, with a vague idea that I
ought to assist him, I was moving toward
him, when a sudden blow on the head sent
me reeling against the cannon, and I fell
down under it.

Though partially stunned, I was not de-
prived of my senses, and I might easily have
got up and continued the fight; but it occurred
to me that I was safer where I was—that I
had a rather Presidential escape—and so I
concluded to lie there for awhile, more espe-
cially as I believed I could meet any malicious
charge of cowardice with the bold assertion
that my wound had for the time deprived
me of my consciousness.

In a minute or two the gun was surrounded
by my comrades, and then nine hearty cheers
rent the air.

"Bravely done, my gallant fellows!" said
the voice of our commander; "the battery is
ours; but, alas! with the loss of some of the
noblest spirits that ever went into battle.
Let them be taken up and carried back,
some of them may yet be saved. Poor Bran-
don! I shall never forget him. The first
upon the enemy, he fought with a valor
seldom equalled. With his horse shot from
under him, he engaged in a hand-to-hand
encounter, and slew three desperate fellows
before he was overpowered. Ah! my heart
swells with pride at the thought that I com-
mand such men!—let the memory of the
dead be honored!"

Good heavens! was he in earnest or in jest?
I anxiously listened for a laugh, but none
came. Could it be possible that he had mis-
taken me for a hero? No! who had blundered
through all I had done, and got out of the
way at the earliest possible moment. No, no
—already I was doubtless the butt of my
captain and comrades!

"Ah! here he is! here is Brandon!" ex-
claimed two or three voices; and immedi-
ately a dozen hands assisted me out from under
the cannon, and congratulations poured in
upon me till I was more completely bewildered
than when I was unconsciously acting the
part of a daring hero.

Such then was my first glorious exploit,
with the exact amount of credit that ought to
attach to it, but which I think I will keep
to myself, notwithstanding I have recorded it in
my journal. What business has the critical
public with motives? Facts have made me a
hero in spite of myself, and let the facts
stand as others have recorded them.

In a few minutes another order called my
corps away to another charge; but I, not
being mounted, could not accompany them.
So I started off afoot toward that part of
the field whither I perceived some men carrying

the wounded. Before I got half way there,
one of the enemy's horses came prancing
toward me, and with a sudden spring I
caught it. Having mounted, I was riding
away as fast as I could, when a body of
cavalry came thundering along, with the
bugle sounding a charge. I would have
given these foemen a wide berth, but unfor-
tunately my confounded fool of a horse would
not let me. Taking the bit in his teeth, he
rushed directly in among them; and I, being
good deal excited and confused, thought I
was now obliged to fight, whether I would or
not. Had it occurred to me that I could
surrender myself a prisoner of war, I should
unquestionably have done so at once; but
instead of this, I began to lay about me,
right and left, with no particular design in
view, except it might be to get away as quick
as I could. Surely they must have thought
me either a mad-man or a fool, to contend
single-handed against such odds, and they
treated me accordingly. Sabres flashed,
blows fell, and soon, with a broken arm and
a broken head, I dropped from my horse, to
have the little snake I possessed trampled out
of me on the ground.

Now, seriously, this is all I personally know
of a battle in which it is said I distinguished
myself by not immortalizing myself by prodigies
of valor; for the next I remember is of finding
myself among the wounded, under the care of
our surgeon, who informed me that the enemy
had been defeated, and we had won a great
victory. He further said that my name was
in everybody's mouth, from the general down;
and though a few of the more prudent were
disposed to censure my rashness, yet all con-
curred in pronouncing me a hero worthy of
the happiest days of Sparta.

Though excessively pale from the loss of
blood, I know that some must have found
my way to my cheeks as I humbly confessed that
my last Quixotic charge was all the work of
an unmanageable horse; but to my surprise
the doctor affected not to believe me, and
declared that told others the same truthful
story, with the same result; but now I do
not repeat it any more—finding it a very
pleasant thing to be a distinguished hero with
as somewhat lucrative promotion as my reward.

The only thing that troubles me now, aside
from my honorable wounds and bruises, is the
mental query, whether, in case I should ever
venture into battle again, I should so happily
blunder through the second as the first, and
ever find another victorious, headstrong beast
to bear me on to glory in spite of myself.

For the Middlesex Journal.

John Bull and Brother Jonathan.

Irving says, "there is scarcely a being in
existence, more absolutely present to the pub-
lic mind, than that eccentric personage, John
Bull." We recognize him instantly, whether
he holds the ribbons at a race-course, handles
the quarter-staff at a brawl, or, quite as
much in character, and not less important to
all concerned, sits solemnly down to eat his
dinner.

We know, also, what he has for dinner,
just as well as if we had looked over the bill
of fare with him and stuck our own individual
fork into every particular item, for John Bull,
the jockey, and the pugilist, is yet a very
methodical gentleman in his eating. Does
John wish to show his loyalty, he gathers
his neighbors together, and they prepare the
"address to the foot of the throne," over a
substantial feast. Does Christmas come round,
so does the round of beef. Is he gay, or
sober—he laughs, or reflects, over a pint of
Brown Stout. Does he set up all right to
secure a good view of a coronation or pageant,
in the morning, he picks out the crumbs of
plum cake, squeezed into fragments in his
wife's pocket, by the crowd,—picking and
grumbling, alternately.

Honest John Bull! resolved into his proxi-
mate elements, a well compacted, well-plum-
pudding, should form his great, round head;
his thorax should be a juicy mutton leg,
while stout sirloins, and juicy mutton chops,
should flank the same, and bring up the rear.
His short sturdy legs would naturally be the
debris from the upper regions, accumulated
by the sheer force of resistless gravitation.
Of course, John, himself borrows the charac-
teristics of his component parts. He has the
lumbering, ungracious dignity of his testy
name-giver. He ferments as readily as his
own malt liquors, and yet, at times, is as
juicy and pleasant as his favorite mutton.

Pilant, but not compressible, he yields on
this side, but not on the other, like the
plum pudding on which he feeds, if forced in
on one side, extra space must be allowed on
the other. You can persuade him, perhaps,
if he does not suspect you wish to do so, but
you cannot force him,—*exceptis probat regu-
lam*.

Such is John Bull, living in an old, tumble
down house, lounging under the shade of old,
moss-coated trees, eating and drinking like
his fathers before him, and troling the same
old rollicking song, worshipping in the same old
parish church, with words of the olden time,
and reaching safely at last, the same old vault
under the chancel, or nook in the church-
yard, where slumber his fathers.

Brother Jonathan is a very different lad.
He may race but it is after the almighty dol-
lar. He may fight, and it is down-right hard
fighting when he does, but it is for his char-
tered rights, nobody can tell what he will
have for dinner. He does not eat over loyal
speeches, and rarely, if ever, tells the Presi-
dent he is perfectly satisfied with him.

John Bull is most clamorous when he is
pleased, and growls only when out of humor.
Jonathan is clamorous when he is displeased,
and grunts only when things go to suit him.
He eats when it comes handy, then his food is
required to perform a forced march down his
throat that would strangle John Bull outright.
Is there a pleasure party proposed, the first
question is Refreshments; "that answer
governs the patronage." You remember Little
Britain goes to Epping forest with a cold bite
in a brown paper, in the pocket, and you say
Jonathan is the bigger glutton. But he is
only more vulgar and scrambling, which is
but natural in a lad of his spirit. The old
gentleman anticipates as much, possibly more,
only he has lost the rush of youthful vigor
through his veins, and is therefore more dis-
creet and dignified. If the lad fails, of success
in the scramble, he says, "it's real mean," and
forgets it, if the old gentleman fails, he
says nothing, but takes it to heart.

Jonathan's proximate elements depend
upon where he grows. The probability is
strong, however, that his head and neck may
be aptly represented by a respectable specimen
of a crooked necked squash. Into the regions
round about, are poured a host which no man
can name, par-boiled, par-baked or greasy
fried. If anything in particular predominates
in Jonathan's body corporate, it is the porker
which may account for the peculiar grunt he
is in the habit of giving when he does not
wish to commit himself, but begs you will
proceed to speak your mind freely. In fact
this porker, apparent in his eye, enriching his
beams, chunked beneath the cover of his pan-
dowdy, may account for more than one of his
peculiarities. Both alike have a keen relish
for prying into every thing, and that intel-
lectual member the nose, seems in either animal,
to have taken out a captain's commission,
since it always marches conspicuously ahead
of the rear-guard. Both animals, have, also,
a mind of their own, and are more likely to
strike out an independent, contrary course,
than to follow, meekly in leading-strings.
Both have a keen, distrustful eye, always
curved to take in the merits of the case.

A proneness to lie down in the sun might
naturally be expected in Jonathan, but so
many condiments counteract this tendency
that he is noted rather for his proclivity to
start off on an eccentric ellipse, from any
mathematical point to which you may attempt
to pin him. If he lounges in the shade, it is
to plan; if he sleeps, it is to dream of steam
out speeded.

If he is born in Maine, and is not of a very
roving turn, he settles down in California, and
his bones bleach in Kansas; but if of an
arant disposition, all you can say of him is,
he is now where he was not a moment be-
fore,—whistling a stick, and whistling Yankee
Doodle. "Go ahead," is his watchword, and
the jumping off place, his Ultima Thule.

You can not dagger-type him, for he cannot
stand still long enough; he must spit, and he
must whistle; so what is face similitude this
moment, will not be during any other sixty
seconds of his life. You cannot even sketch
his character, for "new times demand new
measures, and new men," and his position is
certainly not on the pivot. It is just possible
if you are very clever, you may cheat him
once, but you done it once, can't do it twice."

What the lad will be, when fully grown,
is impossible to predict, but, doubtless, some-
thing eminently sui-generis, and we must
wait the development.

For the Middlesex Journal.

"Walking Together."

Under this head I propose to quote from
an article in a recent number of a religious
"Monthly Journal" upon the passage of
Scripture, "Can two walk together, except
they be agreed?" for the purpose of commend-
ing the views set forth to the consideration of
our people here.

The writer remarks, "whenever any atroci-
ous piece of bigotry or intolerance is per-
petrated, the passage is always brought for-
ward to defend it. In using it, one half of
the text is made as inflexible as oak; the
other part as pliable as India Rubber. 'Agreed'
must always mean agreement in opinion con-
cerning those religious doctrines which hap-
pen to be matters of controversy. But to
'walk together' may mean any thing."

"But leaving this negative and sectarian
use of the passage, let us look at it now on
its positive side, as giving the basis of union.
Union is necessary for us in this world,—
necessary for happiness, for usefulness, for
improvement. The solitary man is an un-
happy man; he is comparatively a useless
man; and he can make little progress com-
pared with what he would make in a true so-
cial sphere. Hence God has provided for us
four institutions by which we are brought in-
to union with each other. These are, first,
the Family; second, the Neighborhood; third,
the State; and fourth, the Church. If the
union be formal, we remain together, but do
not walk together. There is no progress; it
is the union of particles frozen together in a
lump, or cohering together in a stone, but not
growing together as in a plant or tree. True
union is vital; and for this there must be
agreement. And now the question comes,
What kind of an agreement? In order that
two persons should walk together, three
things seem to be necessary. It is necessary
that they should be agreed,—1st, as to where
they want to go. 2d, as to the road by which
to go. 3d, they must be agreed to differ as to
every thing else."

The writer having established the principles
as true union considers them in their applica-
tion to the Family, the Neighborhood, the
State, and the Church.

I will quote his remarks as applied to the
neighborhood, and the Church. The neigh-
borhood, "we mean by this, not neighbor-
hood in space, but of intercourse,—those
with whom we have friendly intercourse,
business intercourse, intercourse for amuse-
ment, for instruction, for helpfulness; in a
word, our circle of friends and acquaintances.
This phrase, 'circle of acquaintances' is
quite significant. Each man is the centre of
a circle, in which his acquaintances and friends
stand grouped according to the degree of
intimacy. The whole of Society is over laid
with these social circles,—circles intersecting
each other in every direction; so that each
individual may be included in several differ-
ent circles. But the circle of which I am the
centre is my neighborhood; those who belong
to it are my neighbors. Now, to make a good
neighborhood, a community of aim, and a
variety of occupation, experience, taste, cul-
ture, opinion, are needed. But the reverse is
usually the case. There is no common aim,
no interior communion and conviction, in our
social circles, while there is an outward
monotony of tastes, occupation, and opinion.
So our circles are only cliques, composed
of those occupying the same social position, and
having the same sort of culture; and hence
there prevails in them such a dreary monoto-
ny of opinion, and so little real intercourse.
Hence the great advantage of joining any
association which has an important aim,
whether of usefulness or improvement. We
are thus immediately brought into interior
communion with those differing widely from
ourselves in outward circumstances, occupa-
tions, and opinions. Let us suppose such an
association as this, with sufficiently deep and
comprehensive aims, including a sufficient
variety of character, to live in daily intercourse
and communion, and it would make a true
neighborhood of the best sort."

Union in the Church has the same basis
and conditions. Those who unite together in
a church must be agreed, first, as to where
they want to go; second, as to the way by
which they shall go; and, thirdly, to differ
as to every thing else. If they wish to go
to God, to goodness, and to heaven, and if they
are agreed that Christ is the way, then they
are ready to unite together in a Christian
church. A common desire of goodness, a
common conviction that Christ is able to
bestow it, and a common willingness to allow
variety and liberty on all other points, is the
only real basis for church union.

Now, the one great misery of our churches
is, that they aim at an outward unity instead
of an inward union. The Roman-Catholic
Church aims at unity of form, organization,
discipline: this is plainly outward. Most
Protestant churches do so too: they aim at
unity of opinion, and are held together by
creeds; not they do not produce common
convictions thus, but merely outward assent.
Hence, within the church, coldness and in-
difference; hence, between churches, sectarian
strife and rancor.

Now, let us suppose a church in which the
members are composed of all persons, old and
young, in the congregation, who are wishing
to improve their characters and to become
useful. That is the aim. They also are
agreed in believing that Jesus Christ is the
way. But, in this church, there may be the
greatest variety of opinions. Some may be
Trinitarians, believing him to be God; some,
Arians, believing him created before all
worlds; some, Unitarians, believing him a
highly endowed and supernatural man; some,
Humanitarians, believing him a man like any
one else, only more faithful, and of a great
religious genius. But all of them really re-
gard Jesus as their leader, teacher, guide;
reverence his words and life, and wish to imi-
tate them. This will draw them together,
deepen their convictions, correct their errors,
and fill them with living faith.

At! the great radical evil in our
churches is, not heresy of opinion, but a low
and frigid aim. We are indifferent to the
objects of the church. We do not care to be
Christians; do not care to get good and do
good. Let us be agreed, deeply agreed, in a
religious purpose, and we shall walk together
gladly; find it good to be here; find the
church to be the house of God and the gate
of heaven; find our brothers and sisters in
the church to be near and dear to us at all
times; and the meeting of Christian brethren
to be one family, one home. A deeper pur-
pose of goodness, a higher standard of duty,
an earnest longing for holiness, a sympathy
with the wants and woes of all,—these
will sweeten and strengthen the bond, and
make the church all it need to be."

Winchester, Jan., 1862.

No nation has ever existed which
punished rebellion with more severity than
England. The dungeons of the Tower; the
fleshless and grinning skulls which of old
formed the appropriate ornaments of Temple
Bar; the bloody assizes of Jeffries; the rav-
ages of Claverhouse; the massacres of Drogheda
and Glencoe; the Indian tomahawk and
scalping-knife employed in our war of the
Revolution; the victims of the Old Jersey
prison-ship; the Hindoo rebels, whose living
bodies were tied to the muzzles of cannon
and blown into the air all bear witness to the
murderous spirit with which England visits
rebellion against her authority.

Excelsior.

Yours, &c.,

HOPKINS.

It is an observation of a great poet,
that, let a man live as long as he will, the
first thirty years of his life will always seem
the longest; and the daily routine of our af-
ter years passes like the round of a clock,
while the hands on the outside and the move-
ments mark the passing of time to others,
without a consciousness thereof in itself, till
the weight has run down, and the pendulum
stands still.

The feeblest child can eclipse the sun
with a wink.

Budd's Ferry, Lower Potomac, Md.,
February 15th, 1862.
To the Editor of the Middlesex Journal.

DEAR SIR:—The copies of the "Middlesex
Journal" which you so kindly sent, yester-
day came safely to hand and were received
with much pleasure. None can appreciate
news from home better than the soldier, but
when that comes in the form of one's local
paper it begets a double interest. And by
the time that this communication reaches
Woburn your very acceptable presents will
probably have been well worn by continued
circulation.

Since my last letter to you there has been
some what of a change in the command of our
battery. Our former commander (J. B. Hunt-
ing) has left us, whether by resignation or
discharge is not known, and we are now un-
der the command of Lieut. W. M. Bramhall.
Probably your readers will recognize in him
the gallant officer, who in the battle of Ball's
Bluff so bravely and discreetly managed the
Rhode Island cannon engaged in that fight.
Having recovered from his wounds there re-
ceived, he again joined his corps on the 15th
Dec. last. Immediately upon the withdrawal
of Capt. Hunting an election was held, in
which Lieut. Bramhall obtained a unanimous
vote for the captaincy.

In looking over the list of Woburn volun-
teers contained in the Journal, I perceive
that our battery is named as 6th N. Y. Artil-
lery, Col. Stiles. Now being detached from
the 9th Regt., we are no longer under the
command of Col. Stiles. Our title now reads,
6th N. Y. Independent Artillery, Lieut. Bram-
hall commanding.

This present communication is written in
the widow Budd's house, or rather in what
is left of it, the pickets being in the habit
of pulling it apart according as they want it
to feed their fires. Before me spreads the
broad Potomac, and the searching breeze
blowing across its windy surface, by its so-
berly reminds me of New England's far
severer climate. The long range of Virginia
hills in the distance, the pine clad summits,
relieved here and there by patches of snow,
gloomy and barren, present a fine contrast
to the bright blue foreground of the river. In
front to the left, and running at right angles
with the river, a misty ridge of hills is seen,
leading to Manassas and the scenes of Bull
Run.

Right opposite to Budd's Ferry—which
takes its name from the widow's residence,—
lies Shipping Point, its high bluff furnishing
a fine position for the batteries which the
rebels have there erected. Beside this bat-
tery they have other guns planted both above
and below, commanding the river for the dis-
tance of six miles. The river here being at
the narrowest, and also quite shallow on the
Maryland side, causes vessels sailing up or
down to keep very nearly the middle of the
river, thus presenting a fine mark.

Until quite lately the rebels were in the
habit of throwing scarcely anything except
shell, but within a few days it has been no-
ticed that they fire less often and then only
solid shot or empty shell, from which the in-
ference that will be probably drawn is, that
there is a scarcity of ammunition among them.

This morning it being the regular turn
of our section to do picket duty, at 4 o'clock
we started from camp through the thick fall-
ing snow for the river and arrived there
about daybreak. Scarcely had the guns been
placed in position in the sand pit, when the
mist, rising for a moment, showed a small
schooner beating up the river. The rebels,
at the same time perceiving the vessel, paid
her their compliments in the form of five
shells, whereat the captain leaving the helm
in great haste, jumped into his boat with the
rest of the crew and rowed ashore. The ves-
sel, being thus neglected, fell away before the
wind and finally struck a sand bar about 200
yards from the shore. It again commenced
snowing, and the mist hiding the schooner
from the view of the batteries the infantry
pickets and some of our men went off to her.
On going aboard of her our boys found that
she was loaded with oysters and bound to
Washington. Finally a boat came down the
river and towed her off, but not until nearly
half the cargo was thrown overboard. N. B.
At present all the boys look remarkably cheer-
ful, and the whole building smells like an
oyster house.

Taking advantage of the storm many ves-
sels have passed up and down, among the
rest the steamship Harriet Lane.

Occasionally the mist lifts, and then the
rebels peg away right merrily at any poor
schooner who may be caught within range.
One schooner thus caught they threw a
shot of a very novel construction. It was a
solid shot cast in the form of a cube.

The Woburn boys are all well, those in the
regiments here encamped as well as those in the
6th Battery.

Yours, &c.,

HOPKINS.

It is an observation of a great poet,
that, let a man live as long as he will, the
first thirty years of his life will always seem
the longest; and the daily routine of our af-
ter years passes like the round of a clock,
while the hands on the outside and the move-
ments mark the passing of time to others,
without a consciousness thereof in itself, till
the weight has run down, and the pendulum
stands still.

The feeblest child can eclipse the sun
with a wink.

TOILET OF AN ARAB BRIDE.—An English
lady has given some accounts of life in the
Eastern harems. Here is something about the
toilet of a bride. On subsequent and per-
severing inquiry among Arab ladies, I found
out how it was that the bride's face looked
so lustrous. I learn that girls are prepared
for marriage with a very great deal of cere-
mony. There are women who make the
beautifying of brides their especial profession.
A widow woman, named Angelina, is the
chief artist in this department of art in Haifa.
She uses her scissors and tweezers freely and
skillfully to remove superfluous hair, and
trains the eyebrows to an arched line, per-
fecting it with black pigments. She pre-
pares an adhesive plaster of very strong sweet
gum, and applies it by degrees all over the
body, letting it remain on for a minute or
more; then she tears it off quickly, and
brings away with it all the soft down or hair,
leaving the skin quite bare, with an unnat-
urally bright and polished appearance, much
admired by Orientals. The face requires
very careful manipulation. When women
have once submitted to this process they look
frightful if, from time to time, they do not
repeat it; for the hair never grows so soft
and fine again. Perhaps this is one of the
reasons why aged Arab women, who have
quite given up all these arts of adornment,
look so haggard and witch-like. In some
instances this ordeal slightly irritates the
skin, and perfumed sesame or olive oil is ap-
plied, or cooling lotions of elder flower water
are used.

Every one is, of course, familiar with
that portion of Cowper's Task which describ-
es the arrival of the postman, with "News
from all nations lumbering at his back."

There is one passage in that description—
written a hundred years ago—which seems
as if intended for the present moment. The
newspaper is opened—

Not O, the important badge! ushered in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? Have our troops
awaken

The Middlesex Journal,

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

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One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, .75
Half a square (seven lines) one insertion, .75
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One square six months, 6.00
One square three months, 4.00
Half a square one year, 5.00
Half a square six months, 3.00
Half a square three months, 2.00
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.

Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.
SPECIAL NOTICES, 10 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading.—DR. D. MANSFIELD.
Stonham.—E. T. WHITTELL.
Woburn.—JOSEPH H. HIGGINS.
Reading.—THOMAS RICHARDSON.

S. M. JEFFREY & CO., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), South's Building, Court street, Boston, are daily employed to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their sales by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1862.

What February said to the Emancipationists.

When the month that is just closed gave victory to our brave soldiers and sailors at Roanoke, in Missouri, at Fort Henry and at Fort Donelson, it did not deal staggering blows at Secession alone. It smote upon the lips of a set of men, who, for persistent noise are hard to be matched even in the world of politics.

For some two or three months Gerrit Smith, Remond Phillips, and others of the extreme abolition party, aided by the Tribune, with its editors, home letter writers, and foreign correspondents have been clamoring for instant and unconditional emancipation. And the demand was not only that the slaves should be freed but also that they should be employed in the present contest. According to these men the only possible way of ending the civil war was to add to it the horrors of a servile war. What six hundred and fifty thousand soldiers had not been able to do against three hundred and fifty thousand, could be accomplished by the southern blacks against double their number of white men.

We must emancipate, said they, or acknowledge the Confederacy. We must emancipate or England and France will acknowledge the Confederacy. Parker Pillsbury declared that the United States were fighting against God and that hostilities would continue till the slaves were set free. "A distinguished general" told the editor of the Tribune that the war had become merely a war for boundaries. "But," says the nursing father of all isms, "suppose we manumit all persons held to service in the rebel states?"

The distinguished general admitted that Mr. Greeley had made a point and was of opinion that such a course would probably be productive of an effect.

Thus, in all places, at all times, with the determination and perseverance for which this school of politicians are famous, and with a force and ability worthy of respectful attention, they have not ceased to insist upon immediate emancipation as a matter of urgent military necessity.

And it is not to be denied that they had some powerful names to conjure with. Bull Run, Ball's Bluff, Wilson's Creek, McClellan inactive, Bull inactive, Halleck inactive, Fremont succeeded, a million a day expended, Tynt affairs, all this in turn furnished a text for numberless depressing discourses of which, each ended with the exhortation to emancipate, or June would see a broken blockade, and an acknowledged Confederacy.

These things were not without their effect. The people began to distrust themselves. They were half prepared to believe in what may be considered the last utterance of pure and undefiled Garrisonianism, namely, that the slaveholders are so wedded to the peculiar institution that they will not receive their whippings even unless at the hands of the black man.

But that good bit of stuff which is said to be at the bottom of every Anglo Saxon heart held out steadily against the humiliating confession that the North was not strong enough and brave enough to abolish rebellion without abolishing humanity, first from our hearts, and next from the southern half of the Union. For what else would it, or could it have been, but an exterminating war whose horrors would have been unmitigated and inconceivable? It would have been barbarism gone mad.

But fortunately the country waited and had faith. It refused to listen to those men who, lacking solidity of judgment and the patience necessary for great designs, would have forced the nation into a disgraceful confession of weakness, as they had before perpetuated the generals and the army into dishonorable defeat. And for our long suffering and patience of hope February has brought the reward, and has meted to us no stinted measure. If the remaining history of the war should be one of unmingled disaster there has still been enough done within the past thirty days to demonstrate that the government is abundantly able in the exercise of its constitutional authority, and without violating one of its constitutional obligations, to trample out this creaking fire of rebellion, and needs not with heavy hand to blow up the whole fabric of Western civilization for fear lest the flames should prove too fierce to be arrested.

There is no such thing as the military necessity for emancipation.

What may be the fate of slavery at the end of the contest is a question altogether different and infinitely more difficult of solution. The irreversible logic of circumstances will have more to do with its settlement than the rhetoric of senators or the wild speeches of inconsiderate journalists. Upon this problem, however, we do not propose to enter. It will be much easier to be wise after the event.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY IN WOBURN.—The 22d of February was celebrated in Woburn, according to the programme published in our last. The bells were rung at sunrise upon and sunset, and a salute was fired at noon. At the church a large concourse of people assembled, filling that capacious edifice. The services were commenced with a voluntary on the Organ by Mr. Clark, who did himself much credit on the occasion, if we may judge from the many encomiums we have heard passed upon him. The remainder of the exercises were strictly according to the programme. Many of our aged citizens were seated near the platform, and no one either old or young, could have helped feeling that if Washington's dying advice had been observed we would not now be compelled to mourn the unhappy distraction which is now desolating this once happy and peaceful land.

The Atlantic Monthly for March has been before the public for two weeks, and no doubt its many readers have found much pleasure in its perusal. It is useless to say anything in favor of this magazine, its various good qualities are known to all. We venture to suggest to the publishers, that they would not curtail their sales if they forwarded their country exchanges a day or two before the magazine is placed before the public.

The students in our High School, with their teachers, enjoyed a pleasant sleigh-ride last Friday. They visited Brighton and other places.

PRESENTATION.—On Wednesday evening last, Prof. Sanborn, Principal of Warren Academy was presented with a nice writing desk by the students of that institution.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Devotional Music.

Various are the opinions of people on this topic; and yet it is one which interests every attendant on divine worship. The true object to be attained by the use of Church Music is to assist us in the worship of God; and music which has not this idea fully expressed is not devotional.

Nearly all the music called scientific, was, and is written, not for the object above specified, but to exhibit the skill of the composer; and those whose taste inclines them to sing this style of music in the sanctuary, do so from a love of displaying their own ability.

There is more devotion in the mere humming of a true lover of holiness, than in all the combined skill which the best of trained choirs with the most scientific music can execute.

The spirit of devotion is often destroyed, by members of a choir not always being in union with each other.

When singers assemble in their places on the Sabbath, does each individual feel that he or she sings to help others praise God? Do they feel that they are trying all in their power to bring every listener into harmony with God?

Does each one feel rejoiced to see and hear that every other member is doing what they can with their voices to inspire love to God? An inexperienced person in these matters would at once answer, "Yes, if they are Christians."

Devotional feeling is marred in many choirs by little jealousies and conceits, occasioned sometimes by individual efforts being a little thwarted by other members, to prevent the exhibition of particular voices to the devout worshippers. Much enmity is often created by the rank which each singer occupies in the choir. Such is the influence of these little feelings, that those who were once intimate friends are, by some trifling difference of opinion relative to the music, made enemies for a lifetime. How can music be sung devotionally, with such feelings existing?

Some singers imagine that a hymn tune cannot be devotional unless several discordant notes are introduced. No matter how horrible a tune sounds, if it only has the name of some great composer affixed, it shall sing to them!

Of course it requires a certain amount of skill to sing what is called scientific music, (very good in the concert hall), out, as was remarked before, skill is not devotion.

For an illustration take the hymn:—
"Father! what'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies us!"

What more appropriate tune could these words be sung to than "Naomi?"

But gone would say that such music is old and worn out;—then, so is "Old Hundred" ten times as old, and many other tunes with a new arrangement, inserted in books of modern introduction.

That music is devotional which touches the heart, which is beautiful and jars not upon the ear, which, in the house of God, is sweetly and feelingly expressed.

VERITAS.

Mr. Editor:—Will you have the kindness to allow me space in your columns, to express my thanks to the one hundred and more of my parishioners and others, for the very agreeable surprise which they gave me and mine on the evening of Feb. 26th. They came unbidden and unexpected, making us prisoners in our own hired house; but did prisoners ever bear their duration with more joyfully, or fare better than we? After a delicious repast, (of which all partook) they left us with a cheerful good night—forty-one dollars in hand in pursa than when they came, besides several dollars worth of the luxuries, and substantial of life.

S. W. SATCHEL,
Pastor of the First Universalist Society,
Stonham, Feb. 27th 1862.

INSTALLATION OF A PASTOR.—Last evening a large congregation assembled at the Clinton-street Presbyterian Church, to witness the installation of the Rev. Daniel March as the pastor of that church. The exercises commenced with the singing of an anthem, Mr. Charles Hornum presiding at the organ.

The Rev. Mr. Jenkins made a very fervent prayer, in which allusion was made to the solemnity of the exercises about to be performed. The blessings of God were besought in behalf of the minister elect, that he might be qualified for the work, and receive an inspiration from on high in the discharge of his ministerial functions.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Adams. He announced his text from the 7th chapter of St. John and the 17th verse, "If any man do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." The sermon was a faithful exposition of the delight entailed by doing God's will and obeying his law.

The charge to the pastor was delivered by the Rev. John Jenkins. It was a pertinent one, and was delivered with that generous unctio peculiar to Mr. Jenkins' preaching and teaching. The speaker heartily welcomed Mr. March, and hoped to meet him in the sweetness of mutual consent as well as in the meeting for prayer and praise. The congregation would be with him in his labors, and would support him in season and out of season. The closing remarks of Mr. Jenkins were delivered with much solemnity of voice and manner.

The charge to the people was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Darling, former pastor of the church. The remarks of this gentleman were in detail, and related to his past relations with the people to whom the pastor just installed had been called to minister. The speaker said, "Do to him as you did to me," was all that he could ask of them. Their various obligations were defined with great clearness, and the congregation were visibly affected at the tenderness and emotion exhibited by their late beloved pastor.

The exercises concluded by the pastor being introduced and welcomed by the congregation.—*Phil. Press*, Feb. 21th.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Editor:—The inhabitants of this town are keenly alive to this one fact—that business of all kinds has been quiet, very quiet, for these fifteen months past, if we except a few establishments that have seen engaged in army work; and that the people from necessity have been obliged to turn over a dollar many times before parting with it; and one of the consequences of this quietness is, that they are less able, than two years since, to pay even the moderate taxes assessed to meet town expenses. The question has been asked why should a portion of the citizens be taxed, and others benefited? Why not live with, and not on, each other? It cannot be winked out of sight that retrenchment and reform is called for by the voters of this town, and in order that a proper understanding may be arrived at as to what is needed, a meeting of the citizens should be held before the annual town meeting so that the subject may be discussed. It has been the practice for the last few years to hold the Caucus on the Saturday evening before the town meeting, and before the meeting was well organized and the business of the evening had been entered upon, the nine o'clock bell would cause many of those present to retire, thus leaving the business in the hands of the few that remain, and on town meeting day, disapprobation is expressed, loud and long, at the manner in which "things are done." Now, sir, to obviate this difficulty, and to give time to transact the business properly and to the satisfaction of all, it is proposed to hold the Caucus on the Friday evening preceding the annual meeting, which arrangement, it is hoped, will please all.

COMMONWEALTH.

Woburn, Feb. 23th, 1862.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Editor:—Permit me to be an occasional correspondent from this place, and give the readers of your paper belonging to the legal profession, if not others, some items which may be interesting to them.

"The Count Joannes" has instituted a suit against William L. Bart, Esq., the counsel for the Defendant in the case recently tried in the Superior Court of Suffolk County of Joannes vs. Nickerson in which the plaintiff recovered one cent damages on the second count, and the defendant recovered on the first count, and judgment has been rendered. The suit is returnable at the April Term of the Supreme Judicial Court in Suffolk, and is for an alleged libel by Mr. Bart, in saying in his argument for the defence that the Count was insane. Damages laid at \$10,000, and the real estate of the deft. attached as security. 30 lawyers practising at the Suffolk bar are in the ranks of the Federal army. All of them hold commissions as officers therein.

The war does not cause any abatement in the number of civil actions brought in this county, but on the contrary they have increased. There does not appear to be, however, many actions ready for trial. In a great many cases the parties have gone into inactivity, in others the witnesses are away at the seat of war, so that the terms of the court are very materially shortened.

A petition has been entered at the present term of the Superior Court for civil business, praying for the removal of John M. Way from the bar for alleged mal-practice. The petition is signed by Josiah Gooding and two or three others, who specify instances in which they have been wronged, and Elias Merwin, Esq. has been appointed by the Court to investigate and prosecute the allegations and charges made by the petitioners against the said Way.

A.

We would call attention to the advertisement of the Rubber Clothing Co., who sell the Metropolitan Universal Clothes Winger. This winger we understand to be altogether the best in the market, and is fully warranted in every particular by the Agents. Every family who studies economy will buy one, as it saves itself every three months.

B.

We would call attention to the advertisement of the Rubber Clothing Co., who sell the Metropolitan Universal Clothes Winger. This winger we understand to be altogether the best in the market, and is fully warranted in every particular by the Agents. Every family who studies economy will buy one, as it saves itself every three months.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.—Some of our citizens being desirous of celebrating the birth day of him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," should be observed in some form, got up an impromptu celebration, which came off in the afternoon, at four o'clock in the Congregational Church. The children in town to the number of several hundred occupied the Singing Gallery and performed the singing under the direction of Messrs. Johnson and Wilder. The body of the house was well filled by the audience. The exercises opened with a voluntary upon the organ, by Mr. Johnson, in which several popular National Airs were introduced. Singing by the children, of the "Star Spangled Banner." The President of the occasion, B. F. Thompson, Esq., then addressed the audience as follows:—

"We have assembled here to-day agreeable to the request of our Chief Magistrate, the President of these United States, to celebrate an event second in importance to us, by only one other, which ever took place in this world. Eighteen hundred and sixty-two years ago, in a distant part of this globe, a child was born. Angelic hosts announced his birth in seraphic song, 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men;'—this child was Jesus, the Saviour of the world. One hundred and thirty years ago, this day, in our own country, in Albemarle County, Virginia, another child was born. Virginia did I say! Whose cheeks does not bleach with shame, at the announcement of that name now! But we must, in connection with this event, take Virginia as she was fifty years ago, joyous, happy, loyal Virginia; not the black-hearted, traitorous Virginia of to-day. Although no angel band with seraphic song heralded his birth, yet thousands on thousands of happy freemen have since celebrated the day of his birth, with ever increasing attachment and love;—that child was Washington, the Saviour of our country."

It is fitting that in this hour of our country's peril, that we should meet here, and in sympathy with hundreds and thousands of others assembled in other places of our country, hear his farewell address, and listen to his counsel, which, it heeded by us, we trust will restore our unhappy country to peace, prosperity and happiness. But there are other events which have come upon us in quick succession within the past four weeks, calculated to give a keener zest to our celebration to-day. What those events are the names of Drainsville, Mill Springs, Roanoke, Fort Henry and Fort Donelson will tell you."

Rev. Mr. Robinson read the 35th Psalm, it being the same that was read in the first meeting of the Continental Congress, after the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, and then offered a fervent prayer. The children then sang a song entitled, "See the Flag, the dear old Flag." Washington's Farewell Address" was read by Dr. William Ingalls in a clear and distinct manner.

The children and the audience closed in singing "America," and the services concluded with the benediction. The singing was well done, and as those National Songs fell upon the ear, there must have thrilled through every heart a renewed love for the "dear old flag," and a determination to stand by it to the last.

After the services in the church, the ball of the church rung out a merry peal while in the distance was heard the firing of cannon in honor of the day.

In the morning, the stars and stripes were flung to the breeze from the flag-staff surmounting the Excelsior Engine House, and on a rope strung across from that house to an opposite tree, and from a staff attached to the fence fronting the Congregational Church. Mr. Solomon L. Fletcher with his usual kindness of heart, treated a large party of children to a ride in Winn's four horse team to Woburn, and the adjoining towns, giving them a collation in Union Hall on their return. The children enjoyed it hugely, and our friend was doubtless well repaid for the excursion. They carried in their midst the American Flag.

In the evening, several of our citizens illuminated their houses, among whom were T. P. Tenney, H. Parker, and J. F. Stone. Others would have done likewise had it been publicly suggested.

RELIGIOUS.—At the Congregational Church last Sabbath, the Rev. Mr. Wilcox of Reading officiated. At the Baptist Church Mr. LeCompe of the Theological School Newton officiated. Mr. Solomon Wilder has been chosen the Superintendent of the Sunday School connected with the last named Church in place of Mr. Weld.

LIVELY.—On account of the inclement weather on Monday evening last but a small number were present, and it was voted to postpone the lecture until the next evening. The President and Vice President being absent, Hon. O. R. Clark of the Board of Directors presided, and E. D. Chaloner acted as Secretary pro-tem. The following question was taken up for discussion, "Do departed spirits hold communications with beings on earth as claimed by modern spiritualists?" C. C. Woodman by invitation spoke upon the affirmative side and was followed by Mr. Wilder in the negative and Mr. Norton upon the affirmative. The question is to be further discussed at the next meeting.

On Tuesday evening last, C. C. Woodman Esq., lectured in Lyceum Hall upon Shakespeare with illustrations from his passionate poetry. The hall was well filled, and the speaker showed that he had given close attention to the subject and made himself somewhat familiar with the spirit of the poetical writings of this celebrated man.

ASSAULT.—At the Supreme Court holden at Cambridge on last Monday B. F. Lindsay was arraigned for an assault with a dangerous weapon upon Joseph Shattuck. Both parties live in this town, and the assault occurred last Thanksgiving day. The preliminary examination before the Trial Justice was fully reported in this paper at the time. Nothing of additional importance was elicited at this trial. It was conducted by the District Attorney for the prosecution and Mr. Lindsay managed his own defence. The result of the trial was a verdict of guilty.

WAR ITEMS.—Ira L. Gove of the 2d Regt., has been honorably discharged from service on account of ill health, and arrived home.—In the battle of Roanoke Island were two young men of the name of Abrahams attached to the 21st Regt. The oldest, Benjamin, was one of the first within the rebel entrenchments on that Island and pulled down the secession flag which he sent home as a present to Gov. Andrew, to be placed among the archives of the State as an evidence of the valor and patriotism of his sons, and the traitorous designs of the enemies of our free institutions. Assistant Paymaster Weld left New York on Saturday in the Gunboat John P. Jackson. This vessel constitutes one of Commodore Porter's mortar fleet and is the flag ship of the third Division of the same, under the command of Lieut. S. G. Woodworth. The destination of the expedition is unknown, although they are to rendezvous in the vicinity of Ship Island.

EXCELSIOR.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Entron.—In the "Journal" of Feb. 24th, I noticed some remarks from your Winchester correspondent in relation to the late Parish Meeting of the Congregational Society, and the resignation of two of the standing committee. In all such cases there are generally two sides, and as Excelsior has given one, I respectfully ask for a space in your columns in which to present the other. I do not accuse him of intentionally making incorrect statements, but it certainly appears that he has been misinformed. In the first place, your correspondent in referring to Dr. N. S. says two of the committee refused to allow him the use of the vestry. This is not so.—The Doctor applied to only two of the three members of the committee—one of these gave his consent. The third was not consulted at all. The gentleman who did refuse had taken pains to inform himself in regard to the Doctor, and perhaps knew more about him than the Deacon by whom he was introduced. Your correspondent goes on to say—"A large number of the influential and prominent members of the society believing there was a principal at issue which should not be yielded up, determined to have the lecture come off in the vestry." Another way of stating the same thing would be this: A certain prominent Deacon of the church, resolving that the Doctor should lecture in the vestry, the committee willing or not, draws up a petition accordingly, and stamps the town to get subscribers.

The question at issue was not, as I understand it, "whether the vestry of the church is not a suitable place to discuss the evils of slavery," but the question is whether the Parish committee or a mob shall have control of the vestry—whether the committee ought to light and heat and give the free use of the vestry at the expense of the Parish, to whoever may come along desiring to speak on the subject of slavery, be he known or unknown, respectable or vile, infidel or Christian, wise or otherwise.

The Deacon obtained sixty-two names on his petition, and the lecture came off in the vestry. Shortly after, two of the committee resigned. At a Parish meeting held Monday, Feb. 10th, a resolution was offered sustaining the action of the committee in refusing the use of the vestry, which was lost by a majority of two. The vote was a small one, and the feeling of the Parish not well represented. If there should be a full expression of opinion, probably more than two-thirds would vote to sustain the committee.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

SCHOOLS.—The private examinations of the schools took place this week. Most of them are suffering from absences, caused by sickness. The public examinations are arranged as follows:

March 4th, Tuesday.—Nos. 1 and 2, Centre Primaries.

Wednesday, A. M.—Centre Junior Intermediate (Miss Pratt's), and Woodville.

Wednesday, P. M.—Montrose.

Thursday, A. M.—Greenwood.

Thursday, P. M.—2 West Schools.

Friday, A. M.—Centre Senior Intermediate (Miss McDuffie's).

Friday, P. M.—2 North Schools.

Thursday, P. M., March 13.—Grammar school.

Friday, March 14.—High School (all day).

When two schools exchange on the same half day, one immediately follows the other, except on Wednesday forenoon when each will occupy the morning hours if desired.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.—On Saturday afternoon the citizens of South Reading celebrated the birthday of the immortal Washington. It was not until Thursday evening that any move was made in that direction, when a few of the citizens in connection with the Selectmen, met to consult in the matter and chose the following persons a committee to arrange for a celebration on the 22d of February.

E. Mansfield, P. C. Wheeler, D. B. Wheelock, John Partridge, and J. G. Brown. Notices were distributed over town on Friday, and a very large gathering on Saturday was the result. At two o'clock precisely the bells began to ring, and at the same instant began the firing of a salute of thirty-four guns under the direction of C. B. Shepard, Esq. This out-door exercise was made to occupy little more than three quarters of an hour; and a little before three the exercises commenced in the Hall. The meeting was called to order by the chairman of the committee of arrangements, who announced that the Hon. Lilley Eaton had been selected by the committee to preside on the occasion. After prayer Rev. Mr. Carleton, of (Greenwood), the President made the opening address, which as usual, was eloquent and full of patriotism.

Mr. Porter, Principal of the High school, was appointed to read Washington's Farewell Address, which service he performed in little more than three quarters of a hour in a highly acceptable manner. The other exercises were, Addressed by Rev. Jonas Evans, Rev. E. A. Evans, and Hon. P. H. Sweetser, while the singers performed four selections with excellent effect. The whole affair was got up hastily, but proved very acceptable. The bells rang merrily, the gun, spoke manfully, and the exercise in the Hall gave another evidence of the existence of a talent, which can be put in requisition on any and every occasion.

ACCIDENTS.—Recently Mrs. Peterson had 3 fingers cut off from her left hand. Mr. P. does business in Boston, and the son, who was left at home to take charge of affairs, unfortunately cut his foot, and the mother in going to feed the cattle in his stead, met with the accident from the hay cutter.

The horse of Mr. John A. Thompson ran away on Thursday morning, and the waiting man, who was driving from the yard when the sleigh upset—received scratches and bruises in the face.

The annual Mechanics Ball was held last week Friday evening, at the Town Hall. About 60 couples present.

For the Middlesex Journal.

A Surprise Visit.

Capt. Joel Sweetser, one of our most estimable citizens, whose marriage is noticed in the Hymenal department of this paper this week, was made the recipient of a surprise call, on Saturday evening last, by a party of his friends, who were desirous of making the acquaintance of his new wife, who was a stranger to all the visitors, and of congratulating him and her upon their mutual happiness. This is the Captain's second marriage, and he had returned from a distant town with his prize only a few hours before the arrival of the party. The company consisted of some fifty or sixty of his relatives and neighbors. They assembled first at the house of E. S. Upham, Esq., near by, and having appointed L. Eaton, Esq., their conductor and spokesman, they proceeded together to the house of the bridegroom.

As the company began to pass into the parlor, Mr. Sweetser, who was reclining upon his sofa, arose and began to greet the first comers, but as file after file, and couple after couple, male and female, came crowding in, bearing in their hands the means of festal cheer, filling first one room and then another, surprise, pure and unaffected, (for the coming seemed to be entirely unsuspected) soon turned to astonishment, succeeded by dismay and confusion, inasmuch that he retreated before the force of numbers, and took refuge in the chamber of his bride.

He soon rallied, however, and returning to meet the invaders, he offered his lovely wife as a hostage, and introducing her to the conductor, he, at Mr. Sweetser's request, presented her to each individual visitor. Mrs. Sweetser passed this ordeal and performed her part of this ceremony with grace, intelligence and propriety, and won the favor of all.

At the conclusion of this service, Mr. E. addressed the bridal pair substantially as follows:—
Mr. and Mrs. Sweetser:—These few persons who have accidentally dropped in this evening, and thus unbidden and unheralded, have invaded the sanctity of your home, are all of them your neighbors, some of them your relatives—all of them, as I believe, your warm friends. I am requested by them to apologise for this intrusion.

We had called to mind, Sir, your past affections; we forgot not departed loved ones; we remembered the days of your sadness and loneliness; but now we had heard of your recent success—that the sunshine of prosperity and of gladness, with bright and smiling

rays, was playing around and within dwelling; that you were realizing the and blessedness of the sacred proverb, "so findeth a wife findeth a good thing obtaineth the favor of the Lord." We are not, therefore, very well resist the desire to come in and congratulate you upon present success, to sympathize with you your joy, and to mingle with yours, our hopes and wishes and prayers. This is excuse. Some of us have brought along little articles of festal comfort and el partly to increase, at our own proper cheer the means of our own pleasure, and partly tokens of our friendship and esteem.

As for myself, I remembered the say that "he that giveth to the rich shall as come to want;" "silver and gold, there have I none, but such as I have give I to you." My token is this right hand, which for myself and in behalf of all of this company, I offer to you Sir, and to your Madam, as the sign and pledge of our friendship, an assurance that you have a place in affection and regard, and will always find our home, a cordial welcome. Please accept it as such, and to these considerations pardon the abruptness of our visit.

Allow me a word of personality on the occasion, for I find my own feelings at time peculiarly stirred up. I am reminded of former years,—of my intimacy with the bridegroom in the days of our youth. We were both born in the same year, in the same street; his mother was my father's sister; from our earliest childhood and so during all our boyhood course, we were a most inseparable companions,—cronies, the full extent of that term; as playmates we pursued the same diversions; as scholars, we sat side by side at the same benches always pursuing the same lessons; on the street, or in the fields, in every excursion, bird-nesting or fishing or berry picking, we were ever together, or if either was absent the other lost half his enjoyment; and during all those years of friendly intercourse, I can recall never an instance in which we had the least unpleasant disagreement or jar. And although, in subsequent years, as my friend began to ripen into manly beauty, other fairer and lovelier companions offered stronger attractions, (attractions which I am happy to perceive my friend still appreciates), yet the cord of friendship between us, so strongly and closely formed in our boyhood, has never been broken.

I can say, therefore, to you, my fair cousin that I have known your husband long, and have known him well, and have ever found him faithful, kind and true. Such I doubt not you will ever find him.

And now in conclusion, we most earnestly hope and pray that the cup of your conjugal bliss may ever run over; long may you enjoy each other, and may the richest and sweetest of heavenly influences always attend you."

The nuptial couple were further congratulated in a few appropriate words, by J. M. Evans, Esq., who expressed the hope that this new union would be a source of happiness and usefulness not only to the wedded pair, but also to the family, the whole circle of relatives and to the neighborhood generally.

Des. Sullivan, in some very animated remarks, referred to the circumstance that he, (the speaker) as well as the bridegroom, were enjoying a second edition of nuptial love.—He congratulated and commended his friend, that he had not (as the speaker foolishly did) spend long years in darkness and loneliness, but had soon secured a new bosom friend; for, "said he, from sweet experience, I can witness that down deep in the heart there is a fountain of love, pure and inexhaustible, ever ready to flow forth once and again.

WOBURN VOLUNTEERS!

1st REGT., COL. ROBERT COWDIN.

Co. D, Capt. Eben W. Stone.
E. W. Carroll, music. William H. Childs,
P. B. Phillips, Amos E. Tuttle,
J. W. Pierce, J. M. Phillips,
Robert K. Danforth.
Co. I, Capt. Charles E. Rand,
Frank Duffy.
Co. K, Capt. A. G. Chamberlin,
Squires S. Tidd.

2d REGT., COL. G. H. GORDON.

Co. G, Capt. Richard Carey.
A. McDonald, corp. Theophilus Page, corp.
Henry Page.
Co. I, Capt. A. B. Underwood,
Simon Jaquith, corp., Aaron Butler.

4th REGT., COL. A. B. PACKARD.

Co. G, Capt. T. Gordon.
Cyrus B. Richardson, *†

5th REGT., COL. S. C. LAWRENCE.

Co. B, Capt. J. W. Locke.
O. S. Hosmer, *

Co. C, Capt. W. R. Sican.

A. D. Gifford, * Albert S. Leslie,
Horace P. Stone, * E. J. Miller, *†

Co. D, Capt. G. P. Messer.

Charles Hayes, *

Co. E, Capt. J. Hutchins.

Jonas L. Smith, *† William Sweeney, *

Co. F, Capt. D. K. Wardwell.

William McDevitt, *

Co. G, Capt. G. L. Prescott.

Peter Cormick, Jr., * J. W. Goodwin, *†
Thos. M. Hooper, *† Samuel Hooper, *†
M. M. Hovey, * J. F. Jeffers, *

Co. H, Capt. J. A. Parker.

Joseph Johnson, * J. A. Parker, Jr., *†
Jos. Henry Parker, * Oscar Person, *†
W. F. Parker, * O. W. Rogers, *

Co. I, Capt. J. W. Taylor.

R. F. Warland, * Jos. S. Wyman, *†

Co. J, Capt. Geo. O. Brastine.

Wm. B. Brown, * Thomas Glynn, *†
Jos. Henry Parker, * Oscar Person, *†
W. F. Parker, * O. W. Rogers, *

Co. K, Capt. J. W. Taylor.

R. F. Warland, * Jos. S. Wyman, *†

9th REGT., COL. THOMAS CASS.

Surgeon—S. Watson Drew.
Assistant to Dr. Drew—Winthrop Wyman.

Co. A, Capt. E. G. Gallagher.

William Flaherty, *

Co. D, Capt. P. R. Gurney.

Michael Clafferty, William Sweeney,
Charles Hayes, Hugh Dorrington,
Michael Enright.

Co. H, Capt. J. O. Neil.

James Keelan, * Patrick Collins,
Patrick Burns.

Co. I, Capt. C. J. McCarthy.

Patrick Garvey.

10th REGT., COL. HENRY S. BRIGGS.

Co. D, Capt. Thos. H. Clapp.
Richard Colles.

11th REGT., COL. WM. BLAISDELL.

Hospital Steward—R. E. Jameson.
Band—Jacob Kendall.

Co. D, Capt. J. W. McDonald.

J. W. McDonald, capt. M. McGaughan,
William B. Cornick.

Co. F, Capt. L. Gordon.

Charles Martin, Geo. W. Dorr,
James Patten, Henry Smith.

Co. G, Capt. W. C. Allen.

O. S. Stiles.

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James Keron, James Ritchie.

Co. D, Capt. N. B. Shurtleff.

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D. W. Moody, Adam Plannett.

Co. I, Capt. John Ripley.

James H. Stewart.

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P. King, E. W. A. Stimpson,
O. S. Warland, E. K. Willoughby.

Co. D, Capt. Hovey.

W. M. Buckman, corp. W. C. Thompson.
Co. G, Capt. Eben W. Stone.

H. P. Sanborn, corp. Thos. C. Field, corp.

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Sam. S. Hood, Edward A. Lewis,
George E. Morse, Edward W. Spear,
Michael M. Matthews, John McCave.

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Alexander G. Weir.
Co. K, Capt. F. A. Rolfe.
Herman Page.

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Albert O. Cutter, Sam. B. Cutter, 2d.
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Samuel Gates, E. H. Perry,
Charles H. Smith.

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Stephen Shea, John P. Murray,
Daniel Reddy, Patrick Kelley,
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Co. H, Capt. G. Banks.

Wm. H. Matthews.

Co. I, Capt. H. T. Lawson.

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Co. B, Capt. S. C. Bancroft.
Patrick Thayer.

Co. E, Capt. Michael C. McNamara.

Michael Brannigan, Patrick Connor,
Michael Ward.

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S. Everett Richardson, musician.
Henry G. Weston, *

Co. A, M. P. Shawwood.

Edmund A. Hale.

Co. C, Capt. J. S. Todd.

G. W. Bateholder, lieutenant.
Co. I, Capt. J. P. Plympton.
John Fitzgerald.

Co. K, Capt. Amos D. West.

John L. Smith.

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Co. D, Capt. C. Croninfield.
James M. Cogan, sergt.

22d REGT., COL. JESSE A. GOVE.

Commissary Sergeant, Ephraim Hackett.
Co. D, Capt. J. F. Dunning.

J. K. Richardson.

Alonzo Teel.
Co. E, Capt. W. L. Cogswell.
Charles F. Mulliken, corp.

Co. F, Capt. S. I. Thompson.

S. I. Thompson, captain.
John P. Crane, 1st Lieut.
W. Bennett, sergt.

Charles Merriam.

Joshua Randle, *
R. M. Dennett, *
F. L. Bryant, corporal.
John L. Parker, *

F. W. Thompson.

Jas. T. Newcomb, *

A. S. Barker.

Rose L. Bryant, * drummer.
O. M. Wade, *

C. H. Day, bugler.

William S. Bowen.

Hiram S. Choate,
George W. Cobett,
Charles Kings, *
Prince W. Gorham,
Marshall P. Lewis,
Michael Murphy,
Peter McGuff,
Thomas Murray,
J. H. Moreland,
Dudley Nason,
Eph. B. Penney,
W. B. Smith,
James Sheehan,
Daniel Wright,
W. M. Gillespie,
Roderic L. Fogg.

Co. G, Capt. J. E. Whof.

Thomas Connolly, Cornelius Crowley,
Cornelius Connolly, Patrick Keely.

Co. I, Capt. Chas. J. Paige.

George F. Bacon, James Beckwell,
William Bruce.

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Edward Doherty.

23d REGT., COL. JOHN KURTZ.

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C. H. Williams.

24th REGT., COL. T. G. STEVENSON.

Co. H, Capt. J. Daland.
Francis E. Hall, drummer.

25th REGT., COL. EDWARD UPTON.

Co. G, Capt. Louis Wagarty.
Warren W. Osgood.

26th REGT., COL. E. F. JONES.

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Lorenzo F. Page.

Co. F, Capt. T. H. Annable.

G. Ingerson.

Co. I, Capt. John L. Pickering.

Wm. A. Persons, Chas. F. White,
George W. Wheeler.

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Co. H, Capt. Alexander Blaney.
Thomas Connors, Patrick Foley.

Co. K, Capt. John J. Cooley.

Robert McDermott.

29th REGT., COL. E. W. PIERCE.

Co. A, Capt. T. W. Clark.
John McNeill, John McSweeney.

Co. H, Capt. H. Sibley.

Ira W. Keyes.

1st REGT. CAVALRY, COL. WILLIAMS.

Co. B, Capt. S. Chamberlain.
Amos Cutler, Edward Davis.

Co. M, Capt. M. A. Moore.

Cyrus B. Richardson, Edwin H. Persons, *

Co. Unknwn.

Patrick McKenney, Samuel Neil.

1st Battalion of Infantry.

Co. B, Capt. G. L. Prescott.
Cyrus Tay, 1st lieutenant.
John E. Tidd, 2d sergt.

Jos. S. Wyman, 4th "

Robert T. Johnson, 1st corporal.
John Robbins, musician.
Geo. K. James,
Robert Pemberton, Augustus Plympton,
James Reed, Warren F. Taylor,
William Hunting, H. B. James.

Co. F, C. C. Bumpus.

Edwin F. Wier, 1st Lieut.
J. W. Goodwin, Josiah Leather, jr.,
Charles Wier.

COOK'S BATTERY.

Henry Wyman, *†

MOUNTED RIFLE RANGERS, CAPT. READ.

Alonzo W. Persons,
6th Battery.

U. S. REGULARS.

B. McHappney, sergt. Patrick Daley,
John McElridge, Alex. R. Hill.

U. S. 2d BATTERY.

Andrew Christy.

U. S. 5th Cavalry.

James H. Murphy.

U. S. 6th Cavalry.

Patrick F. Collins.

NEW YORK 1st REGT.

Co. H, Capt. Bugbee.

JOHN CURRY, sergt. JOHN O'Leary sergt.

MOZART (N. Y.) REGT., COL. RILEY.

Co. H, Capt. A. S. Ingalls.

H. N. Shepard, Corp., John J. Powers.

SICKLES' BRIGADE.

John Devlin.

NEW YORK 10th REGT.

Sylvester Murray.

2d VERMONT, COL. WHITING.

Co. D, Capt. Gragg.

James O. Hovey.

4th VERMONT REGT.

Edwin H. Persons, *

6th VERMONT, COL. LORD.

Co. C, Capt. J. C. Spaulding.

Thomas Bradley.

N. Y. 6th INDEPENDENT ARTILLERY.

Co. K, Lieut. Branch commanding.

J. E. Tilsont, sergt. Percy M. Griffin,
John B. Horne, G. A. Perkins,
A. S. Perkins.

4th CONN. REGT., COL. WOODHOUSE.

Edward Ryan, Quartermaster Sergeant.

3d N. H. REGT., COL. E. C. FELLOWS.

John Plummer, musician.

On Provost Duty at Washington.

Thomas Ryan.

U. S. NAVY.

John Wallace, captain receiving ship Ohio.
S. W. Abbott, Assistant Surgeon.

Z. C. Burnham, Hospital Steward, Gensbok,
J. L. Brigham, paymaster's clerk.

Henry Wyman, Master's Mate, Cumberland,
Daniel O'Connor.

Patrick Lennahan, Congress,
Geo. W. Chapman, Anacosta,
James Duffy, Macdonald,
William Knott.

James Nixon, Minnesota,
Andrew Wheeler.

Henry Howard, Sierra,
J. H. Wall, G. W. Anderson,
Cornelius Sullivan, Vincennes,
Marshall H. Peck, St. Louis.

E. J. Miller, Congress,
Dennis Murray,
James Claffy.

David Bonch, Inc.,
James Darnody, San Jacinto.

TEAMSTERS, &c., at FORT MONROE.

Capt. T. J. Porter, master wagoner.

Charles Bluke, Charles Parker.

S. H. Richardson, M. L. Richardson.

A. C. Frost, T. V. Sullivan.

Sam. P. Hooper, Frank Taylor.

Thomas Hooper, R. L. Towner.

TOTAL, 293.

Three months men.

Re-enlisted.

Discharged.

Dead.

Taken prisoner at Ball Ran.

30 of the above list were three months

men, 27 of whom have re-enlisted; this

leaves 270 as the actual number of Woburn

men enlisted for the war.

Something for the Times!

A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD

JOHNS & CROSLY'S

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE!

The strongest Glue in the world.

The cheapest Glue in the world.

The most durable Glue in the world.

The only Glue in the world.

The best Glue in the world.

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE

the only article of the kind ever produced which

will withstand water.

It will Mend Wood.

Save your broken Furniture.

It will Mend Leather.

Mend your Harness, Straps, Belts, Boots, &c.

It will Mend Glass.

Save the pieces of that expensive Cut Glass Bottle.

It will Mend Ivory.

Don't throw away that broken Ivory Fan, it's a gas!

It will Mend China.

Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made

as good as new.

It will Mend Marble.

That piece knocked out of your Marble Mantle can

be put on as strong as ever.

It will Mend Porcelain.

No matter if that broken Pitcher did not cost but a

shilling; a shilling saved is a shilling earned.

It will Mend Alabaster.

That costly Alabaster Vase is broken and you can't

match it; mend it, it will never show when

it is put together.

It will Mend Bone, Coral, Lava, and in

fact everything but Metals.

Any article Cemented with AMERICAN CEMENT

GLUE will not show where it is mended.

EXTRACTS:

"Every Housekeeper should have a supply of

Johns & Crosley's American Cement Glue."—New

York Express.

"It is so convenient to have in the house."—New

York Express.

"It is always ready; this commends it to every-

body."—Independent.

"We have tried it, and find it as useful in our

house as water."—Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.

Economy is Wealth.

The Middlesex Journal,

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

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No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, unless previous notice has been given or not.

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One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, 75 cts.
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, 75 cts.
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One square six months, 6.00
One square three months, 4.00
Half a square one year, 6.00
Half a square six months, 4.00
Half a square three months, 3.00
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.
Larger advertisements may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, *loaded*, 10 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—J. D. MASSFIELD.
Salem—E. T. MOODY.
Worcester—J. B. LEATHES.
Reading—J. B. LEATHES.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., Boston and New York; S. H. NILES, successor to V. B. Felt, 20 N. Main St., Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL at the rates required by law.

To ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBBURN SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1862.

The late Monroe Doctrine.

Mr. James Monroe, in his time of life, had so much of his good things as consists in being a prominent member of the F. P. V. And in his day that meant more than is signified by it in these latter years of the Republic. Then, to be eligible for the Chief Magistracy of the nation, or indeed for any office of great honor or emolument, it was necessary to have been born on what we now consider the wrong side of the Potomac. The general belief was that man was made out of the dust of the earth, but that Presidents must be fashioned from the sacred soil of Virginia. That could not have happened in the year of grace, 1817, which occurred the other day in France, when Mr. Thurlow Weed was introduced to the Parisian journals as "the American President-maker." In the olden time, it was the Southerners who kindly undertook that duty, and New York politicians were content to harass each other without embroiling all the rest of the Union.

Mr. Monroe, then, being a member of the select few, was early apprenticed to politics, and in due course of time became Secretary of State. But thirty or forty years ago, to be Secretary of State meant to be waiting next in order for the Presidential Chair—so James Monroe was made President, a fact which may have slipped out of the recollection of many of our readers. Nevertheless a President he was, and by an overwhelming majority. Indeed, in this respect, he has been surpassed by none of our Chief Magistrates, not even by the illustrious Franklin Pierce of Concord, New Hampshire.

But like the majority of the sixty or seventy thousand great men whose names are to be found in various places of record, our fifth President would have slipped away into irremediable forgetfulness, in a certain far-future hour, had not given utterance to an idea that became incorporated into the policy of the nation, and that has thus far brought his name down to his otherwise oblivious countrymen.

The Monroe Doctrine declares that no European power should be suffered to effect a lodgment upon any part of North America, and that no European power should be suffered to possess such power. It may be considered a circumlocution for the simple declaration,

"And the whole business Continent is ours."

In framing this statement, the President gave expression to the feelings of a large majority of his countrymen. The principle was largely adopted by the Democrats as an article of party faith, and was said to be a piece of political sagacity worthy to be set side by side with Washington's advice to the nation, to shun entangling alliances with foreign powers. The admirers of Mr. Monroe found one more point of the resemblance which they were so fond of tracing between him and the father of his country. Washington had urged Mahomet not to go near the mountain. Monroe had warned the mountain off the premises of Mahomet. Undoubtedly in character the two men are alike, for behold how their words and deeds coincide.

Popular as this doctrine was, and perhaps it is, it has so far been seldom or never of practical application. The newspapers have talked of it more or less vaguely in connection with the English occupation of certain Central American islands, but it has been insisted upon in theory rather than carried out in practice.

The need of reducing the theory to fact has indeed been small, for until very recently, no attempt to infringe it has been made by any foreign government, and might, very likely, have gone on quietly to absorb the entire continent, subject to no more serious interruption than an occasional quarrel among ourselves, as in the case of California and Texas, according as the newly acquired territory seemed likely to increase the number of Northern or Southern senators and representatives.

But the unhappy rebellion which has destroyed so much that is better and more important, has not spared this political dogma, and the disensions of our country have opened a way for the Spanish occupation of San Domingo, and for the invasion of Mexico by the allied powers.

The latest reports, coming in the form of rumors, but such rumors as would seem to be

well authenticated, place the Arch Duke Maximilian of Austria upon the throne that is to be erected in Mexico nominally upon the suffrages of the inhabitants, but really upon the bayonets of the triple alliance.—The want and the opportunity of these powers appeared to coincide in an unhoped for manner.

On the one hand was the strong and increasing probability of a general war in the Spring, unless some method could be devised to bring Venice from the grasp of Austria, and to satisfy Garibaldi and the fiery populace of the new kingdom of Italy.

On the other hand, both Mexico and the United States, the intruded prey and its only protector, were alike rendered incapable by internal dissensions of offering any effectual resistance to the scheme.

Whichever shall turn out to be the true account of affairs in that wretched country—whether a Spanish or an Austrian dynasty is to import a government into that kingdom of misrule and anarchy, the doctrine enunciated by President Monroe would seem to be dead. But it is not past resurrection, as the world may discover in the soon returning day of our nation's strength.

LIBEL SUIT.—The trial of the suit brought by "The Count Jospine" against Rev.

Joseph L. Bennett was concluded in the Supreme Judicial Court held at Dedham last Wednesday. Hon. G. W. Warren presided for the defence. The verdict was in favor of the Count for the sum of five hundred dollars. The amount of damages claimed was twenty thousand dollars. The ground assumed by the Defendant was, that he acted for other parties and supposed the statements made to be true; and also, that the letters upon which the libel was founded were in the nature of privileged communications. The lady (Mrs. Bigelow) to whom the letter was addressed was in the time engaged and contracted in marriage to the Count, and the letters contained alleged libels upon the character of the Count, which led to the severing of the engagement and contract between these two parties. The lady had been a former parishioner of Rev. Mr. Bennett and one in whom he was much interested. The Court (Judge Merrick) decided that it could not be treated as a privileged communication. So it behooves clergymen to be careful about writing letters to their present or former parishioners derogatory of the character of any individuals unless they are based upon reliable evidence. The amount recovered in this case is secured by an attachment of Real Estate.

The Count has another suit against the Rev. Mr. Bennett now pending in the Superior Court for Suffolk County, upon a similar cause of action as the preceding in which damages are laid at ten thousand dollars.

TOWN OF NEWTON.—We have been favored through the politeness of Mr. William Winn, with the perusal of the Annual Report of the Receipts and Expenditures, &c., of the Town of Newton. It is a document of 119 pages—one hundred and nineteen pages of good substantial information for that town. Eighty-three pages are devoted to the usual matter found in Auditors' Reports; the history of the Kenrick Fund is detailed in full—This Fund was left the town by John Kenrick, Esq., in the year 1825, for the purpose of assisting and relieving the needy and industrious poor of Newton, especially widows and orphans, none of whom have fallen under the immediate care of the Overseers of the Poor. The sum originally bestowed was \$1200, which was to be put out at interest at the rate of 5 per cent. until it amounted to \$4000, which it did in 1851, after which the interest annually accruing was to be disposed of among that class of poor before named. Then follows the Selections Report, occupying eight pages, which is a model report, and places the business of the town before the citizens in a clear and business like manner. Then comes the Registrar's Report, giving the number of births, marriages, and deaths, causes of death, and the population and mortality of the town for the past 14 years. This is succeeded by a list of persons who were taxed for Real and Personal Estate, in the year 1861, which is made up in the same style as that of Woburn, in 1860, with the exception that the poll and delinquent tax payers are placed separately at the end. A list of the Streets with their distances, concludes the statistical department of the report.

Taking the report altogether it is one that the Town of Newton has cause to be proud of. It is as definite as such a work could be, and will prove a source of great benefit to the town now and hereafter.

FIRE.—On Wednesday night last, the house owned and occupied in part by Mr. James Mann, and situated in the rear of the Methodist Chapel, was discovered to be on fire. An alarm was at once given, which was quickly responded to by Niagara Co. No. 1, and many citizens. The labor of the engine men was extremely laborious owing to the bad roads and also being compelled to throw two streams up hill; but their exertion was rewarded with much success, and they saved a large portion of the building. Mr. Mann lost a large portion of his furniture, and family wearing apparel. Mr. N. H. Nichols, who occupied the house with Mr. Mann, and who with his family escaped from the house just in season to prevent suffocation, saved nearly all his goods. The building was insured for \$1400, in the Holyoke Company.

REMOVAL.—It will be seen by advertisement in another column, that our well known and talented Dentist, Dr. Lang, has removed his place of business to Winn street, first house in the rear of the old Orthodox church. Persons in this and adjoining towns will find Dr. Lang an experienced and successful dentist, one well qualified to give the utmost satisfaction in the various branches of his profession. No one need secure the services of city Dentists, when, at their own doors, they have a gentleman competent to do as good, if not a superior work.

ATTENTION COMPANY!—Volunteers who expect to retain their health unimpaired during the campaign, must see to it themselves, do not trust to the Army Surgeons, supply yourselves with HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & Ointment. Every English Soldier's Kaapsack contains them, only 25 cents per box of Put.

CAUTION.—In compliance with the call issued, a meeting of citizens was held in the Town Hall, last evening, for the purpose of nominating Town Officers. At 8 o'clock the meeting was called to order by John Cummings, Jr. George M. Champney was chosen Moderator, and John Johnson, Secretary. The meeting then proceeded to nominate officers. Wm. T. Grammer declined serving as Selectman, and Moses A. Tyler was substituted; with this exception, the different officers that served the town last year, were re-nominated. Rev. Mr. Bronson was re-nominated for School Committee, and J. A. Gould was taken to fill vacancy occasioned by Rev. Mr. March's resignation.

The meeting was very well attended and as harmonious as meetings of this character generally are. The sense of the meeting seemed to be in favor of giving the new system of consolidating the three boards in one, a fair trial of its working.

STONEHAM.—We are indebted to Silas Dean, Esq., for the following list of officers, elected last Monday in Stoneham:

Town Clerk, Silas Dean; Selectmen, Asa Johnson, Jesse Curtis, H. H. French; Treasurer, Sumner Richardson 2d; Constables, A. M. Latham, Otis Bucknam; Collector, D. N. Stevens; School Committee for 3 years, W. H. Heath; for one year, M. L. Morse. Appraised for Schooling, \$2500; for Roads, \$400; for other expenses, \$8200.

WILMINGTON.—We are indebted to Mr. Wm. H. Carter, Town Clerk, of Wilmington, for the following:

At a meeting convened in the Town of Wilmington on the third day of March, 1862, the following named persons were duly elected to office, viz:—Moderator, Jonathan Carter 2d; Town Clerk, Wm. H. Carter; Selectmen and Overseers of the Poor, Lemuel C. Rames, George Gowing, Henry Sheldon; Constable, Levi Swain, Jr.; Treasurer and Collector, Charles W. Swain; School Committee, Warren Rames, George Gowing, Lemuel C. Rames.

BURLINGTON.—List of Town officers elected in the town of Burlington, on Monday last:—Moderator, Wm. Winn; Town Clerk, Rev. Samuel Sewall; Selectmen, Assessors, and Highway Surveyors, Nathan Blanchard, Wm. Winn, Abner Shedd; School Committee, for 3 years, Oakes Tirrell, Jr.; Overseers of Poor, Samuel Sewall, Jr., John Wood, Artemas Reed; Treasurer and Collector, Samuel Sewall, Jr.; Constables, John F. Snow, John K. Woodman; Fence Viewers, Nathan Blanchard, Wm. Winn, John Wood; Library Committee, Silas Cutler, Wm. Lawrence; Surveyors of Wood, Wyman Skelton, Jr., A. P. Marion, Henry Nichols, John Wood, Thomas D. Radford; Surveyors of Lumber, Edward Reed, Wm. Lawrence.

DEATH IN THE WOBURN UNION GUARD.—Mr. A. J. Harris, son of Mr. W. B. Harris of this town, died of typhoid fever at Hall's Hill, Va., on Sunday last. His remains reached town on Thursday, and were buried from the North Woburn Meeting House yesterday afternoon, attended by the Jacob Webster Engine Co., of which he was a member.

Mr. S. W. Abbott, Assistant Surgeon in Navy, has been appointed to the Marine Barracks, in Navy Yard, Charlestown.

Rev. Mr. Jenkins of Lowell, will preach in the First Congregational Church to-morrow.

CASE WILSON, HALL'S HILL, VA., February 17th, 1862.

Friend Johnson.—There has been a number of statements published in regard to Co. F, of the 22d Mass. Regt., and I have seen several of the but had more or less mistakes. The following is a correct list of names, together with the rank of officers and men:—

Capt. Samuel L. Thompson; 1st Lieut. John P. Crane; 2d Lieut. Walter S. Davis; 1st Sergt. Wm. R. Bennett; 2d, Josiah Stratton; 3d, Charles Merriam; 4th, Joshua Rundle. 1st Corp. Francis L. Bryant; 2d, Francis W. Thompson; 3d, James F. Newcomb; 4th, Charles W. Lunt; 5th, Alexander Barker; 6th, Edwin H. C. Wentworth; 7th, Joseph Simonds; 8th, John L. Parker; Buglers, Charles H. Day, Wallace H. Gilbert. Detailed from the Company on extra duty, John F. Gleason, Asst. Quartermaster; William S. Bowen, Hospital Department; Eben G. Wilford, Wagoner; Eleazer C. Beals, Ambulance Driver; Oliver M. Wade, as Drummer, but as the drum corp has been broken up he has applied for discharge. And 76 privates, making a total of 99 members, of which 49 are from Woburn. Born in Woburn, 9. Born in U. S., 66. Foreign, 24. Yours, &c., A MEMBER.

SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT.—The question of abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia is exciting much attention among members of Congress, and there can be little doubt of the ultimate passage of the bill now before that body providing for emancipation and compensation. Slavery in the District is little more than a name. Comparatively few of the citizens are masters, and the general sentiment of the people is opposed to the existence of slavery. As an institution, it should no longer exist in the capital of the great American Republic.

REBEL PRISONERS SHOT.—While the rebel prisoners were embarking from Fort Donelson for Chicago, some of them proved refractory, and frequently disobeyed the order to keep in line. Exasperated with the refractory conduct of two of them, the guard were ordered to fire upon them, and the two were thus killed. Subsequently the prisoners expressed much respect for the orders given.

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For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Editor.—The time for holding the annual March meeting is at hand, and the people of Woburn are about to assemble in their collective wisdom and legislate for their government for another year. The first article in the warrant that will command serious attention, will be article fifth, for I suppose that those of our old board of officers who will accept of a re-nomination will be re-elected, as they have all served the town faithfully and well. Our Selectmen especially have performed their part well. Few bills have been paid, and but little work done, which did not come under their immediate inspection; the highways have been well attended to, and especially would I bear evidence to the worthy manner in which our Poor business has been conducted. Although the board is comprised of some of our most active business men, still it found time to attend to all the business of the town, thereby saving very many dollars of the town's money as the published accounts will show. One thing more let me refer to before I leave this subject. A correct record of all the business done has been kept, something which was never done before, but which should have been. This record will prove of great convenience and profit for reference, and is more than worth the "miserable pittance" which it cost; I, for one, hope that it will be continued in all future time.

To return to the subject of Expenditure. Retrenchment must be the order of the day, there is no help for it. Soon we will be called upon to pay an enormous national tax, which, when added to our other taxes, will fall heavily upon us, and cause many a one to swallow one mouthful where they now swallow two. Accordingly every item of town expenditure must be rigidly scrutinized to see whether or not it is necessary; and to do this work well, we must have men in power who are capable of attending to their own business well. During the past year the expenditures have been a trifle less than in 1860, as in that year they were \$20,224.52—deducting \$13,319.96 for School-houses, which was not an ordinary expenditure, and in 1861 they were \$20,200.00—deducting \$4,435.00 for military, which is also not an ordinary expenditure. Thus it will be seen that our expenses are not growing greater, but still there is room for curtailment in some departments. Perhaps the expense of our Schools can be lessened, but of this the School Committee are the best judges; if they deem it best, the salaries of the teachers might be lessened, but to touch these is to touch the fountain head of our school system; we must make the office an object to the incumbent, but not the incumbent an object to the office.—the teacher must have a stimulant to higher exertion or else all interest will lag and the good of our children suffer. Beyond the salaries of the teachers it would be an uneasy matter to lessen the expenditure of last year. During the past two years there has been expended upon our Highways, \$4,687.65; surely, after this, a thousand dollars ought to keep them in repair the year ensuing. The Pauper expense probably cannot be materially lessened, though possibly the outside relief may be. The expense of the Town Library cannot be lowered and the town benefited thereby. The expense of the Fire Department could not be much less except it is abolished altogether which would not be prudent. Our Town Officers could not work for much lower wages, unless they work for nothing and pay the town for the privilege, which, perhaps, they will do and thus gratify the philanthropic desires of some. Our Burying Grounds need every dollar that has been expended upon them; in their present condition they are not becoming to the town. Five hundred dollars could not be expended better than in beautifying the grounds where rest the remains of those who once walked side by side with us and enjoyed the scenes we now enjoy. The Miscellaneous expenses of the town, I suppose, cannot be cut down, as they generally amount to just so much.

The question will probably now be asked, Where are we to begin to retrench? The only answer I can give is, Everywhere that it is possible. We must commence at the top and go to the bottom, leaving no stone unturned that will help gain the desired end. Let the assembled wisdom of the town will doubtless take the matter in hand and concert measures which will prove beneficial to all.

Woburn, March 6th, 1862. CITIZEN.

For the Middlesex Journal.

GOVERNMENT BAKERY IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.—This Establishment is carried on in the basement of the Capitol, and has in operation fourteen ovens, some of which are capable of baking 300 loaves each, at a time. It employs some 400 men, among whom are three or four from South Reading, who turn out about 3500 loaves per day and night. For the works are in operation day and night, and Sundays, the same as on other days. These loaves weigh 23 oz. in the dough and 22 oz. when baked. This bread is for the army of the Potomac, and is said to be of excellent quality.

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The Apocalypse.

Christ's disciples failed to hear something about the fate of the Jewish nation and a sketch of other nations to the end of the world; and in the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth chapters of Matthew's gospel are descriptive answers to their requests, in that private and wonderful discourse which Christ gave as he sat on the Mount of Olives.

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If a person would read the prophecies of the Apocalypse in simpler language, he may do it in these two chapters of Matthew.—Here Christ speaks of wars, famines, pestilences, and earthquakes (as in Revelation the angel proclaims "Wo, wo, wo to the inhabitants of the earth," &c.)

Here, the gospel is to be preached in all the world—there, the warrior goes forth on the white horse, conquering and to conquer, and the angel flies in the midst of heaven having the everlasting gospel to preach to them that dwell on the earth. Here, sudden calamities are described as coming like the deluge in the days of Noah—there the merchants are lamenting the destruction of the mystical Babylon, saying alas, alas, for in one hour is she made desolate. Here, are described the wise Virgins, and the Bride, the Lamb's wife, and the son of men coming in his glory.

A week filled up with religious exercises will make a good Pharisee, but a poor Christian. There are many persons who think Sunday is a sponge with which to wipe out the sins of the week.

The Slaves of Prejudice.

DEATH ROBBERED OF HIS PREY.—There are people in the world; people with the most absurd, unreasonable, and indefensible prejudices. For example, we have met with individuals who had a morbid antipathy to persons that was extensively advertised, no matter what might be its actual claims to the confidence of the public. These creatures looked with special disfavor on advertised medicines. They could not see, for example, in Dr. HOLLOWAY'S magnificent system of advertising, covering, as it does, all the mediums of publicity which the world affords, anything but a gigantic scheme of mere speculation. True, they could not gain the testimony pouring in spontaneously from the highest sources, in favor of his incomparable Pills and Ointment, but still they shook their heads and muttered "humbug." Of course, there is no possibility of arguing with men of this kind. The last way is to let them alone. Fortunately such specimens of stupidity are "few and far between" in this enlightened era. The general feeling is that if a thing is in itself excellent, its virtues should be proclaimed to the four winds of heaven for the general benefit of mankind. Hence the proclamation made by Dr. HOLLOWAY through the entire newspaper press of the properties and operation of his remedies, meets with the approval of all thinking men. The value of the preparations as specialties for the various internal and external complaints peculiar to different climates, or common to the world at large, is conceded not only by the masses, but by governments, men of science, and candid observers in every walk of life. Can such remedies be too widely known? Impossible!—(See Dollar Coughing.)

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

A meeting of the citizens of South Reading was held at the Town Hall, on Thursday evening, to make arrangements for the reception of those members of the Richardson Light Guard who were taken at Bull Run, and have ever since been, until recently, prisoners of war. The brief moment only which the reporter can allow himself, will not permit that the proceedings be given in detail.

The meeting was called to order by Geo. O. Carpenter, Esq., and organized by the choice of P. C. Wheeler, Esq., Chairman, and Geo. O. Carpenter, Esq., Secretary. A committee of fifty citizens from different parts of the town was appointed to adopt and carry out measures to give a most hearty welcome to the returning soldiers.

After all necessary notes and action by the meeting, it resolved into a session of the committee, when the following named gentlemen were appointed a sub-committee to complete the arrangements, viz: Doctor S. O. Richardson and Messrs. Lucius Beebe, James P. Emerson, P. C. Wheeler, Edward Mansfield, Geo. O. Carpenter, John W. Locke, Nathaniel S. Dearborn, J. Sullivan Eaton, and E. H. Walton. It is probable that they will arrive in about a week, and will be received at the depot and escorted to the Town Hall amid the ringing of bells and booming of cannon, there to be welcomed in a few short speeches, and receive the individual congratulations of the whole assembly. As one means to extend a notice of the time when the reception will take place, it is proposed that the town bell be rung half an hour in the morning of that day.

The committee cannot yet determine upon the hour of the day, or whether it will be in the afternoon or evening, but due notice will be given.

[The above article was received last Saturday morning at eight o'clock, one hour after our South Reading bundle had been mailed.—Ed.]

For the Middlesex Journal.

It was remarked by a teacher of one of our primary schools in a written report at the public examination of her school this week, that in a specified time (about 11 weeks) she had received more than one hundred and fifty notes, to excuse, in some way or other, the absence of her pupils. If that teacher possesses a degree of curiosity equal to her aptness in managing a school, she will carefully preserve all those and similar notes, in some large snug envelope; and if permitted years hence to look over the history of her pupils and compare their standing in society, a lesson might be furnished, as an illustration, in the hands of some future board of School Committee, to enforce an argument in favor of punctuality and constancy at school.

At the time of writing (Thursday, A. M.), there is no prospect that the absent members of the Richardson Light Guard, late Captives in the Southern Confederacy, will return this week. When they do arrive there will be a gathering. Some of the friends of Mr. Aborn will meet him in Washington and the rest of family connections will meet him in Boston, and it has been decided by the Committee of arrangements, that they leave Boston as soon as to arrive at the Junction (South Reading Branch Depot) at 3 o'clock in the afternoon—so to be accompanied by the Boston Brigade Band, there to be received by a Committee and escorted to the Hall by the Richardson Light Guard, under command of Captain Locke.

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with the angels and gathering all nations before him—there, the dead, small and great, standing before the Judge.

Thus grand events are indicated by emblems in the Revelation, with the addition of mystic numbers and dates not mentioned in Matthew.

In the commencement of the 18th century when the Catholic armies of Europe were striving to gain what had been lost in the great reformation from Popery and things looked discouraging for the Protestant cause, an obscure minister in London, by the name of Fleming, was induced to study the prophecies for knowledge and comfort.

He published the result of these studies about A. D. 1700. At that time France was the great support of Popery, and he calculated the French monarchy would be overthrown about the year 1794 and a great abasement of the power of Papal Rome from that the "6th Vial" would be emphatically poured out on the "seat of the Beast" in Italy about A. D. 1818, when the subjects of the Pope would begin there to manifest their hatred of his despotism.

Thus Mr. F. appears to have made remarkably accurate calculations on Apocalyptic emblems.

A few persons have a taste for poring over enigmatical subjects, and the closing book of the Bible has long furnished such with an interesting study. But much knowledge of History is necessary to apply well the predictions; and after all, I think the remark of Sir I. Newton on Scripture prophecies, namely, that they are given rather to show mankind, after the events occur, that they were previously known to the Lord and had been by him predicted, than to enable persons to determine beforehand, the precise time of their occurrence, is probably correct.

In the present life, where much is to be done and little to be known, we are to watch as vigilant sentinels, doing each day's duty in its day and leaving the future to the just Controller of all events; and yet the Lord has generously given us some hints respecting the great scenes that are before us. J. E.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Schools.

The quarterly examination of the several schools commenced on Wednesday morning and closed on Friday afternoon of last week. It has been quite a prosperous term. The pupils generally appeared to have made good progress in their studies, and the attendance was better than usual. The singing, which is a pleasant feature in many of our schools, was well performed, and served to give variety to the exercises.

At the examination of the High School, which occupied the whole of Friday, there was a large attendance of the parents and former graduates, notwithstanding the very inclement weather. The recitations were, as usual, excellent. Out of fifty-two pupils, the number connected with this school this term, the average attendance was forty-nine, and but a few had been either absent or tardy.

The committee propose, after the Spring Term of this school, to adopt a different plan in respect to the studies pursued there, whereby a larger number of pupils will be admitted and the course enlarged to six years—the first part of the course to be devoted exclusively to the English branches, leaving to the latter part, the study of other languages if desired. This plan, it is believed, will meet the wishes of a large number of parents who do not care that their children should study Latin or French, but wish them to have a thorough education in the English branches, including History, Philosophy and Chemistry which are not taught in the other schools in the town.—It will save the additional expense of a Grammar School by combining in one, the studies of the former with those of the High, thereby enabling us to make the Gifford an Upper Primary or a mixed school, similar to the others. This plan will be more fully set forth in the report of the committee.

All the teachers of the last term, have been re-appointed except Miss Wyman of the Wyman School who declined the same. The vacancy has not yet been filled.

The arrangement of terms for the next year will be as follows, viz: Spring Term, commencing March 24th, 1862, continues fourteen weeks, closing June 27th, followed by a vacation of nine weeks. The High School closes two weeks earlier, and has eleven weeks vacation. Fall Term commences Sept. 1st, continues twelve weeks, closing Nov. 21st, followed by a vacation of two weeks. Winter Term commences Dec. 8th, continues twelve weeks, closing Feb. 27th, followed by a vacation of three weeks.

RELIGIOUS.—Last Sabbath at the Congregational Church the Pastor officiated; at the Baptist Church Rev. Mr. Brown of Framingham.

LYCEUM.—The debate on the question of Spiritualism was resumed last Monday evening by Messrs. J. Campbell, W. F. Young and A. Norton in the affirmative, and J. Story, S. Wilder and C. Russell in the negative. The discussion was quite spirited, although a portion of it was rather too personal in its character, which cannot do any good, but

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VOL. XI: : No. 24.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
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Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The Tireless Boatman.

Over the river whose sluggish tide was never stirred by a living breath
There passes a boat whose muffled oars are noiselessly plied by the boatman, Death.
He waiteth not for the dawn of day, he careeth not for the wind and storm,
But ceaselessly over the river cold, gloomily rides the phantom form.
The tears of the throng on the green earth's shore, are heeded not by the boatman pale,
As he silently seeks each shivering form and passes on by the shadowy vale.

In vain is the sweet young mother's prayer, as her babe to her bosom is pressed;
The dimpled arms cling to the shrouded form, the gold hair droops on the cold, damp breast.
On and on o'er the cold, dark waves, the boatman pale and fair
Are borne along through the silent gloom, 'till the sweet babe fades in the poisoned air.
Then back to the eager, restless throng, passes the shadowy boat once more—
And we to the timid, shivering form that nearest stands on the death-doomed shore.

Old age with thin, fluttering locks of snow, wearily sits on the river side;
The boatman grasps the trembling hand and launches again on the strange dark tide.
Thus ceaselessly over the river cold, gloomily rides the phantom form,
Caring not for the clouds of night, waiting not for the wind and storm,
Oh what wilt thou do thou boatman pale, when the last one on the shore
Is ferried across to the shadowy land in thy boat with his muffled oar?

ZELIA GERTRUDE GREY.

Select Literature.

HEROISM IN HUMBLE LIFE.

A June sun shone hot and glaring on a low, brown house, that stood very near a sandy road, in one of the farming districts of New Hampshire. Not a tree nearer than the next field, which, by way of compliment, was called "the orchard," but a few straggling morning glories, and one or two puny asters (known to the mistress of the house as "China oysters"), in a box under the window, told that even here, were some dim, ill-understood yearnings after beautiful objects. Near the broad, flat door-stone, three yellow-haired, chubby children, were making dirt-pies, not one of them old enough to walk the two miles that lay between them and the district school-house. Inside the house a sickly, discouraged-looking woman was trying to coax an obstinate baby of half a year old to go to sleep. "Poor Mrs. Plummer!" as the neighbors called her, with no hands but her own to do a chore—was it any wonder that the flies were helping themselves to the remains of the slovenly breakfast; that the milk things still remained where her husband left them before sunrise; that the attempt she had made at washing only amounted to a confused litter of tubs and soiled garments, and that in the midst of it all, obliged to sit down by the screaming child, she had only heart enough to darn, disconsolately, the heel of an old stocking that ought to have gone to the rags months ago!

Frances Plummer, and John, her husband, had been married six years, and everybody agreed that they "had had a hard row to hoe." To be sure, his father left him the old house, the rickety barn behind it, and one or two acres of rocky, sandy soil; but even this was not all paid for, and if it had been, it wouldn't have been worth much, as John said, "There wasn't an acre of pasturing on it," and his poor cow had to pick up her scanty living anywhere. But they married young, and full of hope, they thought the work of building up a modest fortune would not be too hard for them. Somehow or other they did not get along; they had bad seasons; the farmers cut down the wages of their hired men, and when the children began to come so fast, the wife grew weak and ailing, and John found that as years went by they only made out to get a poor living. The spring of 1861, had, however, looked a little better for them, for John had secured a small farm, two or three miles away from home, to carry on at the halves; and he hoped by autumn to have something in his pocket wherewith to help to pay off the mortgage. But in spite of this good fortune, Frances, as she sat rocking the cradle, thought her husband had seemed anxious and silent for the last few weeks, and her mind, always foreboding, grew troubled with a sense of some new grief to befall them. The stocking dropped from her fingers, and it was some minutes before she discovered that her child had worried itself into a restless slumber. Perhaps you think she and her husband were a weak sort of bodies, but if you ever tried to get your bread off from eighty-two acres of New Hampshire rocks, with a house and four babies for your capital, you will have a little charity for that species of weakness.

Hour by hour the morning were away, and although the noisy children trooped in one after the other, woke the baby and undid a great part of her work, still, by noon, which brought dinner and her husband, things did look a little civilized. Noon certainly did not bring a large amount of dinner that day, but, looking across the flat, she saw John's manly form, and a glow passed over her thin, sallow face, for in spite of their unromantic surroundings, these two people each other as do not many husbands

and wives who live in stately dwellings. She took up the salt pork and potatoes, lifted the baby into a high chair, and when John, escorted by the three dirt pie makers, came into the kitchen, he looked as if he thought she had done about as well as a woman could do who had nothing to do with. But still she noticed the cloud on his face, noticed his careless answers to the children, and once or twice detected a long, hard breath, as if he were making up some desperate resolve. She tried to speak of it two or three times, but something staled her lips, and he saved her the effort. "Fanny, our company, the Stark Riders, are going to the war."

She saw it all in a moment—the picture of her husband as she had seen him years ago, before they had ever thought of being married, above his fellows on the muster field in height, yet stooping low his proud head in acknowledgement of her timid bow. And then another scene took its place—that tall figure, in the old familiar uniform, lying stained with dust and blood on a far-off battle ground. She looked ready to faint, but still he went on with his story.

"I knew it a week ago, Frances—knew it when the Governor called out the regiment to which we belong, but I dared not tell you." No word from the pale woman by his side—only one wild thought in her brain. Could she not hold, keep back this man, her only earthly hope, from what seemed to her certain death?

"We go to Concord Saturday," (and today is Thursday, thought the stricken woman). "At first I determined I wouldn't go, couldn't go, but when I went to the company meeting last night, and the squire read the President's call for help, my blood boiled and my hand went up with the rest. God only knows, Fanny, how hard it is to leave you and the children, but I don't dare to be a coward. Why, Fanny, I couldn't ever show grandpa's old queen's arm to the boys again, if I turned my back to my country now."

His great voice trembled, and the wondering baby caught a tear on its grimy little hand, but there wasn't a line that looked like faltering in that stern face. The wife's tears fell like summer rain, but the words of her husband thrilled her, for the true blood of the true old State was in her veins, and it shamed her now that even for a second she had thought of holding back her dearest and best, if liberty called. Had she not listened when he read how the Massachusetts troops were massacred in Baltimore, how Ellsworth was shot down like a dog, and didn't she know that this war would decide whether it was to be freedom or slavery for her children? He was all she had of strength in the world; but for his sake she would not hold him back. She did not need many words wherein to express her consent; but when he saw her white lids stiffen into sternness, he knew he had no weak complainings of hers to contend with. There is not much time, counting by hours, between Thursday and Saturday, but there was much done in that poor household, for a new life possessed Frances Plummer. She did not grow young again; she never did that this side of the grave; but she grew strong, for the baptism of fire. She listened while John told her how she could get along in his absence, how this and that one would assist her, how she should receive every cent of his pay for her and the children; and without any shrinking she told him in clear, full tones that comforted him, even amid the groans and din of Bull Run, that he was to deny himself no comfort his pay would procure, for she could work as well as he. Once only she broke down, when together they inspected her little stock of potatoes, "There was enough to last until those on the east knoll were ripe, and then, please God, he would be with her again, if he was with her at all." Their eyes met, and with their resolutely turning away from each other, and the bitter tears fell them.

Saturday came, and he went, and she took up her summer's work alone, not without the hope and courage that come from self-renunciation. When she was the most weary she remembered her husband, toiling in the trenches beneath a southern sun, and no groan or complaint passed her lips. Her little family lived decently, thanks to her untiring industry, and even the nearest neighbor, who remarked the wonderful growth of the potatoes and corn on the east knoll, did not dream that hours before he awoke that woman was hoeing and weeding them. Once in a while she called the little ones to her, and read what she told them was a letter from their father; but she was a poor reader of writing, and what with that and her sobers, she did not always get the full sense of the precious epistle.

Just at sunset, on a July day, the heart of the great North almost stopped its beating, and a darkness like that of midnight settled upon us as we were told the much exaggerated story of Bull Run. Many men ex- ran from that fatal field, and among them was John Plummer. He was seen fighting single-handed with two Georgia Zouaves, while he had fastened to his belt the colors of his regiment. He fell, at last, but the colors waved over him. And yet Mr. William Russell says there was no hand-to-hand fighting at Bull Run.

They told the tale tenderly to the woman in the brown house, and her heart met its death-blow as they told; but she only said,

"He would rather have died so than to run, and I rather he would." In the years to come, if Freedom and Truth want them, there will be two sons of John Plummer, who will leap as exultantly to their call, and die as gladly at their bidding, as did their father—thanks to their mother's teaching.

The Young Musician and his Sick Mother.

The following passage from the life of an English composer will thrill the heart of many a mother: Little Pierresat humming by the bedside of his mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits. Still at times he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes, for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother as a good sweet orange, and yet he had not a penny in the world. The little song he was singing was his own,—one he had composed with air and words; for the child was a genius, and a fervent worshipper at the shrine of music. As the tears rolled down his cheeks and his voice trembled at the sad, sad thoughts, he did not dare to let his mother see; hastily rising, he hurried to the window, and there watched a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madame M——, then a favorite character, would sing that night at the Temple.

"Oh! if I could only go," thought Pierre, and then pausing a moment, he clasped his hands—his eyes lighted up with unwonted fire—and running to the little stand he smoothed down his yellow curls, and taking from his little box some old, stained paper, gave one eager look at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

"Who did you say was in waiting for me?" said Madame M—— to her servant. "I am already worn out with company." "It is only a little boy with yellow curls, who says if he can only see you, he is sure you will not be sorry, and he won't keep you a moment."

"Oh, well, let him come," said the beautiful singer, with a smile. "I can never refuse children." Little Pierre came in with his hat in his hand, and in the other a roll of paper. With a manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight to Madame M——, and bowing, said:

"I came to see you because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that perhaps if you would only sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, maybe some publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for mother."

The beautiful woman arose from her seat—very tall and stately she was,—took the little roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air.

"Did you compose it?" she asked—"you a child?" And the words—wonderful little genius! Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked, after a few moments of thought.

"Oh, yes!" and the blue eyes grew liquid with happiness—"but I couldn't leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening, and here is a crown with which you go and get food and medicine. Here, also, is one of my tickets. Come to night; that will admit you to a seat near me. My good little fellow, your mother has a treasure in you."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little lux- ury beside, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

Never in all his life had Pierre been in such a grand place. The music, clashing and rolling; the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and rustling of silks, bewildered his eyes and brain. At last she came—and the child sat with his glance riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song. Breathless he waited; the band struck up a plaintive little melody. He knew it, and clasped his hands for joy. And oh! how she sang it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing,—many a bright eye was dimmed with tears, and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song,—oh! how touching! Pierre walked as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money, now? The greatest prima donna in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was frightened at a visit from Madame M——. She laid her hands on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman, said:

"Your little boy, Madame, has brought you a fortune. I was offered this morning, by one of the best publishers, £300 for his little song; and after he has realized a certain amount for the sale, little Pierre, here, is to share the profits. Madame, thank God that your son has a gift from Heaven."

The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of him who watches over the tried and tempted, he knelt down over his mother's bedside, and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who deigned to notice their affliction.

And the memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she who was the idol of England's nobility, like the world's great master, went about doing good. And in her early, happy death, when the grave damps gathered over her brow, and her eyes grew dim, he who stood by her bed, his bright face clothed in the mourning of signs and tears, and smoothed her pillow and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days—now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day. All honor to those great hearts, who, from their high stations, send down bounty unto the widow and fatherless child.

The Doctor and the Negro.

The late Dr. Miller, of Princeton, as all his students will remember, abounded in anecdotes, which he related to his classes from year to year, to illustrate the points made in his lectures. One of them occurs to us just now, as specially applicable to the new converts which have recently come into the churches within the bounds of our circulation.

A celebrated judge was, in his earlier years, skeptical as to the truth of the Bible, and especially as to the reality of experimental religion. He had a favorite servant who accompanied him in his travels round his circuit. As they passed from court-house to court-house, they frequently conversed on the subject of religion, the servant, Harry, venturing at times to remonstrate with his master against his infidelity. As the judge had confidence in Harry's honesty and sincerity, he asked him how he felt, and what he thought on various points. Among other things, Harry told his master that he was very often sorely tempted and tried by the devil. The judge asked Harry to explain to him how it happened that the devil attacked him (Harry) who was so pious a man, so sorely, while he allowed himself, who was an infidel and a sinner, to pass unnoticed and untempted.

Harry asked, "Are you right sure, master, that he does let you pass without troubling you?"

"Certainly I am," replied the judge; "I have no dealings with him at all. I do not so much as know there is any such being in existence as the devil. If there is any such being, he never troubles me."

"Well," said Harry, "I know that there is a devil, and that he tries me sorely sometimes."

Some days afterwards, when the judge had got through with his docket, he concluded to go out on a hunt for wild ducks, on one of the streams that lay across his road home- ward. Harry accompanied him. As they approached the river, they espied a flock of ducks quietly floating on its surface. The judge stealthily crept up the bank and fired upon them, killing two or three and wounding as many others. He sat on the bank with his gun, and made strenuous efforts, with the aid of clubs and stones, to secure the wounded ducks, while he permitted the dead ones to float on, for the time, unnoticed by him. Harry, as he sat on the seat of the carriage, watched his master's operations with deep interest, and when he returned, said to him:

"Massa, while you was splashin' in de water after dem wounded ducks, and lettin' de dead ones float on, it jist cum into my mind why it is dat de debil troubles me so much while he lees you alone. You are like de dead ducks; he's sure he's got you safe. I'm like de wounded ones tryin' to git away from him, and he's afraid I'll do it; so he makes all de fuss after me, and jist lets you float on down de stream. He knows he can git you at any time; but he knows it's now or never with me. If you were to begin to flutter a little, and show signs like you were a-goin' to git away from him, he would make jist as big a splashin' after you as he does after me."

DIETETIC SPECTABILIS.—Probably nothing, among the hardy barbaquos plants, can excel in rare value and beauty the dietetia. Hardy as a pony—which it resembles in its foliage—as soon as the frost is fairly out of ground, it commences to push its tender and succulent shoots upward to the sunlight. It is a vigorous and fast grower, and almost as soon as its first delicate leaflets are fairly formed, the first slender blossom-buds appear to give promise of coming beauty. Planted in the border, with a good company, or by itself on the lawn, (in either case in rich soil), it will command the admiration of all who see it.

When properly cultivated, it begins to blossom in May, and continues in bloom during the greater part of summer; the plant usually attaining a height of about two feet. The flowers, which are of a peculiar saxe, and of a beautiful rose color, appear in long racemes, each flower-stalk drooping gracefully under its burden of pendulous blossoms—each blossom a perfect curiosity in itself, which will well repay a close examination.

This unique plant is of Chinese origin, and was introduced into England a few years since by Fortune. It has proved itself capable of withstanding our severe winters unprotected, but it is best to give it a slight covering in the early part of the winter, to ensure a vigorous start in the spring.—Home- stead.

It is difficult to estimate the ages of blondes, as their complexion keeps wrinkles and crows' feet at bay.

Sleep.

The first sensation of drowsiness is nature's call for sleep. Waking shows the body is rested. After the degree of strength of which the state of the system is capable, is restored by sleep, longer stay in bed only relaxes. He perverts reason who, by a habit of artificial excitement, keeps awake so late that he is not ready to rise by day-break—nature's undoubted signal for quitting repose, obedience to which secures a desire to rest at the fit hour. Some people close their shutters against it.

George III., it is said, consulted his household physicians separately, as to the modes of life conducive to health and longevity; as to the importance of early rising, there was full coincidence. Old people, examined as to the cause of their longevity, all agree that they have been in the habit of going to bed early, and rising early. In debilitated people, a degree of fever, or something resembling it, comes on toward evening; going very early to bed is of great consequence to them. Rising an hour or two earlier than usual often gives a vigor which nothing else can produce. Many people, at waking, feel a disposition to rise; they lose it in indulging a lethargic state, or lolling awhile. We lose vigor by lying in bed, in health, longer than for sleep; the mind is less tranquil; the body is less disposed for refreshing sleep; appetite and digestion are lessened. After long or late mental exertion, sleep is a watch; the thoughts continue themselves, effecting useless fatigue. Some people cannot go to sleep; they hope to find refreshment in an additional nap; another and another leaves them more languid; they fancy themselves unfit for exertion until they have taken a breakfast, which they make no effort to merit. Nothing breaks up the strength sooner than want of sleep at the hour nature obviously designed for repose, marked, as well by the regular return of day and night, as by our own feelings, if not prevented by artificial habits. Labor, which is light in the day, is burdensome in the night. The accumulated stimuli of the day are sufficient for the temporary exhaustion of the system; the rest of the night is requisite to recruit us for each successive day.

The Place where Pope translated Homer.

Hawthorne, in "Near Oxford," in the Atlantic, thus points for us the place where Pope translated Homer:

At one corner of the tower is a circular turret, within which a narrow staircase, with worn steps of stone, winds round and round as it climbs upward, giving access to a chamber on each floor, and finally emerging on the battlemented roof. Ascending this turret stair, and arriving at the third story, we entered a chamber, not large, though occupying the whole area of the tower, and lighted by a window on each side. It was wainscoted from floor to ceiling with dark oak, and had a little fire-place in one of the corners. The window-panes were small, and set in lead.—The curiosity of this room is, that it was once the residence of Pope, and that he here wrote a considerable part of the translation of Homer, and likewise, no doubt, the admirable letters to which I have referred above. The room once contained a record by him self, scratched with a diamond on one of the window-panes, (since removed for safe keeping to Nuneham Courtney, where it was shown to me), purporting that he had here finished the fifth book of the "Iliad" on such a day.

A poet has a fragrance about him, such as no other human being is gifted with; it is indistinguishable, and clings for evermore to everything that he has touched. I was not impressed at Blenheim with any sense that the mighty duke still haunted the place that was created for him; but here, after a century and a half, we are still conscious of the presence of that depreciable little figure of Queen Anne's time, although he was merely a casual guest in the old tower during one or two summer months. However brief the time and slight the connection, his spirit cannot be exorcised so long as the tower stands. In my mind, moreover, Pope, or any other person with an available claim, is right in adhering to the spot, dead or alive; for I never saw a chamber that I should like better to inhabit—so comfortably small, in such a safe and inaccessible seclusion, and with a varied landscape from each window. One of them looks upon the church, close at hand, and down into the green churchyard, extending almost to the foot of the tower; the other having views wide and far, over a gently undulating tract of country. If desirous of a loftier elevation, about a dozen more steps of the turret-stair will bring the occupant to the summit of the tower—where Pope used to tome, no doubt, in the summer evenings and peep—poor little shrimp that he was!—through the embrasures of the battlement.

THE ART OF LAUGHING.—The man that laughs is a doctor without a diploma; his face does more good in a sick room than a bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. People are always glad to see him—their hands instinctively go half way up to meet his grasp while they turn away involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic who speaks on the grating key. He laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended with him, and what a pleasant world you are living in, until he points out the sunny streaks on its pathway.

The Horse-Hair.

In Professor Agassiz's interesting paper on "Methods of Study in Natural History," the second of the series in the Atlantic Monthly, we find this anecdote of an animal known to almost all country boys:—

A gentleman from Detroit had had the kindness to send me one of those long, thread-like worms (*Gordius*) found often in brooks, and called horse hair by the common people. When I first received it, was coiled up in a close roll at the bottom of the bottle, filled with fresh water, that contained it, and looked more like a little tangle of black sewing silk than anything else. Wishing to unwind it, that I might examine its entire length, I placed it in a large china basin filled with water, and proceeded very gently to disentangle its coils, when I perceived that the animal had twisted itself around a bundle of its eggs, holding them fast in a close embrace. In the process of unwinding, the eggs dropped away and floated to a little distance. Having finally stretched it out to its full length, perhaps half a yard, I sat watching to see if this singular being that looked like a long, black thread in the water, would give any signs of life. Almost immediately it moved towards the bundle of eggs, and, having reached it, began to sew itself through and through the little white mass, passing one end of its body through it, and then returning to make another stitch, as it were, till the eggs were at last completely entangled again in an intricate network of coils. It seemed to me almost impossible that this case of offspring could be the result of an instinct of affection in a creature of so low an organization, and I again separated it from the eggs, and placed them at a greater distance, when the same action was repeated.

On trying the experiment a third time, the bundle of eggs had become loosened, and a few of them dropped off singly into the water. The efforts which the animal then made to recover the missing ones, winding itself round and round them, but failing to bring them into the fold with the rest, because they were too small, and evaded all efforts to secure them, when once parted from the first little compact mass, convinced me that there was a definite purpose in its attempt, and that even a being so low in the scale of animal existence has some dim consciousness of a relation to its offspring. I afterwards unwound also the mass of eggs, which, when coiled up as I first saw it, made a roll of white substance about the size of a coffee-bean, and found that it consisted of a string of eggs, measuring more than twelve feet in length, the eggs being held together by some gelatinous substance that cemented them and prevented them from falling apart. Cutting this string across, and placing a small section under the microscope, I counted on one surface of such a cut from seventy to seventy-five eggs; and estimating the entire number of eggs according to the number contained on such a surface, I found that there were not less than eight millions of eggs in the whole string.

WOMEN WHO MIGHT HAVE TRAVELLED ON THEIR MUSCLE.—Cymburga, wife of the Duke Ernest, of Luthnia, could crack nuts between her fingers, and drive nails into the wall with her thumb; whether she ever got her husband under it is not recorded. Let us preserve from oblivion the renown of my Lady Butterfield, who, about the year 1700, at Winstead, in Essex, England, thus advertised: "This is to give notice to my honored masters, and ladies, and loving friends, that my Lady Butterfield gives a challenge to ride a horse, or leap a horse, or run a foot, or hallo, with any woman in England seven years younger, but not a day older, because I won't undervalue myself, being now 74 years of age." Nor should be left unrecorded the high-born Scottish damsel, whose tradition still remains at the castle of Huntingtower, in Scotland, where two adjacent pinnacles still mark the maiden's leap. She sprang from battlement to battlement, a distance of nine feet and four inches, and eloped with her lover. Were a young lady to go through one of our villages in a series of leaps like that, and were she to require her lover to follow in her footsteps, it is to be feared that she would die without a husband.

FRIGHTFUL DEATH.—One of these watchers for seals in Labrador, a woman, had observed a monster seal for some hours; and, feeling assured the hole had frozen so that she could reach the spot before the seal could break through the ice, she ran forward, dart in hand; but observing her movements, the animal was on his hind in a moment and turning round like a spin-top. The poor Esquimaux hastened up and plunged the dart through the seal's skin, but, unfortunately he had just finished boring, and down he went, with the dart firmly fixed in his hide. The act was so sudden the poor creature had no time to disengage the cord round her waist, and was drawn across the hole with such frightful force that she was doubled up as it were in a funnel, without the power of moving, the seal acting as a dead weight on her body. When her companions came up, they had the sickening sight of beholding her broken corpse, attached to which was the monster seal, still plunging for liberty. After much toil they disentangled the corpse, and killed the animal—a sorry recompense for the loss of a sister.—*Recollections of Labrador Life.*

Old Virginia.

An Illinois sucker took a great dislike to a foolish young Virginian who was a fellow passenger with him on one of the Mississippi steamboats. The Virginian was continually coming his hair, brushing his clothes, or dusting his boots—to all of which movements the Sucker took exception, as *being* what he termed a "littie too darned nice, by half." He finally drew up his chair beside the Virginian and began—

"Whar might you be from, stranger?" "I am from Virginia, sir," politely answered the gent.

"From old Virginia, I s'pose?" says the sucker.

"Yes sir, old Virginia," was the reply.

"You are poonty high up in the pictures thar, I suppose?"

"I don't know what you mean by that remark, sir."

"Oh, nuthin'," says the Sucker, "but that you are desprate rich, and have been brought up mighty nice."

"If the information will gratify you in any way," says the gent patronizingly, smoothing down his hair, "I belong to one of the first families."

"Oh, in course," answered the Sucker. "Well stranger, bein' as you belong to the first I'll jist give you two of the fattest shoats in all Illinois if you'll only find me a feller that belongs to one of the second Virginny families."

"You want to quarrel with me, sir," says the Virginian.

"No stranger, not an atom," answered the Sucker, "but I never seed one of the second family, and I'd gin suthin to git a sight at one of 'em. I know you are one of the first, 'cause you look jist like John Randolph."

This mollified the Virginian—the hint of a resemblance to the statesman was flattering to his feelings, and he acknowledged relationship to the orator. "He, you know descended from the Ingen gal, Pocahontas."

"You are right, sir," answered the other.

"Well, stranger," said the Sucker, "do you know thar is another queer thing allys puzzles me, and it is this—I never seed a Virginian that didn't claim to be either descended from an Ingen, John Randolph or a nigger."

We need not add that the Sucker rolled off his chair—suddenly! They were separated until the Sucker got off at a landing near his home. As he stepped ashore, he caught sight of the Virginian on the upper deck, and hailed him at once with—

"I say, old Virginny, remember—two fat shoats for the first feller you find belonging to the second Virginny family."

A COMMITTEE MAN.—Husband, who has arrived home at a late hour of the night:

"Don't look so cross—I have been detained on a committee."

Wife—"I don't like those committees—they are nuisances. I suspect that—"

Husband, interrupting her—"Just hear that infernal cat!"

Wife—"He's out on a committee, I guess." Husband remained silent for the rest of the night.

JOHN A. LAMBS, ex-President of the United States being called upon for a contribution for Foreign Missions, said: "I have nothing to give for that purpose; but there are in this vicinity six ministers, not one of whom will preach in the other's pulpit—now I will give as much as any one else and more to civilize these clergymen."

An excited young man, to show his agility, recently jumped from an express train, while going at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The last seen of him he was going flip-flops, at the rate of seventeen revolutions a minute while the air was full of dicky strings and fragments of cloth, boots and torn linen.

"What has been your business?" said a judge to a prisoner at the bar.

"Why, your Honor, I used to be a dentist—now I am a pugilist; then I put teeth in—now I knock 'em out."

"Miss Julia allow me to close those blinds; the glare of the sun must be oppressive."

"You are very kind, sir, but I would rather have a little sun than no hair at all."

A lawyer at Lowell having found ninety-five dollars, and returned the money to the owner, one of the papers says the act may be honest and honorable, but it is exceedingly unprofessional.

A man, on going with a friend to dine at the house of an acquaintance, in order to save time, said,—"Scrape for me, while I knock for both of us."

"Will you take some grapes, monsieur?" asked a gentleman of a Frenchman. "No, sarr," he replied; "I don't swallow my wine in ze shape of pills."

Profound silence in a public assemblage has been thus neatly described: "One might have heard the stealing of a pocket handkerchief."

If a man is murdered by his hired men, should the coroner render a verdict of killed by his own hands?

The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

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South Reading—J. D. Mansfield.
Stoughton—J. T. Whitman.
Worcester—J. M. Hovey.
Reading—J. M. Hovey.
Boston—J. M. Hovey.

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To ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The Journal circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1862.

The news of the past ten days has thrilled the people both with joy and sorrow—joy at the retreat of the rebels from Manassas—sorrow at the naval disaster in Hampton Roads.

That great bugbear which has been a source of annoyance to the country for months, has ended in less than smoke. The greatly magnified army of the rebels has fled in despair, leaving nothing behind it and in its track but desolation and ruin. Surely the prospect of the speedy removal of every rebel (and also foe) from their State. They cannot but see the disgrace and ruin their vacillating policy at the commencement of the war has brought upon them. If they had then stood true to themselves and to their country, they would now have been a prosperous and honorable commonwealth, but as it is they are neither; they have done themselves an irreparable, and their country an incalculable, harm. They had it once in their power to stem the current of rebellion but they let the golden opportunity slip, and arrayed themselves with their greatest foes, with no other object in view than the destruction of the fabric which they (3) great and good Washington did so much to rear up.

The score-crowd which has been before the eyes of the nation ever since the memorable 21st of July, 1861,—that the rebels had at Manassas an army of two or three hundred thousand men,—has vanished without the firing of a gun or the losing of a life on our part. If they had such an army, why should they be so precipitate in leaving their fortified stronghold? Why should they set fire to their provision and leave tents for thirty thousand men on the field? They either did not have men enough to carry away their property, which is the most probable cause, or else they were so thoroughly demoralized that officers and privates had become alike in authority. The movements and successes of our expeditions have seriously interfered with the rebel plans, and probably caused numerous changes to be made. Doubtless many large drafts have been levied upon their Manassas army, which, together with the expiration of the term of enlistment of many thousands of men who would not re-enlist, has so decimated that army that it had become unable to hold its position with any hope of success.

Where the rebels will make another stand, not probably known to our generals; and it matters but little whether they know it or not; the days of the rebellion are over, and Jeff Davis' six years' term of office will not last as many months. His prospects together with those of his coadjutors, are extremely dubious, but he will have ample time for reflection when he comes to inhabit one of Uncle Sam's sea-side hotels.

The news of the evacuation of Manassas, may startle the friends of Secession in Europe—whose despicable occupation is gone—as it has the friends of the Union here, but through the mystery can be discerned the beginning of the speedy downfall of Secession, and the scattering of its minions. The country awaits with anxiety the next move in the drama, and will hail with delight the hour when our grand army of the Potomac shall route the retreating foe.

General McClellan seems to be held in very little esteem, in some circles in Washington. Many of the members of Congress speak in terms of anything but praise of his military career during the war. Their opinions have some foundation.

In giving the list of officers of the Town of Burlington last week, the Field Drivers were omitted. They are as follows: John Winn, Duroy Foster, Thos. D. Bradford, C. G. Foster.

Rev. W. C. Whitcomb's Thanksgiving sermon, which was delivered in Lynnfield Centre and Stoneham, is for sale in the latter place at E. T. Whittier's. This sermon is deserving of careful and attentive perusal.

Rev. Mr. Eastman, of New York State, will preach in the First Cong. Church tomorrow.

Gov. Andrew has appointed Thursday, April 25, as the annual Fast Day.

Proceedings of Town Meeting.

Mr. Nathan Wyman has kindly furnished us with the following report of the doings of the Town Meeting last Monday. It would have been better had the Selectmen's Report been published with that of the Auditor's. It should have been placed in the hands of every family in town.

On Art. 1.—Chose W. T. Grammer, Moderator.

On Art. 2.—Chose N. Wyman, Town Clerk.

Voted to elect nine persons to serve the town the ensuing year as Selectmen, Overseers of Poor, and Highway Surveyors.—Chose John Cummings, Jr., Joseph Kelley, Elbridge Trull, Ebenezer N. Blake, Stephen Dow, Walter Wyman, Wm. Tolman, K. E. Thompson, Moses A. Tyler.

Voted to choose three Assessors.—Chose Lemuel G. Richardson, M. J. Persons, E. B. Thompson.

Chose Gavin B. Gage, Treasurer.

Chose Samuel G. Neville, Sexton.

Voted to choose six Constables.—Chose Edward Simonds, L. B. Norris, J. A. Parker, Henry Ramsdell, S. R. Dilliver, T. F. Warland.

Chose Rev. B. F. Bronson, School Committee for 3 years; John A. Gould, for 2 years.

The taxes were let out at auction to Edward Simonds, at 1 per cent., and he was chosen Collector.

Chose John Johnson, Jr., Auditor.

Chose John Cummings, Jr., Joseph Macintyre, W. B. Harris, Samuel Butters, Wm. P. Reed, G. H. Conn, Timothy W. Mead, Francis Tyler, Field Drivers.

Chose Joseph Macintyre, Alpheus Merriam, George H. Conn, Fence Viewers.

Chose Joseph Kelley, Sherman Converse, H. Ramsdell, O. H. Parker, J. Johnson, Jr., A. J. Parker, R. B. Thompson, S. K. Richardson, Mark Downs, Messurers of Lumber and Bark; Montressor S. Goley, Pound Keeper; Elbridge Trull, Sealer of Weights and Measures.

On Art. 3.—Auditor's report; presented and accepted; Selectmen's report read and accepted.

On Art. 4.—Report of the Library Committee read and accepted; chose J. B. Winn, Stephen Nichols, J. P. Converse, E. J. Jenks, J. G. Pollard, Library Committee.

On Art. 5.—The following sums were raised to carry on town government the ensuing year:

Schools,	\$6500 00
Highways, bridges and sidewalks,	1500 00
Papers,	2000 00
Fire Department,	625 00
Cemetery,	100 00
Incidental expenses of the Library, 200 00	
Payment of Town Officers,	1200 00
Setting out shade trees,	100 00
Payment of interest on town debts,	1500 00
Outside military relief,	1000 00
For other incidental expenses,	3100 00

On Art. 6.—Voted to reconsider the vote of the town passed at March meeting, 1861, whereby the town adopted the 2d section of the 83d chapter of the General Statutes.

On Art. 7.—Voted to catch the pickers and let the birds fly.

On Art. 8.—Voted that there be one or more men employed in the Woburn Cemetery, under the direction of the Cemetery Committee, at an expense not exceeding \$100.

On Art. 9.—On cancelling policies of insurance, voted to refer to the Selectmen.

On Art. 10.—Voted that the Selectmen be authorized to sell the Mary Richardson land (so called), and that the treasurer be authorized to give deed thereof.

On Art. 11.—(In relation to the enlargement of the Poor Farm buildings), voted to refer to the Selectmen.

On Art. 12.—Voted that the Treasurer be authorized to hire money in anticipation of taxes, under direction of the Selectmen.

On Art. 13.—Voted that the bill of Richard Y. Wiswell, for covering books for the Town Library be paid.

On Art. 14.—Voted that the Selectmen be authorized to take charge of the school-houses the ensuing year.

On Art. 15.—Voted that a committee of five be appointed by the chair to confer with the Rev. Samuel Sewall, of Burlington, in relation to the publication of his history of Woburn, and report at some future meeting.

The chair appointed Nathan Wyman, Abijah Thompson, Benj. Cutter, Cyrus Thompson, John D. Tidd; voted to sustain the appointment of the chair.

On Art. 16.—Voted that a committee of three be nominated at large to build a house for Engine No. 4.—Chose Henry Ramsdell, Thomas A. Henshaw, John Cummings Jr. Voted that the subject of expense be referred to the committee, with instructions to build a new house at a cost not exceeding six hundred and ten dollars, or remove the engine house at Central Square to East Woburn, as they may deem the best interests of the town require.

On Art. 17.—(In relation to the report of the Committee on By-Laws), voted to grant the committee further time.

Voted to instruct the Superintendent Sch. Committee not to exceed the appropriation for schools.

Disolved.

REPORT OF THE SELECTMEN.

In presenting the estimate of expenses for the ensuing year, the Selectmen have deemed it proper to base them upon the presumption that the most rigid economy consistent with the best interests of the town, will be practiced in the administration of the affairs of the town for the ensuing year.

Upon this presumption we have recommended a reduction of eighteen hundred dollars in the school expenses. In recommending this the board have not forgotten the importance of keeping up the standard of all our schools, neither the fact that this should ordinarily be the last department in which to economize; but in view of the state of the country, the large burden of taxation likely to fall upon the town, and the often expressed opinion that in our Primary and Intermediate schools the children are kept too much of the time within the walls of the school house, they feel themselves warranted in recommending this reduction, knowing at the same time that the whole matter is in the hands of your

School Committee, not doubting, however, but they will conform to the expressed wishes of the town.

We have also recommended a reduction of the amount to be expended on highways and bridges, of five hundred dollars. Almost at the commencement of this year we were obliged to spend quite a sum for the breaking up of roads, which had been badly blocked up by snow, and when the spring opened the roads were found in worse condition than was expected. The roads are all now believed to be in better condition than ever before; and yet, if we deduct the amount expended in breaking out in the spring, and as near as we can estimate, two hundred dollars expended on sidewalks, we have only spent about nineteen hundred dollars on repairs of highways and bridges. It is the unanimous opinion of the board that the method adopted by the town for the last two years of expending the money appropriated for highways, is much the best ever adopted; that the condition of the roads has very much improved, and at much less expense. We fully believe that our roads will now compare favorably with any town in the county, and that unless damaged by fresh or otherwise more than is expected, the sum of five hundred dollars will be quite sufficient.

We have recommended an appropriation of two thousand dollars for the support of poor. The expense at the almshouse we cannot expect to be much less than last year, as the board feel that all the economy consistent with humanity has been practised by the worthy Master and Matron who have had the care of that department; and although the inmates have been well cared for, yet the expense will compare favorably with any other institution of the kind in our county. If we take into account the cost of transient boarders, the amount paid for a fuel, and the repairs from the almshouse and farm, it will be found not to have cost more than about one dollar per week, without interest on the cost of the farm. And any citizen who has been on the farm, or visited the barn after the crops have been harvested, will be satisfied that the production of the farm has increased more than the value of interest on its cost. Every thing about the almshouse is as well as could be expected, and in fact quite comfortable, with the exception of the room where the insane are kept. This room, which is situated in the rear of the building, immediately under the dining and living room of the inmates, and connected with the same by a flight of stairs, is not what it should be, and has but to be seen to be condemned as totally unfit for the purpose, either for the comfort of the subject, or for the health of the inmates. The Selectmen do most unanimously recommend that the new board be instructed and empowered to make more proper provision for this part of the inmates. The amount needed for outside relief, although not so large as last year, was at the commencement of the year it was found that it might be, has still been considerably larger than is confidently hoped it will be the coming year, as appearances are favorable towards the demand for labor.

For the fire department, we have also recommended a reduction of the appropriation in the sum of two hundred dollars. Considering the amount that has been expended in repairs during the last year, the board have felt that the present good condition of the department would be likely to warrant such a reduction.

For the cemetery and burying-grounds, the board have recommended one hundred dollars. Of this department we really know but little, as that is in the hands of a special committee.

For the library, we have recommended the same amount as was appropriated last year.

For town officers, we have recommended an appropriation of fourteen hundred dollars, and this amount we feel confident that the town will be more than sufficient for that department. During the last year the management of the affairs of the town has been somewhat different from heretofore. The number of Selectmen was increased to nine, and all the duties of Overseers of Poor and Highway Surveyors was entrusted to them; in addition to which, the care of appropriation for military relief, requiring as it did personal inquiry to be made in the case of each applicant for aid, has greatly increased the labor of the Selectmen, so much so that the committee who had the matter in charge have spent much more time for the town than has usually been required to be spent for all the business entrusted to the Selectmen. The same has very much increased the labors of the Treasurer; and to a considerable extent that of overseers of the Poor. Much of this is earnestly hoped, will not be required the coming year. We are unanimously of the opinion that although a perfect system has not been obtained, yet that such improvements may be made, after the expiration of the present year, as will make the town better than any heretofore adopted. By this method, every department has received closer attention, and has been conducted with more economy; and a much better record of the whole business of the town is kept as improvement which will be of great service to the town in future. Notwithstanding all the increased business, yet in comparing the expense of the town officers with the report of 1858-9, it will be found that it has cost the town only five dollars more this year, including the tax on the town, and the dollars more for Town Clerk, and thirty-five dollars in addition for Treasurer; and the labors of that officer have been more than doubled.

We have also recommended two hundred dollars to be appropriated towards ornamenting the streets with shade trees. At the meeting last November, the town voted to accept section 9 of chapter 47 of the general laws, which section when accepted, authorized the Selectmen to set out and maintain shade trees upon the public squares and highways, at the expense of the town; and the town may appropriate annually a sum not exceeding twenty-five cents for each of its taxable poles in the year next proceeding that in which such appropriation is made.

Although we have recommended the practice of planting, yet we feel, inasmuch as the benefits to be derived from this source can only be brought to light by time, such benefits are worthy of the attention of the town; to know how much so, we have only to ask ourselves what would induce us to part with them around our common and highways where they are now planted. It is hoped that in most cases the owners of lands planted on the streets where it is desirable to plant shade trees, will either plant them themselves, or furnish them free of charge, so that the town will only be to plant them. The greatest benefit will likely be in filling up lines of shade trees, as the abutters in certain instances have been unwilling to do so. That a very few dollars spent in this way, and the trees when planted, are drawing life of, will merit the thanks of future generations, no one who feels that we have anything in this world, more than what we can eat, drink and wear, will for a moment doubt.

For miscellaneous expenses, we have recommended an appropriation of twenty-five hundred dollars; this sum the board deemed to be sufficient.

For interest, we have recommended an appropriation of fifteen hundred dollars. The town owes for monies hired, twenty-eight thousand and seventy-five dollars. Of this sum, sixty-nine hundred, is drawing five per cent interest; fourteen thousand, five and one-half per cent; the balance six per cent.

The sum of fifteen hundred dollars will about pay the interest at these rates.

We have also recommended an appropriation of one thousand dollars for outside military relief. This department must be sustained, unless you are willing to make paupers of those patriotic men who are now engaged in defending and restoring the laws under which we live. This, we are confident you will never do.

We will refer by reference to the Auditor's Report, that under the head of miscellaneous expenses of last year, the town appropriated ten thousand dollars, of which less than nine thousand have been spent, and but for a charge of six hundred and fifty-eight dollars and sixteen cents to pay the city of Worcester for the support of Mrs. Almira Kendall Morse (a charge that was not anticipated last year), that account would have cost the town but little more than eight thousand dollars.

By reference to the published report of the board this year contained in the Auditor's Report, it will be seen that we have made a reduction in this appropriation of twenty-seven hundred dollars. And unless some unforeseen event happens, we feel confident this sum may be made sufficient.

The board deem it proper to state for the information of the town that the only matter now in litigation in which the interests of the town are concerned, is the case of the heirs of Doctor Plympton, on a claim for land damages for land taken, over which to build a new street from Main to Warren street.

This case has once been tried before a jury and a verdict rendered in favor of the town. An appeal was taken by the plaintiffs which appeal has been heard, and a new trial ordered. The case, however, has not yet been prosecuted. Former selectmen have once offered to settle the matter and pay the heirs of Doctor Plympton the sum of \$10,000, but it was made upon the supposition that if the case went again to the jury, it would be likely to cost the town as much as that sum, if no more damage was awarded. The board of this year have not deemed it the duty of the town to repeat the offer. In the case of Peter Clark, the town met the case at the June term, the plaintiff was non-suited, and a judgment was obtained, in favor of the town which is on file.

We received a letter last Saturday morning, from a correspondent in the 13th Regt. It is now too late to publish it. It seems to take four days for a letter to travel from Baltimore to Woburn, while it does not take more than half that time for passengers. There is an unnecessary delay somewhere.

Mr. Wm. Gillespie, of the Woburn Union Guard, died at Hall's Hill, Va., on Sunday last, of consumption. He was buried from the Baptist Meeting-house in this town, on Thursday afternoon last.

Mr. Henry Wyman of this town, late Master of the Cumberland, which was sunk by the Merrimack, has arrived home.

Mr. John R. Dennett, of this town, has been elected Poet of the class of 1862, of Harvard College.

At the meeting of the Board of Selectmen last Thursday evening, John Cummings, Jr., was chosen Chairman, and Nathan Wyman, Clerk.

"Devotional Music, No. 2," is crowded out this week; it will appear in our next.

Fine English Carpets from auction are advertised in our paper, by the New England Carpet Co., of Boston.

The following resolutions were passed by the Woburn Union Guard, on the death of A. J. Harris, one of their number:

Whereas, God in his providence has seen fit to remove from our ranks by death our friend and fellow soldier, ANDREW J. HARRIS, therefore

Resolved, That although he fell not on the field of battle, where glory may be won, yet his cheerfulness in health, making all who knew him friends; his faithful discharge of duty; his devotion to his country, and his uncomplaining resignation during his last sickness, have made his memory dear to each one of us; and although the hand of death has stricken him from our rolls yet it will remain on the table of our memories.

Resolved, That we tender our sympathies to, and mingle our tears with, the relatives and friends of the deceased.

Resolved, That we forward a copy of these resolutions to the family of our deceased friend, and also to the Woburn papers for publication.

CAMP WILSON, HALL'S HILL, VA., March 6th, 1862.

The 22d's place of residence is still at Hall's Hill, Va., as usual, yet there can be no doubt but that the Grand Army will move within a week. Orders came last night to have three days rations on hand to be cooked at an hour's notice, and that in addition to the forty rounds we carry, twenty rounds were to be carried in our knapsacks. At the stated roll call, viz: Reveille, Retreat, and Tattoo, the men are to put on their equipments, take their gun and form company. This is done through Porter's Division to get the men used to doing the thing up briskly.

Yesterday, the third and fifth Mass. Batteries were practicing in throwing shells. Just at night they put a shell through a Union man's house and set it on fire; but it was soon extinguished. Another shell was thrown into a valley, and a family had to leave instantly. Accidents of course, but where redress will come from remains to be seen.

Some members of the Band while procuring fuel, caught about a peck of squirrels—called the "flying squirrels."

Another lot of stockings from benevolent ladies has arrived. Every company in the Regiment was supplied. The pair I received was labeled, "For the giant of the army," which were a good fit, although I am far from being the giant even of the Company.

This afternoon a detachment of Cavalry brought in two sons of the Sacred Soil as prisoners.

Wm. B. Smith of North Woburn took the Company medal as being the best shot. The Regimental medal, which was of silver, was won by a member of Co. H.

We have our knapsacks packed, and lie on our arms every night, and shall do so until the order is countermanded. All the sick have been taken from the hospital and carried to Washington.

Lieut. Walter S. Davis, of the Union Guard, goes on Gen. Martindale's staff.

Advance of the Army.

We are permitted to use the following private letter, received from a gentleman of this town, who witnessed the advance of the grand army of the Union. It will be found interesting.

WASHINGTON, March 11th, 1862.

I left home, as you are aware, last week, hoping to see the commencement of the advance of the army of the Potomac, and I have not been disappointed. I will try and give you my impressions of the scene. In the first place you must remember that all those hills I saw last summer covered with wood, are as bare of timber almost as a turnip bed, giving a free view for miles around. To pass over all previous matters, I will commence, Sunday night, for all that was publicly known, the army was as stationary as ever. I was passing the night with Lieut. Crane. The right wing of the 22d was to go on picket duty the next day. The Adjutant brought the details for the disposition of the men and officers, and I had accepted an invitation to go out with them and had turned in, when an Orderly came in and said the orders for picket duty were countermanded, and that three days rations were to be cooked and the regiment march at daylight. This changed things, but many were incredulous. I believed it, as I thought, with good reason. All night we could hear the R. R. trains on the Vienna road, carrying up supplies, and the whistle of the engines on the more distant Orange and Alexandria road, indicated that they were top on the same business. About 3 o'clock, A.M., I went out, and all round the horizon the lights of the signal corps were flashing on the hills; the glare of cooking fires in every encampment, and the hum of men packing their effects—although the tents were left standing—made, when I began to realize what it all was intended ultimately to effect, an impression on my mind not easily effaced. We breakfasted about 4 o'clock, and Mr. Day, who you are aware is chief bugler for the regiment, came in and reported that he had orders not to sound the reveille till the usual time, 6 o'clock. Then the men began to think it was a flash in the pan, and said we shall not be off this time and manifested considerable disappointment. I still believed they were to go, and being anxious to see as much as possible, I, as soon as it was light enough to pick my way, went forward about a mile to the camp of the Mass. 9th, to see what they were about. On my way I met a single soldier, who saluted me with the remark, "We are off this time, sure." "Who is gone?" said I. "O, Smith's division is gone, and they are all gone on the right." Just then I came in sight of the road that leads along the ridge from Miner's Hill, and it was full of moving troops—cavalry, artillery and infantry—for about half a mile in sight, toward Fall's Church. I found the 9th packing up to go, though they had no orders when to march, but to be in readiness at once. Just then an Orderly came up and said to Colonel Case, "General—orders you to follow 'Case's Battery.'" "Yes," says the gallant Colonel, "to Richmond, if he wants me. Adjutant, I want this line formed at once." Just then the battery mentioned came in sight in the ridge. The line was formed, the regiment filed out of their encampment, and they were off for Dixie.

Our party were now together, the rest having stopped at a farm house in the neighborhood over night, and we decided to follow to Fall's Church, and see what we could. About this time it began to rain, and by the time we got to the village it began to get muddy again, and from this time hence the mud was from an inch to a foot in depth. The brigades that were ahead, had cut up the road, and the rain that was falling made it almost as bad as ever. When there were open fields, the infantry went into them, but when the streams crossed them they had to come back to fording places on the road, and most of them were by that time about half dead; and so they went on. About three miles beyond Fall's Church, we took leave of our friends—Drew, Wyman and Eager, a report having come back that no stand would probably be made either at Centerville or Manassas, as both places were being evacuated. Centerville being in possession of our men, and as our time would not permit us to go where it would take so long to return, we started back for the Church, meeting on the way regiment after regiment; but not knowing if the 22d had started, when we looked into a field, through which a regiment was passing, some familiar voices reached us, and leaving the ranks some twenty Woburn men came running up to say "good-bye," shake hands and then pass on into that mass of men whose mission it is to save this nation, for I feel that this must be the result of this grand combination of men and material comprising what is now the Grand Army of the Union. As we moved back we met the wagon train passing slowly along through the mud, till finally all had passed, and we made our way, completely soaked, to a point on the L. & H. R. R., where supplies were brought to be sent by wagon to the troops. No passenger trains are running, and there was no certainty of any train that day as the troops had gone, and they had been running all night; but as good luck would have it a train came along which was going up a short distance further, and the officer in charge said if we waited until he came back he would take us on. We did so, and in half an hour or so he came back. We got on to an open platform car, passing deserted camps all the way to Alexandria—eleven miles—where we took the boat for Washington.

We did not of course see all the troops, as they went by different roads for many miles up and down the river; but we saw one division, and that was a type of the whole. It was a sight which I pray God there may never be another occasion for any one to witness in this country, after the present struggle has ended.

The old "Bank Building" is to be sold at auction. See advertisement.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Editor.—In your paper of two weeks ago a correspondent under the signature of "Veritas," made some wholesome criticisms upon the style of music that should be sung in our churches, and very properly rebuked the ambition to sing peculiar or difficult music for the sake of effect or display. But whilst he is aiming to cure one evil, is he not encouraging another, which if not as offensive in itself, is one, to say the least of it, that should be avoided. I refer to the implied sanction and endorsement given by "Veritas" to a class of hymn tunes which are cheap, and meaningless, as expressive of devotion. It is not because many tunes are simple in their structure that they are not scientific. Most of our best church music is good because it is constructed scientifically, and even artistically. It may not have any of the more difficult or obscure chords in its structure, but it is nevertheless, made according to the highest rules of the art. Thirty or forty years ago there was a style of music in vogue, and it was highly relished by large numbers of people, which could lay but little claim to science in its composition. I presume it aided many persons in their devotions, and on its wings they may have soared to heights of feeling which no other music ever inspired. But I have grave doubts whether much of the same music, if it were introduced into our churches to day would produce a similar effect. The truth is, that what is simple or compound, what is tame and meaningless or highly inspiring, becomes so in a great degree by use and education. The child that relishes stories told in the commonest language and containing the simplest thought, will in due time demand something deeper and stronger. So in music. There may be a time when the weak, thin, and dilute tunes of certain composers are all we can bear—but alas for our progress in musical knowledge if that sort of papulum can always satisfy our taste or kindle our devotion. I think there has been a decided advance made in New England with regard to its musical requirements within twenty or thirty years. This advance has been made not only in the music itself, but in the manner of its performance. The jargon of imperfectly tuned instruments and the discordant tones of untrained voices, which then provoked no criticism, and were ever listened to with satisfaction, would not now be tolerated. The music that is called scientific and unsuited to the service of the church, has grown into public favor and will continue to do so. But when I use the word scientific, in relation to music, I do not necessarily mean chromatic, or that in which the harmonies are very intricate. I rather mean music that is constructed by a master of the science, and in accordance with its highest laws. Such music, within certain limits of structure, is or should be the staple of the service of song in our churches. When I say, within certain limits of structure, I use the qualification to exclude some tunes or pieces which are evidently too intricate in their chords and harmonies to satisfy any but the most thorough musical student, or the taste of those few persons who delight in the strange and recondite. On the same principle that there are individuals who intensely relish the prose of Carlyle and Emerson, when the mass of people have but little patience with it. While therefore I would avoid the extremes of musical composition, the weak, thin and pointless style, as well as the abstruse and intricate, at the same time I would urge the use of the solid, compact, and thoroughly studied music of the best masters. It may sometimes have harmonies that the untutored ear may deem harsh and unpleasant, but with use and culture nothing is more enjoyable. Who wants forever to look at a sky of cloudless blue? Who wants to see continually a flat unbroken prairie? Clouds, even dark and sombre ones, relieve with their variety the blue of the firmament, and hill and mountain save a level earth from staidness and insipidity. So with music. The commonest chords and the even, puerile style are in their way as unprofitable as similar conditions in nature. The higher instincts of man require variety in musical expression, and in that variety they demand the bold, rugged and seemingly discordant, as well as the smooth, uniform and rapidly harmonious. If it be true that many persons in a congregation are disturbed by the introduction of discordant chords let them be patient; they will feel in time that they have more significance than they had supposed, and refresh more than they weary. On the other hand, let those who have charge of the music in the churches be careful how they introduce the more difficult tunes into the service. It should not be done too frequently; neither should it be done in the indulgence of mere fancy. If an organist or conductor has been revealing in the intricate and complicated harmonies of Mendelssohn, Bach, or Beethoven, and feels all other music to be tame and forceless, let him remember that such a state of feeling cannot exist to any considerable extent in our church congregations, and he should not therefore be too free in their use. That is, he must not seek merely to gratify his own musical tastes and feelings, to the discomfort and annoyance of the many. And then again, he should not discard them entirely, as by occasional introduction they assist in educating a people into the higher range of music. And when this is done partially or completely, there will be much more enjoyment of the musical portion of the church service than before. Some may object to the expression, enjoyment, as one entirely at variance with the design of music in the worship of the church. But with that notion I do not agree. There must be satisfaction or enjoyment in the music itself, or in its application to sentiment and feeling, whether that music be simple or complex, puerile or elevated. It would be utterly foolish to apply music to devotional poetry, were there nothing in it to please and gratify and hence assist in giving intensity to the thought and feeling expressed

Midsex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

For the Midsex Journal.

Picket Duty.

Alone at his post in the silence of midnight,
The patriot soldier treads firmly and slow;
Behind him, the camp-fires flash red through
the darkness,
And noble Potomac rolls darkly below.

His thoughts for the moment distractedly
wander,
His loved cottage home rushes clear on his
sight;
His wife, mother, sister and child, do they
miss him,
And think of the absent one kindly to night?

Ah! 'tis not unmanly to weep for the loved
ones,
Weep, soldier, thy tears are the essence of
love;
'Tis only a moment, he starts, grasps his
weapon,
And cautiously peers through the thicket
above.

Quick soldier, defend thyself, danger is near
these;
The cowardly rebel moves stealthily on;
The crack of a musket, a low wail of anguish,
God save thee, poor picket, thy duty is done.

One less on the list of our country's defenders,
One life-light extinguished, one heart stilled
for aye,
God grant that the darkness that hangs o'er
our country
May speedily burst into glorious day.

So, READING, March 15, 1862. E. T.

Select Literature.

A DREADFUL GHOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"Such a dreadful ghost!—oh, such a
dreadful ghost!"

My wife, who was luckily sitting by me,
was at first as much frightened as I was, but
gradually she succeeded in quieting both me
and herself, which indeed she had a wonder-
ful faculty for doing.

When she had drawn from me the cause of
my terrified exclamations, we discussed the
whole matter—in which we differed consid-
erably; and on this subject we invariably
and affectionately do. She is a perfectly
matter-of-fact, unimaginative, and unsuper-
stitious individual: quite satisfied that in the
invisible, as in the visible world, two and
two make four, and cannot by any possi-
bility make five. Only being, with all her
gentleness, a little pig-headed, she does not
see the one flaw in her otherwise very sen-
sible argument, namely, the taking for granted
that we finite creatures, who are so liable to
error even in material things, can in things
immaterial decide absolutely upon what is
two and what is four.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half your creeds.

And it is just possible that when the Devil
tempted our forefather to eat of the tree of
knowledge, he was laughing, maybe he
often laughs now, to think what a self-con-
ceited fool a man must be, ever to suppose
that he can know everything.

When I preach this to my helpmate—who
is the humblest and sweetest of women—she
replies, in perhaps the safest way a woman
can reply to an argument, with a smile; as
she did, when, having talked over and viewed
on all sides my Dreadful Ghost, she advised
me to make it public, for the good of the
community; in which we agreed, though
differing. She considered it would prove
how very silly it is to believe in ghosts at
all. I considered—but my story will explain
that.

She and I were, I thought, invited to a
strange house, with which, and with the fam-
ily, we were only acquainted by hearsay. It
was, in fact, a one of those "invitations on
business"—such as literary persons like my-
self continually get; and which give little
pleasure, as we are perfectly aware from what
motives they spring; and that if we could
pack up our reputation in a portmanteau,
and our head in a hat-box, it would answer
exactly the same purpose, and be equally
satisfactory to the inviting parties. How-
ever, the present case was an exception;
since though we had never seen our enter-
tainers, we had heard that they were, not a
show-loving, literary-hon-hunting household,
but really a family; affectionately united
among themselves, and devoted to the mem-
ory of the lately-dead head. He was a physi-
cian, widely esteemed, and also a man of
letters, whose death had created a great blank,
both in his own circle and the literary world
at large. Now, after a three years' interval,
his widow and three daughters were begin-
ning to reappear in society; and the British
Association meeting, held at the large town
which I need not particularize, had opened
the doors of their long-hospitable house to
my wife and me.

Being strangers, we thought it best to ap-
pear, as I would advise all stranger-guests to
do, at the tail-end of the day; when candle-
light and fire-light cast a kindly mystery
over all things, and the few brief hours of
awkwardness and unfamiliarity are followed
by the nocturnal separation—when each party
has time to think over and talk over the
other—meeting next morning with the kind-
ly feeling of those who have passed a night
under the same friendly roof.

As my wife and I stepped from our cab,
the dull day was already closing into twi-
light, and the fire only half-illuminated the

room into which we were shown. It was an
old-fashioned, rather gloomy apartment—
half study, half sitting room; one end being
fitted up as a library, while at the other—
pleasant thoughtfulness, which already
warmed our hearts toward our unseen hosts!
—was spread out that best of all meals for a
weary traveller, a tea dinner. So hungry
were we, that this welcome, well-supplied,
elegant board was the only thing we noticed
about the room;—Except one other thing,
which hung close above the tea-table, on the
panelled wall.

It was a large, full-length portrait, very
well painted; the sort of portrait at which
one says at once, "What a good likeness
that must be." It had individuality, character
—the soul of the man as well as his body;
and as he sat in his chair, looking directly at
you, in a simple, natural attitude, you felt
what a beautiful soul this must have been:
one that even at sixty years of age—for the
portrait seemed thus old—would have shed
a brightness over any home, and over any
society where the person moved.

"I suppose that must be the poor Doctor,"
said my wife, as her eyes and mine both met
upon the canvas face, which glimmered in the
fire-light with a most life-like aspect, the
gentle, benevolent eyes seeming to follow
one about the room, as the eyes of most well-
painted, full-face portraits do. "You never
saw him, Charles?"

"No; but this is exactly the sort of man
he must have been."

And our conviction on the matter was so
strong, that when the widow came in, we
abstained from asking the question, lest we
strangers might touch painfully on a scarcely
healed wound.

She was a very sweet-looking little woman;
pale, fragile, and rather silent than otherwise.
She merely performed the duties of the tea-
table, whilst the conversation was carried on
with spirit and intelligence by her three
daughters, evidently highly accomplished
women. They were no longer young, or par-
ticularly handsome; but they appear to have
inherited the inexpressible charm of manner
which, I had heard, characterized their lost
father; and they had, my wife whispered me,
a still greater attraction in her eyes—(she
had, dear soul, two little daughters of her
own growing up)—which was the exceeding
deference they paid to their mother, who was
not by any means so clever as themselves.

Perhaps I, who had not married a woman
for her cleverness, admired the mother most.
The Doctor's widow, with her large, soft,
sorrowful eyes, where the tears seemed to
have dried up, or been frozen up in a glassy
quietness, was to me the best evidence of
what an excellent man he must have been:
how deeply beloved, how eternally mourned.
She never spoke of her husband, nor the
daughters of their father. This silence—
which some families consider it almost a re-
ligious duty to preserve regarding their dead,
we, of course, as complete strangers, had no
business to break; and, therefore, it happened
that we were still in the dark as to the ori-
ginal of that remarkable portrait—which,
minute by minute, took a stronger hold on
my imagination. I never looked at her, but
she was watching either our hostess, or our
likeness, which she supposed to be the fea-
tures which the poor widow had been so
desperately dear.

A most strange picture. It seemed, in its
wonderfully true simulation of life, to sit,
almost like an unobserved, silent guest, above
our cheerful and conversational table. Many
times during the evening I started, as if with
the sense of a seventh person being in the
room—in the very social circle—bearing
everything, but saying nothing. Nor was I
alone in this feeling, for I noticed that my
wife, who happened to sit directly opposite
to the portrait, fidgeted in her chair, and
finally moved her position to one where she
could escape from those steady, kindly, ever-
pursuing, painted eyes.

Now, I ask nobody to believe what I am
going to relate; I must distinctly state that I
do not believe it myself; but I tell it because
it involves an idea and moral, which the
reader can apply for himself. All I can
say is, that so far as it purports to go—and
when you come to the end you will find that
out—this is really a true story.

My wife, you must understand, sat exactly
before the portrait, till she changed places
with me, and went a little way down the
oblong table, on the same side. Thus, one
of us had a front, and the other a slightly
fore-shortened view. Between us and it was
the table, in the centre of which stood a lamp
—one of those reading lamps which throw a
bright circle of light below them, and leave
the upper half of the room in comparative
shadow, or some fanciful flicker of the fire,
which caused a peculiarity in the eyes
of the portrait. They seemed actually
alive—moving from right to left in their or-
bits, opening and closing their lids, turning
from one to the other of the family circle with
a variable expression, as if conscious of all
that was done or said.

And yet the family took no notice, but
went on in their talk with us; choosing the
common topics with which unfamiliar per-
sons try to plumb one another's minds and
characters; yet never once regretting to this
peculiar phenomenon—which my wife, I saw,
had also observed, and interchanged with me
more than one uneasy glance in the pauses
of conversation.

The evening was wearing on—it was near-
ly ten o'clock, when looking up at the pic-

ture, from which for the last half-hour I had
steadily averted my gaze, I was startled by a
still more marvellous fact concerning it.

Formerly, the eyes alone had appeared
alive: now the whole face was rounded. It
grew up, out of the flat canvas, as if in bas-
relief, or like one of those terribly painful
casts after death—except that there was noth-
ing painful or revolting here. As I have said,
the face was a beautiful face—a noble face,
such an one as, under any circumstances,
you would have been attracted by. And it
had the coloring and form of life—no corpse-
like rigidity or marble whiteness. The gray
hair seemed gradually to rise, lock by lock,
out of the level surface—and the figure, clothed
in ordinary modern evening-dress, to be-
come shapely and natural—statuesque, yet
still preserving the tints of a picture. Even
the chair which it sat upon—which I now
perceived to be the exact copy of the one
that stood empty on the other side of the fire,
gave a curious reality to the whole.

By-and-by, my wife and I both held our
breaths—for, from an ordinary oil painting,
the likeness had undoubtedly become a life-
like figure, or statue, sitting in an alcove, the
form of which was made by the frame of
the picture.

And yet the family took no notice; but
appeared as if, whether or not they were con-
scious of the remarkable thing that was hap-
pening, it did not disturb them in the least;
was nothing at all alarming or peculiar; or
out of the tenor of their daily life.

No, not even when, on returning with a
book that I had gone to fetch from the shelves
at the further end of the room, my poor little
wife caught my hand in speechless awe—
awe, rather than fear—and pointed to the
hitherto empty chair by the fire-side.

It was empty no longer. There, sitting in
the self-same attitude as the portrait; identi-
cal with it in shape, countenance, and dress
—was a figure. That it was a human figure
I dare not say, and yet it looked like one.
There was nothing ghastly or corpse-like
about it, though it was motionless, passion-
less: endowed as it were with that divine
calm which Wordsworth ascribes to Proteus-
ians.

Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

Yet there was an air tenderly, patheti-
cally human in the folding of the hands on
the knees, as a man does when he comes and
sits down by his own fireside, with his fam-
ily round him: and in the eyes that followed,
one after the other, each of this family, who
now quietly put away their several occupa-
tions, and rose.

But none of them showed any terror—not
the slightest. The presence at the hearth was
evidently quite familiar—awaking no shud-
der of repulsion, no outburst of renewed
grief. The eldest daughter stood in a tone as
natural as if she were merely apologizing to
us heterodox or indifferent strangers for some
domestic ceremonial, some peculiar form of
family prayer, for instance—

"I am sure our guests will excuse us if we
continue, just as if we were alone, our usual
evening duties. Which of us is to speak to
papa to-night?"

It was *him* then: summoned back, how or
why, or in what form, corporeal or incorpo-
real, I knew not; and they gave no explana-
tion. They evidently thought none was need-
ed: that the whole proceeding was as natu-
ral as a man coming home at evening to his
own hearth, and being received by his wife
and children with affectionate familiarity.

The widow and the youngest daughter
placed themselves one on each side of the fig-
ure in the chair. They did not embrace it or
touch it, but regarded it with tender rever-
ence, in which was mingled a certain sad-
ness; but that was all. And then they be-
gan to talk to it, in a perfectly composed and
matter-of-fact way; as people would talk to
a beloved member of a family, who had been
absent for a day or longer from the home cir-
cle.

The daughter told how she had been shop-
ping in town; how she had bought a shawl
and a bonnet "of the color that papa used to
like;" the books she had brought home from
the library, and her opinion of them; and the
people she had met in the street, and the let-
ters she had received during the day: in short,
all the pleasant little chit-chat that a daugh-
ter would naturally pour out to an affec-
tionately-interested *living* father; but which now
sounded so unnatural, so contemptibly small,
such a mixture of the ludicrous and the hor-
rible, that one's common sense, and one's
sense of the solemn unseen alike recoiled.

No answer came: apparently none was ex-
pected. The figure maintained its place,
never altering that gentle smile—reminding
one of the spectral Samuel's rebuke to the
Witch of Endor—"Why hast thou disquiet-
ed me, to bring me up?" or of that superior
calm with which, after death, we may view
all these petty things which so perplexed us
once, in ourselves and in those about us.

Then the widow took up the tale, with a
regretful under-tone of complaint running
through it. She told him how dull she had
been all day; how in the preparations for these
strangers (naming my wife and me)—how
she shivered as the eyes of the figure moved
and rested on us! she had found vari-
ous old letters of his, which vividly revived
their happy wedding days; how yesterday
one of his former patients died, and to-day a
professorship, which he meant to have tried
for, had been given to a gentleman, a favor-
ite pupil; how his old friends, Mr. A—

and Sir B. C—, had had a quarrel, and
everybody said it would never have happened
to the Doctor been alive—and so on, and
so on. To all of which the figure listened
with its immovable silence; its settled,
changeless smile.

My wife and I uttered not a word. We
sat apart, spell-bound, fascinated, neither at-
tempting to interfere, nor question, nor re-
buke. The whole proceeding was so entirely
beyond the pale of rational cause and effect,
that it seemed to throw us into a perfectly
abnormal condition, in which we were unable
to judge, or investigate, or escape from, the
circumstances which surrounded us.

We know nothing—absolutely nothing—
except the very little that Revelation hints at,
beyond the grave. But any one of us who
has ever seen a fellow-creature die, has
watched the exact instant when the awful
change takes place which converts the body
with a soul to the corpse without a soul, must
feel stronger—convinced by an intuition which
is stronger than all reasoning—that if the life
beyond, to which that soul-parts, be any-
thing, or worth anything, it must be a very
different life from this; with nobler aspira-
tions, higher duties, purer affections. The
common phrase breathed over so many a
peaceful dead face, "I would not bring him
back again if I could," has a significance, in-
structive as true; truer than all misty, philo-
sophical speculations, tenderer than all the
vagaries of fond spiritualists, with big hearts
and no heads worth mentioning. If ever I
had doubted this, my doubts would have been
removed by the sight which I here depict—
of this good, amiable, deeply beloved hus-
band and father—returning in visible form to
his own fireside; no ghastly spectre, but an
apparition full of mildness and beauty, yet
communicating a sense of revolting incon-
gruity, utter unsanctity, and ridiculous, de-
grading contrast between mortal and immor-
tal, spirit in the flesh, and spirit out of the
flesh, stronger than I can attempt to describe.

That the dead man's family did not feel
this, having become so familiar with their
nightly necromancy that its ghastliness never
struck them, and its ludicrous profanity never
jarred upon their intellect or affections, only
made the fact more horrible.

For a time, long or short I cannot tell, my
wife and I sat witnessing, like people bound
in a nightmare dream, this mockery of mock-
eries, the attempt at restoring the sweet
familiar relations of the living with the living,
between the living and the dead. How many
days or months it had lasted, or what result
was expected from it, we never inquired; nor
did we attempt to join in it; we merely looked
on.

"Will papa ever speak?" entreated one of
the daughters; but there was no reply. The
figure sat passive in its chair—unable or un-
willing to break the silent barrier which di-
vides the two worlds, maintaining still that
benign and tender smile, but keeping its
mystery unbroken, its problem unsolved.

And now my wife, whose dear little face
was, I saw, growing white and convulsed
minute by minute, whispered to me:
"Charles, I can bear this no longer. Make
some excuse to them—we will not hurt their
feelings. Don't let them think we are fright-
ened, or disgusted, or the like; but we must
go—I shall go mad if I do not!"

And the half-insane look which I have seen
in more than one of the pseud-spiritualists
of the present day—people who twenty years
ago would have been sent to Bedlam, but
now are only set down as "rather peculiar,"
rose in those dear, soft, sensible eyes, which
have warmed and calmed my restless heart
and unquiet brain for more than fifteen years.

I took advantage of the next pause in the
"communications," or whatever the family
called them, to suggest that my wife and I
were very weary, and anxious to retire to
rest.

"Certainly," politely said the eldest
daughter. "Papa, Mr. and Mrs.—,"
naming our names, "have had a long rail-
way journey, and wish to bid us all good-
night."

The appearance bent on us—my wife and
me—its most benevolent, gentle aspect, appar-
ently acquiescing in our retiring; and slowly
rose as if to bid good-night—like any other
courteous host.

Now, in his life-time, no one had had a
warmer, more devoted admiration for this
learned and lovable man than I. More than
once I had traveled many miles for the mere
chance of seeing him, and when he died, my
regret at never having known him personally,
never having even beheld his face, was mingled
with the grief which I, in common with
all his compatriots, felt at losing him so sud-
denly, with his fame at its zenith, his labors
apparently only half done.

But here, set face to face with this image
or phantasm, or whatever it was, of the man
whom living I had so honored—I felt no de-
light; nay, the cold clearness of that gaze
seemed to shoot through me with a chill of
horror.

When, going round the circle, I shook
hands with the widow and daughters, one
after the other, I paused before that chair; I
attempted to pass by. Resolutely I looked
another way, as if trying to make believe I
saw nothing there; but it was in vain.

For the figure advanced noiselessly, with
that air of irresistibly charming, dignified
courtesy of the old school, for which, every-
body said, the Doctor had been so remark-
able. It extended its hand—a hand which a

year ago I would have travelled five hundred
miles to grasp. Now, I shrank from it—I
loathed it.

In vain. It came nearer. It touched mine
with a soft, cold, unearthly touch. I could
endure no longer. I shrieked out, and my
wife woke me from what was, thank Heaven,
only a dream.

"Yes, it was indeed a Dreadful Ghost,"
said that excellent woman, when she had
heard my whole story, and we had again
composed ourselves as sole occupants of the
railway carriage which was conveying us,
through the dead of night, to visit that identi-
cal family whom I had been dreaming about
—whom, as stated, we had never seen.

"Let us be thankful, Charles, that it was
a mere fantasy of your over-excited imagina-
tion that the dear old Doctor sleeps peace-
fully in his quiet grave; and that his affec-
tionate family have never summoned him,
soul or body, to sit of nights by their uncanny
fireside, as you so horribly describe. What
a blessing that such things cannot be!"

"Ay," replied I—though, as I have said
in "Raselas," "that the dead cannot return, I
will not undertake to prove; still, I think it
in the highest degree improbable. Their work
here is done; they are translated to a higher
sphere of being; they may still see us, love
us, watch over us; but they belong to us no
more. Many, when I leave you, remember I
don't wish ever to be brought back again; to
come rattling on tables, and knocking about
chairs; delivering ridiculous lectures to de-
luded inquirers, and altogether comporting
myself in a manner that proves, great fool as
I may have been in a body, I must be a
still greater fool out of it."

"And, Charles," said the little woman,
creeping up to me with tears in her eyes, "if
I must lose you—dearly as I love you—I
would rather bury you under the daisies and
in my heart; bury you, and never see you
again till we meet in the world to come, than
I would have you revisiting your old fireside
after the fashion of this Dreadful Ghost."

Frederick Douglass' Lecture in Win-
chester.

The following is the report of this gentle-
man's lecture sent us last week by our cor-
respondent "Excelsior." It is taken from
the *New York Tribune*.

My answer to the question, What shall be
done with the four million slaves if emanci-
pated? shall be short and simple: Do
nothing with them, but leave them just as
you leave other men, to do with and for
themselves. We would be entirely respect-
ful to those who raise this enquiry, and it is
hard not to say to them just what they would
say to us, if we manifested a like concern for
them, and that is: please to mind your busi-
ness, and leave us to mind ours. If we
cannot stand up, then let us fall down. We
ask nothing at the hands of the American
people but simple justice, and an equal chance
to live; and if we cannot live and flourish
on such terms, our case shall be referred to
the Author of our existence. Injustice, op-
pression and slavery, with all their manifold
con-comitants, have been tried with us during
a period of more than two hundred years.
Under the whole heavens you will find no
parallel to the wrongs we have endured. We
have worked without wages; we have lived
without hope, wept without sympathy, and
bled without mercy. Now, in the name of a
common humanity, and according to the law
of the Living God, we simply ask the right
to bear the responsibility of our own existence.

Let us alone. Do nothing with us, for us,
or by us, as a particular class. What you
have done with us thus far has only worked
to our disadvantage. We now simply ask to
be allowed to do for ourselves. I submit
that there is nothing unreasonable or unnat-
ural in all this request. The black man is
said to be unfortunate. I affirm that the
broadest and bitterest of the black man's
misfortunes is the fact that he is everywhere
regarded and treated as an exception to the
principles and maxims which apply to other
men, and that nothing short of the extension
of those principles to him can satisfy any
honest advocate of his claims.

What shall be done with the four million
slaves, if emancipated? I answer deal justly
by them; pay them honest wages for honest
work; dispense with the biting lash, and pay
them the ready cash; awaken a new class of
motives in them; remove those old motives
of shivering fear of punishment which be-
numb and degrade the soul, and supplant
them by the higher and better motives of
hope, of self-respect, of honor and of personal
responsibility. Reverse the whole current of
feeling in regard to them. They have been
compelled hitherto to regard the white man
as a cruel, selfish and remorseless tyrant,
thirsting for wealth, greedy of gain, and
caring nothing as to the means by which he
obtains it. Now, let him see that the white
man has a nobler and better side to his char-
acter, and he will love, honor, esteem the
white man.

But it is said that the black man is natu-
rally indolent, and that he will not work with-
out a master. I know that this is a part
of his bad reputation; but I also know that he
is indebted for this bad reputation to the most
indolent and lazy of all the American people—
the slaveholders—men who, live in absolute
idleness, and eat their daily bread in the
sweat of other men's faces. That the black
man in slavery shirks labor—aims to do as
little as he can, and to do that little in the

most slovenly manner—only proves that he
is a man. Thackeray says that all men are
about as lazy as they can afford to be—and I
do not claim that the negro is an exception
to this rule. He loves ease and abundance just
as other people love ease and abundance. If
this is a crime, then all men are criminals, and
the negro no more than the rest.

Again, it is affirmed that the negro, if em-
ancipated, could not take care of himself. My
answer to this is, let him have a fair chance
to try it. For 200 years he has taken care of
himself and his master in the bargain. I see
no reason to believe that he could not take
care, and very excellent care, of himself when
having only himself to support. The case of
the freed slaves in the British West Indies
has already been dwelt upon in the course of
these lectures, and facts, arguments, and sta-
tistics, have been presented demonstrating be-
yond all controversy that the black man not
only has the ability and the disposition to
work, but knows well how to take care of his
earnings. The country over which he has
toiled as a slave is rapidly becoming his prop-
erty—that freedom has made him both a better
producer and a better consumer.

It is one of the strangest and most humili-
ating triumphs of human selfishness and
prejudice over human reason, that it leads
men too look upon emancipation as an ex-
periment, instead of being, as it is, the natural
order of human relations. Slavery, and not
Freedom, is the experiment; and to witness
its horrible failure we have to open our eyes,
not merely upon the blasted soil of Virginia
and other Slave States, but upon a whole
land brought to the verge of ruin.

We are asked if we would turn the slaves
all loose. I answer, Yes. Why not? They
are not wolves nor tigers, but men. They
are endowed with reason—can decide upon ques-
tions of right and wrong, good and evil,
benefits and injuries—and are therefore sub-
jects of government precisely as other men
are.

But would you have them stay here? Why
should they not? What better is here than
there? What class of people can show a
better title to the land on which they live
than the colored people of the South? They
have watered the soil with their tears and
enriched it with their blood, and tilled with
their hard hands during two centuries; they
have leveled its forests, taken out the obstruc-
tions to the plow and hoe, reclaimed the
swamps, and produced whatever has made it
a goodly land to dwell in, and it would be a
shame and a crime little inferior in enormity
to Slavery itself if these natural owners of
the Southern and Gulf States should be driven
away from their country to make room for
others—even if others could be obtained to
fill their places.

But unjust and revolting to every right-
minded and humane man as is this talk of the
expatriation of the slaves, the offence is not
more shocking than it is unwise. For a na-
tion to drive away its laboring population in
order to commit political suicide. It is like cut-
ting off one's right hand in order to work the
better and produce the more. To say that
negroes shall not live in the Southern States
is like saying that the lands of the South
shall be no longer cultivated. The cry has
all along been, We must have negroes to
work in the South, for white men cannot
stand the hot sun and the fell diseases of the
rice swamp and the sugar plantation. Even
the leaders of the rebellion made it one of
grievance that they could not get more ne-
groes, though from motives of policy they
have now dropped this plank from their plat-
form. No one doubts that the Gulf States
mean to have more slaves from Africa just so
soon as they shall get well settled in their in-
dependence. Again, why not allow the col-
ored people of the South to remain where
they are? Will they occupy more room in
Freedom than in Slavery? If you could
bear them as objects of your injustice, can
they be more offensive as objects of your
justice and your humanity? Why send them
away? Who wants to take their places in
the cotton field, in the rice field, in the sug-
ar field, which they have tilled for ages? The
whole scheme of colonization would be too
absurd for discussion, but that the mad-
ness of the moment has drowned the voice
of common sense as well as common
justice.

The number of colored people now on this
continent and in the adjacent islands cannot
fall far below twenty millions. An attempt to
remove them would be as vain as to bail out
the ocean. The whole naval power of the
United States could not remove the natural
increase of our part of this population. Every
fact in our circumstances here marks us
as a permanent element of the American
people. Mark the readiness with which we
adapt ourselves to your civilization. You
can take no step in any direction where the
black man is not at your back or side. Go
to California and dig gold: the black man is
there. There is a vitality about him that
seems alike invincible to hardship and cruelty.
Work him, whip him, sell him, torment him,
and he still lives, and clings to American
civilization—an Uncle Tom in the Church,
and an Uncle Ben on the Southern coast, to
guide our Burnside expeditions.

My friends, the destiny of the colored
American, however this mighty war shall
terminate, is the destiny of America. We
shall never leave you. The allotments of
Providence seem to make the black man of
America the open book out of which the
American people are to learn lessons of wis-

dom, power and goodness—more sublime and
glorious than any yet attained by the nations
of the Old or New World. Over the bleed-
ing back of the American bondman we shall
learn mercy. In the very extreme difference
of colored features of the negro and the
Anglo-Saxon, shall be learned the highest
ideas of the sacredness of men and the full-
ness and perfections of human brotherhood."

The Funeral of Willie Lincoln.

From Mr. Willis' last letter to the "Home
Journal," we extract the following feeling
and delicate reference to the funeral of Wil-
lie Lincoln:

This little fellow had his acquaintances
among his father's friends, and I chanced to
be one of them. He never failed to seek me
out in the crowd, shake hands, and make some
pleasant remark, and this, in a boy of but
ten years of age, was, to say the least, en-
dearing to a stranger. But he had more than
mere affectionateness. His self-possession—
aplomb, as the French call it—was extraordi-
nary. I was one day passing the White
House, when he was outside with a playfel-
low on the sidewalk. Mr. Seward drove in,
with Prince Napoleon and two of his suite in
the carriage; and, in a mock heroic way—
terms of amusing intimacy evidently exist-
ing between the boy and the Secretary—the
official gentleman took off his hat, and the Na-
poleon party did the same, all making the
Young Prince President a ceremonious sa-
lute. Not a bit staggered with the homage,
Willie drew himself up to his full height,
took off his little cap with graceful self-pos-
session, and bowed down formally to the
ground, like a little ambassador. They drove
past, and he went on unconcerned with his
play; the impromptu readiness and good
judgment being clearly a part of his nature.
His genial and open expression of counte-
nance was none the less ingenious and fearless
for a certain tincture of fun; and it was in
this mingling of qualities that he so faith-
fully resembled his father.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The Liberal Ladies' Benevolent Association had a fine time last week, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. The weather being pleasant and the walking good, a crowded hall witnessed their exhibition with evident satisfaction. It was far ahead of similar exhibitions by this association and evinced much thoroughness and good taste. The Declarations and Dialogues on Wednesday evening were excellent, all of them, and the thoroughness of preparation throughout left little or nothing for the prompter to do but to enjoy it as others did. Many of the pieces were well adapted to the times, and this feature shows the good judgment of the managers. To give a minute description of the whole would occupy too much space, to say nothing of trespassing upon an indulgent Editor, or the Printer's devil. Out on "Picket," by Harley Prentiss, was exceedingly well done, and the audience showed their appreciation of the manner in which it was acted out to the life. During the evening a letter from Isiah Massey Esq., less than three years old, insisted on being put upon the stage and was accordingly gratified, and the little hero with head erect and voice loud, stirred up an admiring audience to lofty thoughts and noble deeds. The little fellow by his self-possession and wit occasioned a good deal of merriment. The "Union of States" was intensely interesting, and closely observed by all present. It is scarcely necessary to say that all the young ladies who participated in this piece were attired in red, white and blue, and thirteen of them first appeared on the stage representing the thirteen original States. Then came one by one asking admission to the Union, in the order in which they came into the Union, until Kansas presented her claim, when a discussion at once arose and poor Kansas was obliged to retire, humiliated at her rejection, with the admonition to properly prepare herself for admission. After all the States had been admitted a desultory discussion arose, having a bearing, as the Southern representatives supposed, on the "domestic institution" of their section of the country when South Carolina (personated by Mrs. Howe) at once struck out and spit her venom at the Free States right smartly, and by her bold and defiant stand drew several of the other States after her. Kansas now again asks for admission and is admitted. Then a solemn invocation is made, at the conclusion of which the rebellious sister States return one by one with deep humiliation until the last one returns which is South Carolina, and she cautiously approaches with much chagrin at the course she had pursued; and after a most faithful admonition by the loyal States they are again constituted members of the confederation, when they all united in singing the "Star Spangled Banner." This was most admirably performed and elicited hearty applause. I have only time to say that the exhibition of Tableau on Thursday evening was very judiciously conceived and happily carried out. It was the best by far of any ever exhibited here. This being over, supper was attended to in good earnest and ample justice done to the many good things placed so temptingly before them. I noticed "Uncle" was by no means asleep, and appeared (appearances seldom belie his movements) to enjoy himself greatly. The amount of receipts for both evenings was one hundred and thirty-five dollars. "Uncle" will please accept my thanks for favors received. Trusting that kind friends will extend to me some degree of leniency in consideration of the above imperfect sketch, I will close and place myself in a horizontal position at once.

Died.

REV. In Woburn, 17th inst., at the residence of her son-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Reeves, formerly of Salem, widow of Capt. Nathaniel Reeves, aged 81 years.

WINTER In Woburn, 17th inst., Frederick Ellsworth, son of Oliver F. and Hannah H. Webster, aged 1 year, 3 mos., and 15 ds.

TAYLOR In Somerville, James B. Taylor, aged 19 yrs 7 mos.

ATLANTIC In South Reading, 14th inst., Mr. Charles H. Walton, son of Mr. Oliver Walton, aged 34 yrs.

BROWN In South Reading, 16th inst., Estalia, daughter of Mr. Edward Brown, aged 10 years.

DODGE'S SOCIAL CONCERT!

The friends of Music, Harmony and Poetry, Pathos and unaffected humanity, are hereby notified that

OSIAN E. DODGE, the world renowned Hummelist, Editor, Poet and Vocalist, whose elegant, Moral and Humorous, Literary and Scientific

for the past twenty-five years, in every principal city and town in the Union have listed the enthusiastic commendation of The Press, The Clergy and The People, will sing in

LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN, On Wednesday Even'g, March 26th.

On this occasion Mr. Dodge will be assisted by WILLIAM HAYWARD, who is justly styled by the leading critics of New York and Boston as the only Balladist America ever produced.

Doors open at 6. Concert to commence at 7 1/2 o'clock. After an absence from public life of nearly eight years, Mr. Dodge returns, with new songs and new energy, to his first love his dear New England home. To his first loved friends of his boyhood - then to retire forever, from public life. That his New England friends may remember this visit, as joyfully as himself, is the sincere and earnest wish of his heart. Owing to future engagements, but one concert will be given, and this will be the last. For further particulars see programme, one of which will be sent to every house within a mile and twenty rods of the Hall.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE At Auction.

ON WEDNESDAY, the 26th inst., at 10 o'clock, M., at the late residence of STEPHEN CUMMINGS, deceased, in Woburn Centre, HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, consisting of a Bedstead, Dressing Room, Chamber, Parlor, Mirror, large Window Curtains and Fixtures, Crocker and Glassware, Cooking Stove, and a variety of other articles, together with various other articles not mentioned.

By order of JOHN CUMMINGS, Jr., Adm'r.

Woburn, March 20th, 1862.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS

ARE OFFERED AT

GAGGE'S

TO GENTLEMEN

Who are about to order

SPRING CLOTHING!

Call and see his Stock of Goods.

Tenements to Let.

TO LET, in Woburn Centre, FOUR

rooms, with a large lot of land, and a

well, for sale, at a low price. For

particulars apply to JOSEPH KELLEY,

Newbury, March 22, 1862.

A NEW & BEAUTIFUL EDITION

OF THE

MISTAKES OF EDUCATED MEN.

BY JOHN S. HART, LL. D.

19 mo., muslin, price 50 cents; paper covers, 25

cents. Copies of this book will be sent by mail on

receipt of the price, in postage stamps. Please

address to

J. C. GARRIGUES, Publisher,

148 SOUTH FIFTH STREET,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Rubber Clothing Company,

ONLY WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

AGENTS FOR NEW ENGLAND

OF THE DELECTABLE

Metropolitan Universal

Clothes Wringer.

This wringer is WARRANTED good for one year,

and is the only durable and reliable machine of the

kind in the market.

AGENTS wanted in every town and city.

RUBBER CLOTHING CO.,

37 Milk Street, BOSTON.

A Wonderful Little Microscope,

MAGNIFYING small objects 500 times,

will be sent to any applicant on receipt of

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in silver, and one pink stamp.

Apply to

MRS. M. S. WOODWARD, Box 186, PHILA.

PHILA, PA.

Special Notices.

NOTICE.

At WARREN ACADEMY, classes in French

and Drawing have been formed. The department

in French is under the immediate charge of Mr. A.

SORREL. The classes in Drawing will be under

the direction of Mr. H. G. PETTEE of Boston.

Any one wishing to join either of these Classes

can do so by applying to

D. W. SANBORN, Principal.

SPECIAL NOTICE

No bills against the Town of Woburn of goods

sold or delivered will be paid by the Selectmen until

such bills are produced showing that said bills

were contracted by one of our Board, with the

exception of those contracted by such other boards

or departments as are authorized to contract in the

name of the Town; but the bills in these excep-

tional cases must be APPROVED by the Boards or

Departments by which contracted in order to be

allowed by us.

By order of the Board of Selectmen of Woburn,

JOHN CUMMINGS, JR., Chairman.

Woburn, March 18th, 1862.

FOR SALE,

IN WOBURN CENTRE, within five min-

utes walk of the Woburn Railroad Depot,

A First Rate House,

containing nine or ten rooms, with hard and soft

water in the kitchen; attached is a small Stable

and about thirteen thousand feet of land, with a

variety of fruit trees, strawberry beds, &c. Will

be sold on very reasonable terms. Enquire of

Woburn, March 8, 1862.

TO LET.

The estate formerly owned by John Flanders,

consisting of Dwelling House, Shop and Stable,

Household Goods, and Tenements at the "running

pump" place, so called. Apply to

JOHN JOHNSON,

Treas. W. & M. Association.

Woburn, March 8-11

CARPETS AT LOW PRICES.

THE current of trade is always turned to

after they have been sold at the lowest prices.

From the great auction sale of English Carpets

in New York on the 20th ult., we are now re-

ceiving Knives, Tapestry, Velvets and Brussels, which

we shall sell for less than importers' prices.

Also, an invoice of very choice and elegant Ta-

pestry, imported by Alexander T. Stewart & Co.

Also, an invoice of the new production of Hig-

gley's celebrated American manufacture of Tape-

stries and Velvets.

Also, 100 rolls of Oil Cloth, assorted widths,

for less than manufacturers' prices.

Also, an invoice of Canton Matting, assorted

widths, at low auction prices.

SYSTEMATICALLY ADVERTISED.

We make a special case for cash deals.

We make a special case for cash deals.

New England Carpet Co., 75 HANOVER ST.,

Opposite American House.

mar 15-2w

"BANK BLOCK" AT AUCTION.

WILL be sold at Public Auction, on Mon-

day, March 25th, at 4 o'clock, P. M.,

THE BUILDING

In Woburn Centre, known as Bank Block,

opposite the Woburn Bank, said building to be re-

moved at once.

W. M. WINN, Auctioneer.

mar 15-2w

FARM AT AUCTION.

BY VIRTUE of an order from the Honorable

Court of Insolvency for the County of Middle-

sex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, will be

sold, by public auction on the first day of April

next, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on the premises in Wil-

lington of said County, all the right title and in-

terest which John Beckman, a trustee, now of

Charlestown, in said County, conveyed to Joseph

David by two Mortgage Deeds, the first of which

is dated January 1st, 1855, and recorded in the

Registry of Deeds for the Northern District for said

County in Deeds Book 791, page 62; the second of

said deed is dated December 31, 1856, and recorded

in the Registry of Deeds for the Northern District

for said County in Deeds Book 13, page 117; said

premises are the same formerly occupied by said

Beckman, and lie on the north side of the road

leading from Salem to Lowell, and about on the

line of the Lawrence Parker, Jonathan Manning,

and the late Josiah Clark, on the north, land of the

late James Brown and Daniel Simpson, on the

east, and on the south, the said road.

Conditions made known at the sale.

JOSEPH H. DAVIS,

Wilmington, March 13th, 1862.

NOTICE.

THE copartnership heretofore existing be-

tween the subscribers under the firm of Pettingill

and Follansbee, is this day dissolved by mu-

tual consent. The shares of the firm will be ad-

justed by S. S. Pettingill, who will continue the

business, at the old stand.

S. S. PETTINGILL,

H. L. FOLLANSBEE.

Woburn, March 11th, 1862.

The subscriber hereby gives notice to his friends

and the public that he will continue the Grocery

and Provision business at the store formerly oc-

cupied by the firm of P. & F. Thankful for past

patrons he respectfully solicits a continuance of pa-

tronsage, hoping to meet the wants of his patrons,

by selling them a good article VERY LOW for

CASH.

S. S. PETTINGILL.

Woburn, March 11th, 1862.

DENTAL CARD.

J. A. CUMMINGS, M. D.,

WHO for the past twenty years has met

with great success in the practice of his pro-

fession, continues to devote his personal at-

tention to his patrons and friends.

ROOMS 23 TREMONT ST., BOSTON.

Every branch of Surgical and Mechanical Den-

tistry will be practised in the highest style of the

art, and from his long experience and devotion to

his profession, he is enabled to give the most

complete and permanent relief to his patients.

These results are the constant result of the

patronage that has heretofore been extended to

him.

In all cases the prices at this establishment will

be moderate, and the treatment of the most ef-

fect and permanent.

Dr. C. has associated with himself, as partner in

business, DR. GEORGE S. WENDLANDT,

of New York, who is also a graduate of the

same profession, and whose skill and experience

will be a valuable addition to the skill of Dr. C.

Office at 23 TREMONT ST., OPP. BOSTON MUSEUM.

23 TREMONT ST., OPP. BOSTON MUSEUM.

ARMY CHECKER BOARDS.

PERSONS having friends in the army

will find at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE

some very convenient ARMY CHECKER BOARDS

which can be carried in the pocket, and which

will be found to be of great service in the

field. Call and examine.

Call and examine.

FRENCH'S CONICAL

WASHING MACHINES.

THE most simple, durable, convenient and

economical article ever invented for the pur-

pose.

Will do the washing of an ordinary family

without any saving time, but clothes.

By strictly following the directions of the

machine, which are simple and easy, it will wash at

one time six shirts, or two dozen small articles, in

about six or seven minutes, or in proportion.

By all the ordinary methods of cleaning fine

fabrics, such as lace, &c., it is found that the

machine does more work in less time, and with

less wear to the fabric, than any other method.

While with this machine the most delicate arti-

cles can be washed without the possibility of dam-

age. These results are the constant result of the

action of the suds while the machine is in motion.

Families, laundries, hotels, boarding houses, hos-

pitals, asylums, boarding schools, on ships and

steamers, and in the army, who have these ma-

chines in use, have sent in their testimonials

to us, and the enormous number of letters we

have received, some of which I have published in a

new publication, will bear witness to the great

value of the machine.

All that the Public is a careful examination of

this machine before purchasing of others.

General Depot 410 Broadway, cor. Canal Street

New York.

Price only ten Dollars.

N. B. A liberal discount to Trade Agents

Miscellaneous.

THE CONFEDERATE CARNIVAL.

RICHMOND, FEB. 22, 1862.

AIR:—Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a shout was heard, not a joyous laugh,
As poor Jeff to the platform hurried,
For the chivalry knew by the telegraph
What in Tennessee had occurred.

They swore him in, while he only swore—
The foam from his rank jaws churning,
And a mouse seemed dangling his eyes before,
With his filly "neath it turning.

He thought how the foe, in the far south-west,
Had haunted his sleepless pillow,
And how FLOYD of the white-goose-feather
Had been footed o'er dead and hill oh!

The inaugural job was scarce half way done
When the concourse with dread was shaken;
For a message was brought by some son of a gun—
That Nashville alas! was taken.

Loudly Jeff groaned o'er the city gone,
And the people with questions bored him,
Till they saw by the way he mandered on
That the terrible news had boomed him.

Only the man of the Richmond Whig
Was cruel enough to upbraid him,
But he said right out, the ungentle pig!
"Jerry had ruined the people who made him!"

Sadly the mournful mummy passed,
Amid pitiful lamentations,
And no gleam of hope cheered the first and last
Of Secession inaugurations.

Soon thank God! we shall see the end
Of Rebellion's demon story,
And the Union Stars, as at first they rose,
Shall shine ALONE in their glory!

—Fanny Fair.

Biddy's Troubles.

It's thru for me, Katy, that I never seed
the like of this people afore. It's a sorry
thing I've been having since coming to this
house, twelve months ago this week Thurs-
day. Yer honor know, that my fourth cousin,
An Macneary, recommended me to Mrs.
Whaler, and told the lady that I knew about
gintel housework and the likes; while, at
the same time I had never seed inter an Amer-
ican lady's kitchen. So she engaged me, and
my heart was jist ready to burst with grief
for the story that Ann had told, for Mrs.
Whaler was a swate spoken lady, and never
looked cross-like in her life; that I knew by
her smooth, kind face. Well, jist the first
thing she told me to do, after I had dressed
the children, was to dress the ducks for din-
ner. I stood looking at the lady for a couple
of minutes, before I could make out any
meaning at all to her words. Then I went
searching after the clothes for the ducks; and
such a time as I had to be sure. High and
low I went, till at last my mistress axed me
what for I was looking; and I told her the
clothes for the ducks to be sure. Ooh, and
how she screamed and laughed till my face
was as red as the sun and shame, and she
showed me in her kind, swate way, what her
meaning was. This she told me how to air
the beds, and it was a day for me, indeed,
when I could go up chamber alone, and clear
up the rooms. One day Mrs. Whaler said to
me, "Biddy, an' ye may give the baby an
air, if ye's will."

What should I do—an' it's three what I am
saying this blessed minute—but go up stairs
w'd do child, and shake it, and then how'd it
out of the window. Such a screaming and
kicking as the baby give—in the strait look-
ed up at me; at last mistress came up to see
what was so much noise. "I am trying to
air the baby," I said, "but it kicks and
screams dreadfully."

There was company down below, and when
Mrs. Whaler told them what I had been do-
ing, I thought they would scare the
folks in the strait with screaming.

And then I was told that I must do up Mr.
Whaler's linen shirts one day, when my mis-
tress was out shopping. She told me repeat-
edly to do them nice, for master was goin'
away; so I takes the shirts, and did them all
up in some paper that I was after bringing
from the old country w'd me, and tied some
bright pink ribbon about the bundle.

"Where are the shirts, Biddy," asked Mrs.
Whaler, when she comed home.

"I have been doin' them up in a quare nice
way," I said, bringing her the bundle.

"Will you iver be done w'd your gran-
ness?" she axed me, with a loud screeam.

I can't for the life of me be tellin' what
their talking means. At home, we call the
likes of this work done starching—and a deal
of it I have done, too. Och! and may the
blessed Virgin pity me, for I niver'll be cured
of my graneness!"

AN INCIDENT WITH A MORAL.—A chaplain
in one of the regiments on the Potomac,
narrates the case of a sick soldier, which
strikingly illustrates the reasoning of many
men in the camp and out of it. Some one
had mentioned to the soldier the name of a
Vermont man who was sentenced to be shot
for sleeping at his post. During the evening
following, the fever set in violently, and the
sick man imagined that he was the one sen-
tenced to be shot. The surgeon being called,
the following conversation occurred:—"Doc-
tor, I am to be shot in the morning, and wish
you to send for the chaplain. I desire to make
all necessary preparations for my end." "You
shall not shoot you. I'll take care of you.
Whoever comes to take you from here, I shall
have arrested and put under guard." "Will
you, dear doctor? Thank you, thank you—
well, then, you need not send for the chaplain
just yet." The chaplain, in mentioning the
instance, adds:—"How like sinners at home."

WE heard a lady say, in her exulta-
tion at the capture of Fort Donelson, that she
wished she could kiss every soldier engaged
in the attack upon it! Such patriotic devo-
tion to the good cause should not go unre-
warded!

Somethings-or-Nothings.

If you give a jest, take one.

Never fish for praise—it is not worth the
bait.
To offer advice to an angry man, is like
blowing against a tempest.

If you treat your inferiors with familiarity,
expect the same from them.

Let all your jokes be truly jokes. Jesting
sometimes ends in sad earnest.

Love your fellow-creature, though vicious.
Hate vice in the friend you love the most.

Make your company a rarity, and people
will value it. Men despise what they can
easily have.

Value truth, however you come by it. Who
would not pick up a jewel that lay on a dung-
hill?

You need not tell all the truth, unless to
those who have a right to know it all. But
let all you tell be truth.

If a favor is asked of you, grant it, if you
can. If not, refuse it in such a manner as
that one denial may be sufficient.

Wit without humanity degenerates into
bitterness. Learning without prudence into
pedantry.

He who knows the world, will not be too
bashful. He who knows himself, will not be
impudent.

Do well, but don't boast of it, for that will
lessen the commendation you might other-
wise have deserved.

If your superior treats you with familiarity,
it will not therefore become you to treat him
in the same manner.

Too much preciseness and solemnity in pro-
nouncing what one says in common conver-
sation, as if one was preaching, is generally
taken for an indication of self-conceit and
arrogance.

NEW MEDICAL TREATMENT.

The great remedy for the cure of disease.

HOT AIR BATH.

OF ROMAN AND TURKISH ORIGIN, IS
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sipelas, Scald-head, Pimples,
Eruptions of Every Kind.

In hundreds of cases they cause Consumption,
Asthma, Throat Disease, Catarrh, Cough, Dyspep-
sia, Lung difficulties, Female Complaints, Nervous
ness, Kidney and Liver derangement, Piles, Rheu-
matism, Neuralgia, etc., etc. In fact, all diseases
originating from a poisonous, unhealthy action of
the blood and skin; more particularly diseases of
the Skin, eruptions and foundation of a great
variety of diseases.

Our success, thus far, leaves no room for doubt,
and definite means to recover lost health.
To the care-worn invalid, it is a prominent and
delightful means to recover lost health.

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healthy and invigorating power, vigor, energy,
strength, to mind and body.

The practicability of cure in many cases are such,
that the sick can be cured and sent home with
corrected diet of their case, by letters, and
have the necessary preparations sent by express.

We have the afflicted and suffering to give us a
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We commend our system to the consideration of
the public.

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Persons in the adjoining towns who may

wish printing done, can send their orders by mail,

or otherwise, and rest assured that they will be

promptly and correctly filled.

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MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPY.

The annual report of the Directors shows

the condition of the Company June 1st, 1861.

Property at risk, \$5,940,720 00

Amount insured last year, 1,469,616 00

Deposit notes, 221,829 00

Taken last year, 26,556 00

Cash Assets, 65,048 30

Losses paid last year, 14,008 71

Dividends paid last year, 5,928 50

ABRAHAM THOMPSON, AGENT.

At the annual meeting of the Company, held

June 1st, 1861, the following named persons were

chosen Directors for the ensuing year:

Daniel Shattuck, Nathan Brooks, Sedman But-

rick, George Heywood, Concord, Abijah Thomp-

son, Woburn; James Russell, West Cambridge;

Joel Adams, Lowell; George W. Bacon, Newton;

Charles Foster, Salem; and others.

The losses during the last year have been larger

than for several years past. The amount at risk

and the cash assets have been increased.

DANIEL SHATTUCK, PRESIDENT.

N. BROOKS, SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

Concord, June 27th, 1861.

BININGER'S

Cognac Brandy

THE infamous practice of adulterating

Brandy having become so common that a

genuine article is the exception; it is of vital im-

portance to those requiring it for Family use and

invalids, that it should be of undoubted purity

and efficacy.

With a view to meeting the popular demand for a

reliable Brandy in its natural state, free from al-

cohol flavor and impurities, and every appreciating

the fact that it is often recommended by the Medi-

cal Faculty, as a sustaining stimulant, when all

other remedies fail, we are now bottling and selling

at reasonable rates, a Brandy of our own importa-

tion from one of the most responsible houses in

France, and known as

"Bininger's Genuine Cognac Brandy."

It is mild, delicate and fruity, and is designed to

be always uniform in quality and character. Put

up in pint and quart bottles, in cases containing two

dozen plates and one dozen quarts, and are sold by

all prominent druggists, grocers and town agents.

The above is also for sale in original packages,

viz: Quarter Cases and Quarts.

A. M. BININGER & CO.,

(Established 1776).

Sole Importers, No. 19 Broad Street, N. Y.

For sale in Boston by GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO.,

Nos. 11 & 13 Marshall St., W. H. B. RICE & CO.,

WEEKS & POTTER, Seth E. Pecker, D. Goodwin &

C. Reed, Cutler & Co.; T. L. Smith & S. Pierce &

Co.; Stephen Weeks & Co.; S. Davis & Co.; Jas. W. Smith.

21-ly

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JUST OPENING AT THE WOBURN BOOK

STORE, a large lot of Toys and Fancy Goods

consisting in part as follows:

Dolls and Doll Heads in variety, Fruit, Bead,

and Willow Baskets, Cushions, Wax An-

gels, Beads, Drums, Whips, Whistles,

Rattles, Domino Masks, Paper Sol-

ider Zoovares, Fire Engines, Toy

Brushes, Jumping Mice and

Jacks, Wagons, Rings,

Harpicorns, "No-

ses," &c., &c.

Alabaster Islands, Pearl and Shell Card Ca-

ses, Pearl and Ivory Paper Knives, Dominoes,

Backgammon Boards and Check-

er Men, Pat Boxes, Watch Stands,

Braedets, Necklaces, Porce-

laines, Perfumery, Hair

Oils, Extracts, Brush-

es, Combs, &c., &c.

Sole at the WOBURN BOOK STORE, and by

most of the Druggists and Fancy Stores in New

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MANSFIELD & PESSINDEN,

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GOODS, &c., has just been added to the former

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tian Hymns; Barnes' Notes and Question

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Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI: No. 26.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal. Summer Scenes.

BY ADAM.

Languid, I lay me on the sloping green,
Beneath the shade of over-arching trees;
Far in the distance blue a ship's sail seen,
Her white wings spread to catch the freshening breeze.

Hard by yon sea-girt isle that sits the wave,
A diadem on ocean's broad expanse,
A group of hardy fishers, rough and brave,
Relaxing labor, speed the circling lance.

The lordly eagle from his mountain nest,
In narrowing circles sails the upper skies,
One moment poised o'er the billow's crest,
Then swift descending bears away a prize.

I sit and watch the huge waves rolling in,
That break in foam along the hillock's crest,
Filling the caverns with a mighty din,
Then slow retreating with a sullen roar.

The god of day, his course now well high spent,
With flying rays just up the hill-side's crest,
And where the sky and waters blue seem blent,
Bathed in a flood of glory sinks to rest.

How sweet to watch the rosy sunset weave,
Along the mountain tops celestial hues,
And mark the crimson flush of dewy eve,
The rippling waters of the bay effuse.

Lo! where the husbandman his labor done—
With tired footsteps seeks his humble cot,
Singing a stave of some old harvest song,
Cheerful and happy with his lovely lot.

Now tired nature tries to God's behest,
Flings weary limbs shadows o'er vale and hill;
The lowing herds have sought their sheltered rest,
And all is silent save the whippowill.

As homeward now I take my silent way,
Fair Luna in the east her form upheaves,
Flooding the tree tops with a silvery ray,
That dances sparkling on the murmuring leaves.

The full round orb adorns slowly up the sky,
While myriad stars adorn her glittering train;
Far in the ether blue the cloudlets lie,
Or move slow sailing over shore and main.

SOUTH READING, Jan. 1862.

Select Literature.

STORY OF THE WINTER-LIGHT.

Heinrich Otterbein was reputed to be one of the richest men in the federal capital of Frankfort-on-the-Main. To a stranger, however, he appeared poorer than Lazarus, and more miserable than the predestinated Wanderer Jew.

It was early in December in the year 1855—that Heinrich Otterbein surprised the good gossips of that famous Teutonic capital by wandering about the frosty streets late one night. The people who hung about the Platz, or trotted past the magnificent Emperer, where the portraits of the German Emperors frowned down upon the spectator in solemn majesty, wondered to see the gaunt tall figure of the Usurer emerge from the deep shadow of the Dom as the old clocks around were ringing out the midnight chimes.

Before, however, the chimes had ceased burdening the nipping air with their melancholy cadences, he had locked the door of his low dingy mansion behind him, and plunged into the palpable gloom that shrouded the interior, and seemed part and parcel of that old, tumbled down, leaky edifice of cross-bones and plaster.

Stealthily Heinrich Otterbein glided along the narrow corridor; stealthily he clung to the waistcoating of the corridor, creeping suspiciously onward. A length he reached a low portal. Here he felt about for a lamp, and, by dint of much reiterated exertion, struck a light. How like a guilty conscience, stricken thing he then looked! As the feeble flicker of the wick threw vague shadows around him, he paused to listen. He pressed his ear closely against the door of his counting-house; yet all the sound he could catch was the footfall of a stranger approaching his house, then fading away in the distance, or the dull soughing of the wintry wind down the solitary passages of his home.

Having satisfied himself, however, that all was right, Heinrich took from beneath his cloak a bunch of keys. Deliberately selecting the largest and the smallest, he proceeded to unlock the massive iron-plated door. Three times he turned the key; three times the ward lock back; three heavy bolts were then successively unpadlocked, and drawn slowly back.

Heinrich Otterbein's bugbear to any other man would have inspired the most dismal and repulsive impressions. Dark and dingy, the dusty cobwebs hung from the ceiling and every where the mold of decaying time grew upon the oaken panels. In one corner stood two or three iron chests; an iron safe also fastened into one of the walls. The only furniture, however, the room could boast, was a deal desk, a high stool, and a battered inkstand; unless we admit into the category two or three folio volumes bound in buff leather, on the backs of which were inscribed in German the words "Day-book" and "Ledger."

On the desk lay a small octavo volume. The hawk-eye of Heinrich Otterbein at once detected the intruder. He flew to it as though it had been an ingot of gold. On taking the book up and opening it, his attention was riveted to a page, the corner of which had been turned down so as to draw his attention to the place. The miser—for Heinrich was reputed to be a veritable miser—read the following passage:

"Turn, however, to the miserable wretch who devotes his days and nights to the damning love of pelf. He hoards his secret treasures in iron chests; he glows over the sight of his glittering store, as a mother hangs over her infant; he feasts his wretched appetite on the wealth that perishes, and groans like a prisoner on the rack when one-thaler or one-groschen is withdrawn. And what benefit are his hoards either to himself or the world? He grows thin and emaciated whilst feasting his eyes on his perishable treasures; his palsied hand clutches at the vanishing coin, whilst charity is allowed to languish in the streets, and thousands, nay myriads, of human beings are famished with cold, and the want of the simplest necessities of life."

The features of Heinrich Otterbein grew pale and distorted as he read; and, with a feverish impulse, he turned to the title-page. There he saw the name of CARL HEINE. He gnashed his teeth for a moment, and then relaxing his emotion, exclaimed, with a suppressed breath: "Ingrate."

A hoarse laugh, which resounded through the empty chambers of the house at that moment, startled the miser. He looked around him with a terrified glance, gathered his woolen robe about him, and took up his lamp to peep into the gloom beyond. His silence had been restored; and Heinrich Otterbein was left to his own solitary reflection and nervous fears.

Simultaneously a scene, but of a dissimilar character, was enacting in a distant part of the town.

In a well-furnished and well-lighted drawing-room—evidencing the wealth and luxurious taste of the master—a youth and maiden sat side by side absorbed in the tender enjoyment of each other's society. The maiden fastened her blue eyes upon the youth, who reclined rather than sat on an ottoman at her feet; whilst he was pouring forth words of sweetest poetry, filling her mind with abstract ideas, and painting a picture of life which none but the young lover can create.

"Oh! what sweet sweetness it is to languish on the soft bosom of a high smiling angel; to gaze upon those eyes so brightly beaming, Drink in their poison, and then fall back a dreamer!"

"And do you believe that your book will do good?" asked the soft voice of Lotchen. "Truth must accomplish all things," replied the interrogated. "It is impossible that men should forever grovel in the low pursuits on which they now are bent. Art, dearest, art will triumph; beauty and love and truth must prevail. The world can not always be at strife with itself. The time must soon arrive when the hearts of men will become enlarged, and charity breaks down the barrier of classes. The rich shall not then monopolize their wealth, nor the poor be compelled to toil in hopeless bondage. Dearest, I have said all this in my book. You know, you feel, you confess 'tis right, 'tis true, and that before long the world must give way to better and diviner thoughts!"

"Have you no fear, Carl, that all you write will be set down as the views of a mere enthusiast and visionary? My father tells me that, fine as may be your theories, they are impracticable."

"Impossible, my love. I have faith in the world, in its noble aspirations, in its desire to be set free from the sordid love of pelf."

"Alas! my father tells me there are passages that must give offence in your work. Have you not painted your uncle in its pages?"

"No, dearest, no. I never thought of him."

"But you have drawn the portrait of a miser, and may have inadvertently, unconsciously, taken him for the original."

"A calamity, my dearest, which the pure principles I have laid down will dissipate at once."

And thus they chatted on and dreamed of happy days, until the voice of the watchman going his rounds warned Carl it was time for him to take his departure.

Early the next morning Carl called on his uncle. On drawing near the miserable tenement inhabited by him, however he could not help recalling to mind the strange resemblance which existed between the description he had given of a miser and his only relative, whose unknown wealth he was to inherit. Type and prototype could not more nearly dovetail. His heart, however, did not fail him; how should his uncle, who never read a book, hear of the passage? True, the book had created a sensation; but his uncle was not likely to go where its contents, its merits or demerits would be discussed. And light-hearted he knocked at the door. It was opened by Franz, a sinister-looking clerk—in fact, the only one—of the office.

"Not to be seen," was the reply to Carl, who asked for his uncle.

"Is he engaged?"

"No."

"Is he ill?"

"No," returned Franz, with a sly leer. "What then, can be the matter?"

"Nothing," whispered Franz, who from long intimacy with the nephew of his master sometimes assumed an air of familiarity.

"But has nothing occurred?" repeated Carl, with alarm emphasized on his countenance.

"Nothing was the brief remark. Carl pondered a moment. The book and the obnoxious passage rose before him like an

accusing spectre; but just as he was about to question Franz as to the possibility of his uncle having seen his work, the latter drew him close to his side, and as if confiding a valuable and important secret to him, explained that his uncle had seen the book and the page.

"How could that be?" thought Carl to himself.

"And I believe," suggested Franz maliciously, to aggravate the anxiety of the nephew "that you have not dedicated it to him, or at least presented him with a copy."

"But you know," returned Carl, with considerable energy, "he never reads printed books—he detests literature; besides, I never disguised from my uncle that I was engaged on the work."

"He says you've libeled him. But hark! I can not stay any longer. Heinrich Otterbein is calling me; so good morning, Master Carl Heine." Saying this, he shut the door in the face of the young enthusiast.

The unfortunate nephew required no further explanation. With a heavy step and heavy heart he turned to leave. But where should he go? He was himself penniless, a pensioner on his uncle's bounty. He had offended his sole protector, whom he knew too well not to feel that the consequence would be terrible. His inheritance, too, had vanished. Those heaps of gold which were to be his and Lotchen's, and which were to make their days so bright and blissful, and with which he was going to reform mankind and to restore peace and good-will upon earth and achieve more than the political economist or a chancellor of the exchequer could dream of—all this fine treasure was lost to what was he to do? The heart in its distress turns naturally to the object it most confides in. To Lotchen, therefore he went.

On his arrival, however, at the house of his future father-in-law, instead of smiles he found mysterious whisperings and cloudy looks. The servants seemed disaffected; and on entering the parlor Lotchen was in tears, and her father standing by her side plunged in profoundest thought. What was the matter?

Wilhelm Ritter, a merchant of good repute amongst his fellow-citizens of Frankfort, was looked up to on the Bourse as a fortunate speculator. Not but that calculating notaries would sum up and crying losses he had incurred of late; and passing gossips would tell of frequent conferences with Heinrich Otterbein. But then was not rumor also busy with reports of a different, though not discrepant character? Was it not every where circulated that the nephew of the rich miser, the hier-expant of all his treasure, was betrothed to the fair daughter of the fairest gentleman in the free city of Frankfort-on-the-Main? and how could scandal hold up its head against such a mighty combination of facts? And so for a while scandal remained silent.

It so happened, however, that on the morning after Heinrich Otterbein was seen plodding his weary way home late at night over the old stone bridge, as we have already mentioned, Franz, the confidential clerk of Heinrich Otterbein, had been sent to the house of Herr Wilhelm Ritter, and, with an audacity uncommon in men of his stamp, began to talk freely with the servants in the merchant's hall. He even insinuated to them that it was not all right with the affairs of their master; that the fine house and furniture he possessed would soon fall to the auctioneer's hammer; and that if Mistress Lotchen married Master Carl Heine she would marry a pauper who had not knowledge of the world enough to earn his own salt.

In the mean time a letter had been conveyed to Herr Wilhelm; as it was the contents of this letter which had caused such grief and consternation to the father and daughter.

Without entering into details on the subject of the note, we may state that it appears the merchant Ritter had speculated considerably, but without success; that he had also borrowed largely from Heinrich Otterbein, and that by this means, and, in fact, by being obliged to have his bills renewed, he had placed himself completely in the miser's hands. Indeed the letter, which insisted upon the immediate payments of certain bonds then due, or shortly to become due, but which the miser refused as heretofore to renew, told him he was a ruined man. There was a postscript in addition, forbidding the merchant to harbor, or even receive into his house, his "vicious and ungrateful nephew" Carl Heine, on pain of some disclosures which through the midst of tears and the confusion of grief, Lotchen could not understand.

She saw, however, that her father grew deadly pale as he read the postscript, and with a vehemence he had never exhibited before, exclaimed that he was not only a ruined but a doomed man.

Carl Heine stood entranced before Herr Ritter and Lotchen. Neither the father nor the daughter essayed to speak, and his perplexity increased proportionately. For a moment a faint melancholy smile broke through the tears of Lotchen, and that was enough to give heart to the young author. He sprang to the side of his betrothed, and would have seized her hand, but that she hastily withdrew it.

The hand, however, which she refused to him pointed to a letter lying on the table. He took it up, read it, and at a glance saw through it all.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "this is all my fault! The fatal passage, the fatal passage!" then throwing himself at the feet of Lotchen, in a broken voice he earnestly implored her and her father's forgiveness, vowing that he would appease his uncle by any sacrifice, or at least that they should not suffer on his account. "Besides who knows but that this may be only a passing passion, of my uncle's? A week or a fortnight, or at most a month, will calm his anger, and all will be right again."

"Never," rejoined Herr Wilhelm; "he never relents. I know it all; you have offended your uncle too deeply. He is implacable and vengeful, or he would not have sought to punish us through you. O my daughter, my daughter!" he continued, "you alone are innocent, yet must suffer most."

Lotchen threw her arms around her father's neck, and entreated him to pacify himself.

"Impossible! I am a ruined man. Henceforth I must be a beggar—and something worse."

Christmas-eve had commenced. Biting breezes and icy flakes of snow, that fluttered and fell from a leaden sky, ushered it in. Nevertheless, the world seemed cheerful and merry, and the bells of old Frankfort rang out a merry peal.

Heinrich Otterbein was uneasy and restless that night. For eight days he had refused to admit into his presence the stately merchant Herr Wilhelm Ritter, his beautiful daughter Lotchen, who had made many earnest appeals for an interview, or his contrite or broken-hearted nephew. Their letters and petitions had been returned unopened.

Yet Heinrich Otterbein was uneasy and restless in the mind. Vainly had he unlocked his money-chests, and toyed with the glittering heaps they contained; vainly he rummaged his drawers, and counted over his wealth in bills and paper; vainly he took down the pond rones tones that swung on a shelf above the desk. Nothing would appease his disquieted spirit; and for once he unbared the shutters of a small quaint window that looked upon the street, and, half-opening them, gazed upon the scene outside.

It was as we have said, Christmas-eve. The street was crowded with persons hastening in one direction. They were for the most part muffled up for the weather was bleak and tempestuous; but there could be no doubt as to their destination. They were going to hear midnight mass.

Presently three figures, habited in deep mourning flitted past the house like shadows. The miser started back for a moment; then, bending forward, watched these shadows pass until they vanished into the darkness.

A sudden impulse then seized him—an impulse which, for nearly half a century, had never moved his frame. Taking down from a peg a thick coat or muffler and a slouched hat, he quietly quitted his office, and followed in the direction of the figures who had attracted his attention.

He crossed the bridge at the bottom of the city. The water was flowing thick, dark, and impetuous; for the black face of heaven was reflected upon its sullen surface, whilst broken floating ice, rendered visible only by patches of snow, hurried on the current usually so placid and placid. From this old bridge the lights in the cathedral could be distinctly seen, and even the sonorous voices of the worshippers heard. Heinrich Otterbein paused for a moment to look down on the restless stream beneath him, and at the painted lights which streamed through the medieval windows of the great Dom. He listened to the melodious strains of music that pealed forth from time to time from that sacred edifice, and his soul seemed to receive a new inspiration. Steadily he crept forward, as about to commit a deadly crime; and half trembling, yet drawn on he knew not by what power, he approached the low portal of the Gothic temple. Leaning against a cluster of pillars, as though for breath, a sigh deep and long escaped his heart; an expression of pain passed over his features, and in a hurried manner he pressed his hand against his forehead. A strange faintness seemed to steal through every fibre of his body. At that moment the chorus of that exquisite hymn "Adeste fideles" burst forth, rolling through the vaulted aisles, and swelling with deeper, richer volume as the sound reverberated through the hundred galleries of the structure. Like a thunder-clap it fell upon the ear of the lingering miser. Entering the sacred building, he doffed his cap, and in attitude of penitential worship bent low his head.

What were the thoughts that passed over the mind of Heinrich Otterbein at that instant? What were the feelings that impelled him to linger on the threshold of a church he had not entered for five-and-forty years? It is enough that he was there, and that a spirit of contrition seemed to bend his spirit, yet as if conscious of this position, and at the same time fearing lest he should be recognized, he withdrew to a dark corner of the building behind a cluster of pillars, and there prayed and communed with himself, unobserved by those around him. We will not say that during this short interval Heinrich Otterbein wept; but his bosom throbbed visibly, and a world of feeling overwhelmed him.

The service ended, the congregation departed. Not, however, with the crowd did Heinrich Otterbein depart. He kept his eye fixed on the multitude as they passed out by the narrow postern; for, on this occasion, only the small door of the church was opened. Slowly, and even tediously, they moved on. As the building, however, thinned, the miser could observe a group of three persons standing near the high altar, intently engaged in conversation. They were the same who had passed his window, and who had attracted his feverish attention. Presently they moved towards the door way, and Heinrich slunk still farther back into the gloom. He followed them as they went out, at a short but secure distance. Crossing the bridge, they again passed his house, and continued up the hill beyond. Entering for a moment his office, where he sought out a few moldy papers, and calling Franz to accompany him, the miser proceeded in the same direction as the group he had been watching. Following them for half a mile, he saw them enter an elegant mansion. Not a word had passed between the miser and his clerk; but the latter occasionally chuckled with malignant delight when he discovered their destination. At the gate of the house already mentioned the master and his parasit stopped. The bell was rung, and they gained immediate admission.

Heinrich Otterbein demanded an interview with Herr Wilhelm Ritter, and following the servant to the *salon*, was face to face with the trio—the father, the daughter, and his own nephew—before a word could be uttered.

Embarrassment appeared on both sides. Why on that of the miser? His position was not sudden. He had probably pre-meditated the step he was about to take. Why, then, did he feel confused? It was but for a moment. Incapable of fathoming the object of this strange visit, Herr Wilhelm waited, after the first emotion had subsided, to allow his bill-braker to commence.

"I am an intruder here, I perceive," sarcastically commented Heinrich Otterbein. "I am come, let it be known, to present myself as a study to my fair nephew. Perhaps he would like again to take a sketch of the miserable wretch who devotes his days and nights to the damning worship of pelf! Here he is, a full-length original, and Master Carl may draw him in his proper dimensions. See, he grows thin and emaciated—those are the words, are they not?—while feasting his eyes on his perishable treasures; is it not so?—his palsied hand claps the miserable coin, whilst charity is suffered to languish in the streets; and thousands, myriads, of human beings are famished with cold, and the want of the simplest necessities of life. Is it not so? Do I read the text aright?"

"Sir," replied Carl, his impatience no longer suffering him to restrain his indignation—"sir, you are the author of our misery; it is intolerable that you should come here to mock and insult us. God knows not how it is that I have offended you! If against myself your anger ranges, least of all can I conceive why it should burn against those who have never injured you, and whose only fault is, that they have extended their friendship to me, and opened their arms to receive me."

"Not you know not, do you?" hypocritically retorted Heinrich Otterbein, hissing through his teeth. "Perhaps Herr Wilhelm will recognize these signatures!"—holding up a batch of papers for the merchant to notice.

"My condemnation!" ejaculated Herr Ritter; "produce those, and I am worse than bankrupt—my integrity, my honor, my character is gone!"

"I know it," replied the miser. "Let me see," he continued in a musing undertone as if calculating to himself; "they are worth to me any four thousand dollars, and give me power to consign you ignominiously to the jail. Hand me the light, Franz," addressing his clerk; "let me see that the document is valid."

Franz brought the light; and while apparently reading the contents, the miser set fire to the paper.

"By heavens, the signature is consumed!" exclaimed the miser, in a tone of alarm and surprise; "the document is worthless, and can serve me no longer."

"You have others that will avail you and can ruin me, if such be your wish," replied the merchant, in a subdued voice, indicating a feeling half of pride, half of humiliation.

"True; they are in this pocket-book; but why prolong this comedy? There; take these papers, and use them as you will, Carl," he continued, suddenly turning upon his nephew, "thou hast triumphed at last over one heart. 'Tis true all thou hast written. For five-and-forty years I have crushed every tender, every generous impulse of my nature, and made Mammon and cent-per-cent my god. Ask me not more of the source of my conversation—at least to night. Believe it, in many of her whose goodness and excellency I have forgotten for so many years. I have broken the bonds that have bound me hand and foot to the worship of wealth, and benumbed every fine attribute and quality of the soul."

Every one was startled to hear Heinrich Otterbein moralize in so eloquent a strain; Lotchen cast curious glances at Carl, and Herr Wilhelm stood petrified with astonishment.

"Come, come," continued the quondam-miser, taking hold of the merchant with both hands, "a spirit-voice whispered in my ear,

this night as I knelt behind a cluster of pillars in the great Dom. I could not see the angel-form; but I felt as if the presence of wings overshadowed me; a strain of music solemn and sacred—a strain that for a half a century I had not heard—sank deep into my heart; a sensation I can not express overpowered me; two thoughts alone penetrated my soul, but they came like fire upon my brain—I was then told to be happy as I must be social, and wealth to be blessed must be distributed."

As soon as the startling effects of this deliration passed off, inexpressible joy beamed on the face of all present, save of Franz, who had been the author of the mischief, having placed Carl's book on his uncle's desk. The hope he had entertained of reaping the benefit of his malicious conspiracy had vanished.

We might prolong our narrative of what took place this Christmas eve, but to what good purpose?—*qui bono?* The miraculous change which had come over the miser was duly appreciated by Carl Heine and his betrothed, who, on the strength of some multifarious checks presented to them by Heinrich Otterbein, were able to set up a suitable establishment of their own; while Herr Wilhelm appeared on the Bourse—the little incidents vaguely alluded to having reached no farther than the room in which they had been broached—and became a really prosperous man.

The old miserer resolutely abandoned the vicious habit of charging sixty, eighty, and a hundred per cent for accommodations, and appeared never so pleased or proud as when fondling his grandchildren, which it was his good fortune to do in the due course of time. He became a younger and heartier man, and lives to tell his own tale and impart its moral, which he does with genuineunction and glee.—*London Temple Bar Magazine.*

The Tennessee Blacksmith.

Near the cross-roads, not far from the Cumberland Mountains, stood the village forge. The smith was a sturdy man of fifty, he was respected, wherever known, for his stern integrity. He served God, and did not fear man; and it might be safely added, nor devil neither. His courage was proverbial in the neighborhood; and it was a common remark, when wishing to pay any person a high compliment, to say, "He is brave as Old Bradley." One night, toward the close of September, as he stood alone by the anvil, playing his labors, his countenance evinced a peculiar satisfaction as he brought his hammer down with a vigorous stroke on the heated iron. While blowing the bellows he would occasionally pause and shake his head, as if communing with himself. He was evidently meditating upon something of a serious nature. It was during one of these pauses that the door was thrown open, and a pale, trembling figure staggered into the shop, and, sinking at the smith's feet, faintly ejaculated, "In the name of Jesus, protect me!"

As Bradley stooped to raise the prostrate form three men entered, the foremost one exclaiming, "We've treed him at last! There he is! seize him!" and as he spoke he pointed at the crouching figure.

The others advanced to obey the order; but Bradley suddenly arose, seized the sledge-hammer, and brandishing it about his head as if it were a sword, exclaimed, "Back! Touch him not; or, by the grace of God, I'll brain ye!"

They hesitated, and stepped backward, not wishing to encounter the sturdy smith, for his countenance plainly told them that he meant what he said.

"Do you give shelter to an abolitionist?" fiercely shouted the leader.

"I give shelter to a weak, defenceless man," replied the smith.

"He is an enemy!" vociferated the leader.

"Of the devil!" ejaculated Bradley.

"He is a spy! an abolitionist hound!" exclaimed the leader, with increased vehemence; "and we must have him. So I tell you, Bradley, you had better not interfere. You know that you are already suspected, and if you insist upon sheltering him it will confirm it."

"Suspected of what?" exclaimed the smith, in a firm tone, meeting his gaze upon the speaker.

"Why of adhering to the North," was the reply.

"Adhering to the North!" ejaculated Bradley, as he cast his defiant glances at the speaker. "I adhere to no North!" he continued; "I adhere to my country—my whole country—and will, so help me God! as long as I have breath," he added, as he brought the sledge-hammer to the ground with great force.

"You had better let us have him, Bradley, without further trouble. You are only risking your own neck by your interference."

"Not as long as I have life to defend him," was the answer. Then pointing toward the door, he continued, "Leave my shop!" and as he spoke he again raised the sledge-hammer.

They hesitated a moment, but the firm demeanor of the smith awed them into compliance with the order.

"You'll regret this in the morning, Bradley," said the leader, as he retreated.

"Go!" was the reply of the smith, as he pointed toward the door.

Bradley followed them menacingly to the entrance of the shop, and watched them

until they disappeared from sight down the road when he turned to go back in the shop he was met by the fugitive, who, grasping his hand, exclaimed,

"Oh how shall I ever be able to thank you, Mr. Bradley?"

"This is no time for thanks, Mr. Peters, unless it is to the Lord; you must fly the country, and that at once!"

"But my wife and children?"

"Matie and I will attend to them. But you must go to-night."

"To night?"

"Yes. In the morning, if not sooner, they will return with a large force and carry you off, and probably hang you on the first tree. You must leave to-night."

"But how?"

"Matie will conduct you to the rendezvous of our friends. There is a party made up who intend to cross the mountains and join the Union forces in Kentucky. They have provisions for the journey, and will gladly share with you."

At this moment a young girl entered the shop, and hurriedly said,

"Father, what is the trouble to-night?" Her eye resting upon the fugitive, she approached him, and, in sympathizing tone, continued, "Ah, Mr. Peters, has your son come so soon?"

This was Matie. She was a fine rosy girl, just passed her eighteenth birthday, and the sole daughter of Bradley's house and her. She was his all—his wife had been dead five years. He turned toward her, in a mild but firm tone, said,

"Matie, you must conduct Mr. Peters to the rendezvous immediately; then return, and we will call at the parsonage to cheer a family. Quick! No time is to be lost. The blood-hounds are upon the track. They have scented their prey, and will not rest until they have secured him. They may return much sooner than we expect. So haste, daughter, and God bless ye!"

This was not the first time that Matie had been called upon to perform such an office. She had safely conducted several Union men, who would have been hunted from their homes and sought shelter with her father, to the place designated, from whence they made their escape across the mountains into Kentucky. Turning to the fugitive, she said,

"Come, Mr. Peters, do not stand upon ceremony, but follow me."

She left the shop and proceeded but a short distance up the road, and then turned off by a path through a strip of woods, closely followed by the fugitive. A brisk walk of half an hour brought them to a small house that stood alone in a secluded spot. Here Matie was received with a warm welcome by several men, some of whom were engaged in running bullets, while others were cleaning their rifles and blowing-pieces. The lady of the house, a pale woman of forty, was busy stuffing the waists of the men with biscuits. She greeted Matie very kindly. The fugitive, who was known to two or three of the party, was received in a bluff, frank spirit of kindness by all, saying that they would make him chaplain of the Tennessee Union regiment when they got to Kentucky.

When Matie was about to return home two of the party prepared to accompany her; but she protested, warning them of the danger, as the enemy was doubtless abroad in search of the minister. But, not withstanding, they insisted, and accompanied her until she reached the road a short distance above her father's shop. Matie hurried on, but was somewhat surprised upon reaching the shop to find it vacant. She hastened into the house, but her father was not there. As she returned to go into the shop she thought she could hear the noise of horse's hoofs clattering down the road. She listened, but the sound soon died away. Going into the shop she blew the fire into a blaze; then she held that the things were in great confusion, and that spots of blood were upon the ground. She was now convinced that her father had been carried off, but not without a desperate struggle on his part.

As Matie stood gazing at the pools of blood a wagon containing two persons drove up, one of whom, an athletic young man of five-and-twenty years, got out and entered the shop.

"Good-evening, Matie! Where is your father?" he said. Then observing the strange demeanor of the girl, he continued, "Why, Matie, what ails you? What has happened?" The young girl's heart was too full for her tongue to give utterance, and throwing herself upon the shoulder of the young man, she sobbingly exclaimed,

"They have carried him off! Don't you see the blood?"

"Have they dared to lay hands upon your father? The infernal wretches!"

Matie recovered herself sufficiently to narrate the events of the evening. When she had finished, he exclaimed:

"On that I should have lived to see the day that old Tennessee was to be thus disgraced! Here, Joe!"

At this the other person in the wagon alighted and entered the shop. He was a stalwart negro.

"Joe," continued the young man, "you would like your freedom?"

"Well, Massa John, I wouldn't like much to leave you, but den I've like to be a free man."

"Joe, the white race have maintained their

[Concluded on last page.]

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The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN SATURDAY, MAR. 29, 1862

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

From long before the time of Aqur, who prayed that neither poverty nor riches might be given to him, down to our own days, Moderation has been made the theme of unbounded praise. Philosophers have delighted to honor it, and the poets of bygone centuries rejoiced to give it the high-sounding adjective that heads our article. Virtue, said the wise of old, is the mean between the two extremes and all vice is nothing but excess. Happiness was considered to consist in preserving a just medium between opposing miseries. And so in all things: Enough was more than a fast.

In modern times Moderation has lost none of its good report; even Total Abstinence, taking the name of Temperance, becomes popular at once. The sages of to day are of the same opinion with their more ancient brethren, and of the poets only one sings

"The glorious reign of great Too-Much," and he is a poor bard who never knew what it was to have enough. We can excuse him for mistaking the nature of true felicity.

These and similar notions recur to us as we read and ponder the striking message which Mr. Lincoln submitted to the consideration of Congress a short time ago, and as we went over in thought the various acts of the president during his brief term of office. In whatever else they may have been deficient, they have all exhibited a mind that is evidently clear in its perceptions, distinguished for solid judgment, for entire honesty of purpose, and, what is most remarkable and even wonderful in the present novel and exciting state of affairs, for perfect fairness and moderation.

In the inaugural address, in the annual message, in this last communication to Congress, we shall look in vain for any evidence of partisanship, and much less shall we find any sign or token of that rabid abolitionism which was charged against him previous to his election. He consistently appears, not as the successful candidate of a party but as the discreet ruler of the nation. By a species of paradox we may say that our only president of a divided country is almost the first president of the whole country.

Yet this singular moderation surely is not destructive of energy. It may not be consistent with that blind exertion of force which is so loudly commended by some but it is entirely consonant with a wise and regulated activity, and it is upon this that we place our chief hope that we may yet, and soon, receive back as countrymen, who otherwise would have remained away from us as confederated foes or been brought back as bound and beaten rebels, enemies at once hateful and contemptible.

If we do not daily thank God that in this critical period of our national existence we are governed by a man wise enough to be taught by circumstances and not weak enough to be ruled by them, a man vigorous, firm, and thorough in his views, it is only because we are well assured that his priority for years to come will render their acknowledgements so great a gift. The full value of the blessing will then be better understood.

"Praise no man too highly," says the Persian proverb, "for men are fickle," and it is on this account only that we cease our commendations, for while the people's president remains honest Abol, till he changes the course of conduct which he has hitherto held and becomes another and a totally different man; we shall feel called upon to echo the unanimous voice of the nation which says to him, "Well done good and faithful servant."

The Woburn Union Guard, and of course the 22d Regt., has gone to Fortress Monroe. They left Alexandria on Monday and reached the Fortress next day. In connection with this we have some important information in our possession, obtained from reliable sources, but we suppose it would not be prudent, "for our own and country's sake," to make it public—if we could make public what everybody knows, and which, perhaps, as usually the case, the rebels are well aware of, and have laid their plans accordingly. But as G. N. Banks has said, "Success is a duty," and his practice is generally according to his preaching.

Extracts from the School Committee's forthcoming Report.

By perusal of the report of the following portions of the School Committee's Report, relative to "School Monies," and the cost of tuition in Woburn and adjoining towns. We think the extracts will allay much of the present misapprehension in regard to these matters.

School Monies.—The first subject which demands notice is the method of raising and appropriating money for instruction, care of rooms and incidental expenses. A part of the money which is appropriated by the town "for schools," is expended by the Selectmen for fuel, repairs of school houses, purchase of school furniture, &c. Another part is expended by the Committee for teachers' wages and care of rooms. Neither Board has any direct control over the expenses of the other. The town by vote put the care of the school-houses into the hands of the Board of Selectmen. The expense in this case is in their hands and the Committee are not responsible for it. It is in good hands, and will be made as little, undoubtedly, as the interests committed to them will justify. Two Boards, therefore, have the disbursement of the funds raised by the town under the general vote, "money appropriated for schools."

No distinct amount is appropriated for instruction and care of rooms which the School Committee must disburse. How then shall the money appropriated be divided between the two Boards? Our Committee have assumed that the sum based upon the Committee's estimate recommended by the Selectmen in their Report of Monies to be raised by the town for "instruction and care of rooms," was our part of the whole sum raised under the general vote "for schools," and have governed ourselves accordingly.

We believe it would be better for the town to appropriate the "school money" under two heads, viz: The one to include money for "instruction and care of rooms," and the other for "Incidentals," including all other expenses of fuel, repairs, &c. By this method the town divides the amount of money to be expended by each board. We do not suggest this method because the two Boards have not acted with perfect harmony, but because the excess when there is any general expenditure cannot now be traced to the responsible Board.

Whether another difficulty in determining whether the disbursements of the Committee are within the limits prescribed by the town, viz: The financial year of the town closes February 1st; the financial year of "instruction and care of rooms" in our schools, closes near the last of March. We are compelled, therefore, to take in a part of two years' expenses to discover whether we have expended by and the exact sum recommended. If our financial year could end April 1st, the whole matter could be made intelligible, and our report could go into the hands of the voters so that there would not be such a serious misunderstanding as there sometimes arises. Of course this is on the supposition that the business of the present March meeting be postponed to April, which may be inadvisable.

Assuming, then, as we did, and do, that the portion of the "money raised for schools" which the town intend the Committee shall expend for "instruction and care of rooms," is that portion which the Selectmen in their Report recommend for that purpose, our account with the town stands as follows:

Account recommended (Auditor's Report, Feb. 1st, p. 2) by the Selectmen to be raised, March, 1862, for "instruction and care of rooms."	\$6,999.00
Received from the State, for "instruction and care of rooms."	226.50
Received from J. K. Woodman, of Burlington, for instruction of three children one term.	6.00
Received from John Wilson, of Burlington, for instruction of one child, one term.	2.00-7153.50
Whole amount in the treasury subject to the Committee's draft. We have expended, as appears by the Auditor's Report, 1862, as follows:	\$7153.50
Paid for instruction and care of rooms.	\$6,974.78
Leaving & Charles, for compass and chairs.	26.38
E. P. Durbin, globe, (mistake for "compass") and map.	3.00
Town of Stoneham, for High School (received of Abdul Saboun's daughter).	12.00-7015.16

Whole amount disbursed by the Committee.	\$7015.16
Leaving an unexpended balance in our favor, still in the treasury of	128.43
	\$7153.59

The incidental expenses which, with the exception of the purchase of books for children not furnished by their parents, are under control of the Selectmen cannot be accurately determined, and are very liable to be greater than is estimated.

The Committee intend always to limit their portion of the disbursements of the school money to the sum raised and appropriated by the town, and except under extraordinary circumstances can do it. The sum appropriated for "instruction and care of rooms," has been liberal. The financial exigency demanded special economy on the part of the town, and the Committee made no estimate for the coming year, believing that the Selectmen would not reduce the sum recommended for Schools below the average reduction on all other appropriations. We have reason to believe that the teachers will generously bear their part of the burden which falls so heavily upon the town during this rebellion. The cause of education, however, should not be crippled by the penurious wages offered to teachers. The security and permanency of our institutions depend upon the intelligence of the people, and no financial embarrassments should tempt us to withhold that education without which wealth becomes demerit and government tyrannical.

We call attention to a comparison between this town and other towns, in the cost each year of the education of a scholar, and in the per centage raised on taxable property for that education. Let us first see what it costs the citizens of Woburn for the instruction of a child one year, as compared with that of other towns in the county. There are 61 towns returned. Woburn ranks 30. Medford pays \$8.21; New-

ton, 9.38; Somerville, 11.04; Belmont, 15.46; Brighton, 9.33; Winchester, 8.33; Lexington, 10.55; Lincoln, 8.25; Malden, 7.99; Concord, 6.73; South Reading, 7.10; Stoneham, 6.39; Littleton, 7.18; Bedford, 6.84; Woburn, 6.81. Our neighbor, Lexington, on one side pays \$17.4 a year more for the education of each child than we do, and Stoneham on the other side pays 73 cents more, and Winchester \$2.52 more. This comparison settles the fact of extravagant cost for a scholar.

Now let us look at the per centage paid for this education on the taxable property of the town. Woburn ranks 32. Somerville pays 0.0273 on a dollar; Stoneham, 0.0281, ranking 1; Melrose, 0.0255; South Reading, 0.0231; Winchester, 0.0228; Reading, 0.0236; Malden, 0.0267; Woburn, 0.0188. It is evident that our taxes for schools are not oppressive as compared with those of other towns.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Editor.—Will you allow me a small space in your paper that I may offer a few suggestions to my fellow citizens with regard to the contemplated change in our public schools. In the first place, it is a wise determination of our town authorities to economize in every way that may be beneficial to the town; but may they not err in some things? for instance the heavy reduction to be made in our schooling. Curtailment is not always economy, and when curtailment becomes a dead-weight upon the hands of those who would wield it against our public institutions and especially our public schools, then it is high time for those interested in them to seek the need and the cause of such curtailment ere it be too late, and this suicidal policy will give the death blow to the very institution that gives life to this and every community in which it has or may be established.

Our public schools, next to our churches, are the very essence of civilization; and indeed, I fear that Christianity would suffer much, if they were to be shorn of one jot or tittle of their support; for in doing so we are not killing the greatest assistant to self-government that the world knows of? He who is capable of self government needs no other law than the Gospel, and this shall we lessen crime and pauperism, and the necessity for taxation. The more and better the people are educated, the less necessary for State tax to support jails and prisons, therefore let us determine to keep our schools up to the high standard they have attained.

But let us look at the proposed economy and compare it with our course for years. Shall we in Woburn who have schools of the very best kind among the first to withdraw our support from them? I trust not, so long as our rate of taxation is so far below many of our sister towns; thus laying us open to charges of being not only guilty, such as a mean, niggardly spirit. Again, let us see what our teachers receive for their services, especially the past year. Our female teachers have received, as their average pay, one hundred and seventy-two dollars per year, or three dollars and thirty-one cents per week. The proposed reduction would bring them down to two dollars and seventy-one cents per week. Now I ask, can we expect our schools to be as well kept, on the reduced pay, as when we paid a fair price for teaching? Then again, our Grammar School, can we sustain it as it is, at a reduction in the principal's salary of one hundred and fifty dollars? It is now larger and ranks higher than it did five years ago. It too will retrograde if we make the change as proposed. And last, though not least, our High School ranks as high as many whose teachers receive three hundred dollars per year more salary than ours does. Now is it economy to reduce our present teacher's salary or dismiss him for one who will teach for less, and cause our school to fall below the average standard of high schools, thereby losing thousands of dollars which we have spent to make it what it now is? Our schools and teachers rank high; let us put them in every other department as much as possible, but sustain education, and we shall be the gainers.

Woburn, March 25, 1862.
For the Middlesex Journal.

Retrospection.

Alas! what serious changes time brings with it. We have been called upon during the last twelve months to mourn the death of many of our young friends. How little we realize what changes are in store for us. In our school days we are happy and thoughtless in the society of our mates. As I ruminates now on the little happy band that met together from day to day, to learn our part to act on the stage of life, I can hardly realize how we have been scattered. Some have assumed life's responsibilities in distant parts; others, and many in number, have gone to that blissful home, "Where the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling." It is hard indeed to be reconciled to the bitter pang of parting; there seems a desolation in our hearts which we can with difficulty overcome. When we think of the many pleasant hours we have spent together, and the songs which ever remind us of that sweet voice which is now forever hushed in the silence of the tomb, it is not without an effort that we can say, "Not my will, but Thine be done." Our Heavenly Father, who doeth all things well, has called them from us to shine in a brighter sphere, and although they can no more be with us, to cheer and console us on our pathway to the grave, let us take up life's burden with a spirit of resignation, and endeavor to be cheerful, that we may fulfill our mission, and make those around us happy. And then when God calls us to go, we shall feel happy in that we have done our duty although it may have cost us many a bitter struggle. Then shall we be prepared to meet those dear ones gone before; they will stand on the borders of the unseen world, and take us by the hand, and lead us gently to our Saviour.

Woburn, March, 1862.

Fire.—On Wednesday night, or rather early Thursday morning, a fire broke out in the building near Horn Pond Station, owned by Hon. John B. Alley and others, who were also owners of the machinery which it contained, and formerly occupied by Joseph S. Wyman, as a patent leather factory. At the time of the fire the building was occupied by Stephen M. Allen, as agent of the "Fabrics Felting Co.," for the purpose of drying cotton, which was damaged at the fire on Commercial street, Boston, a short time ago, and for other purposes. The property destroyed, belonging to J. B. Alley & Co., amounted to \$4,000, which was fully insured. The Felting Company lost about \$1,000 worth, which was not insured.

The exercises at the R union of past and present scholars of the Woburn High School, at the School house, on Thursday evening were exceedingly creditable to all concerned. The tableaux are highly spoken of, and were again performed last evening, by request. The proceeds go to the relief of wounded soldiers.

We have received a copy of a discourse delivered by R. V. Mr. Burrows, in the Old South Church, Reading, upon "Our War and our Religion; and their harmony." It is an able production, such as ever comes from the pen of this able divine.

Rev. Mr. Bronson.—At the meeting of the Baptist Church and Society last Tuesday evening, a vote was passed requesting this gentleman to withdraw his resignation as their Pastor. Mr. Bronson has not yet answered the request, but has the matter under consideration.

Rev. Mr. March has been in town this week, superintending the transmission of his family to his present scene of labor. He will preach in his late church to-morrow.

Hon. Chas. Sumner, and Hon. H. P. Wakfield, have furnished us with National and State Documents. They were thankfully received.

The Atlantic Monthly and Home Monthly for April have been received. For sale at Woburn Bookstore.

Purchasers of Carpets should read the advertisement of the New England Carpet Company.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP DICKINSON, LOWER POTOMAC, MD.,
March 10th, 1862.

Mr. Editor:—Feb. 24th, a detail of eight men was made from the 6th Battery to try a pair of Whitworth guns which had been brought down from Washington and placed upon a hill a short distance from the encampment of the Mass. 1st. Some very fine shots were made. The Shipping Point battery, which lays at a distance of five miles from where the guns were stationed, was repeatedly struck, drawing expressions of admiration from the assembled spectators.

While viewing the trial, I stood near where Col. Cowdin was sitting upon his horse. And here let me bestow my meed of praise upon the Massachusetts colonel, who, through much ill report yet has become the very best ideal of a commander of American volunteers. Col. Cowdin not only exhibits the military knowledge and ability necessary to his position, but also a solicitude for the welfare of the soldiers under his command, such as becomes a man who looks upon a private not as a military machine, and as such to be used, but as an American citizen fighting for the preservation of his fatherland. You often read of good military commanders, but when to military ability is added an unbounded popularity, then is found a man fitted to command the Republic's citizen soldiers. Long may he live.

During the day I had an opportunity of closely examining the Whitworth guns. The axle-tree of the gun carriage bears the inscription, "Presented to the United States of America by her loyal citizens abroad." They are breach loading, and are very finely rifled, the grooves having a twist of three whole turns from the muzzle to the breach. The projectile was solid shot of a conoidal form, 9 inches long, and 14 inches in diameter.

Since my last the soldiers of Gen. Hooker's division have been pursuing the usual routine of camp duty with but little variation until yesterday, when the whole vicinity of St. Charles Co. seemed in a quiver of excitement. Late in the afternoon our camp was roused by the sound of cannon and musketry seemingly indicating an action in the direction of Gen. Heintzelman's division. Following the example of many others I climbed a tree, from which could be plainly seen the Potomac and sacred soil of Virginia. Far up the river was Indian Head and the position of the rebels' upper battery. In the stream within musket shot lay one of Uncle Sam's gunboats. Shortly a boat put off from her and in a few moments the stars and stripes floated proudly from the same staff that usually held the ensign of rebellion, proving that the point had been evacuated. All the while heavy smoke from between the ridges of the hills here and there, proclaimed destruction of rebel camps and a hasty retreat. Soon the rebel gunboat Geo. Page is seen wrapped in flames, and a faint sound of cheering from the direction of the Mass. regiment saluted the downfall of her smoke stack. Now the schooners that lay close by, show that they too, have not been forgotten, and send huge volumes of smoke into the sky. Magazines explode throwing the dirt for a great distance around, and a dense smoke rising from the Shipping Point battery and those below, show the destruction of their gun carriages. Cautiously the gunboat makes its way down the river throwing her shells upon the shore and adjacent hills until opposite the mouth of Quantico Creek, when apparently she sends a boat ashore.

Gradually the lengthening shadows wrap the river from our view, but still the sound of cannon tells of the progress of gunboat down the river. All through the night occasional firing testified to the vigilance of our flotilla. This morning I have learned that the Mass. 1st is to cross immediately. Our camp is all excitement and expectant of marching orders.

March 17th.—I had delayed sending the above because of a rumor which prevailed throughout the camp, that mail communication with the North had been closed by order of the commander-in-chief.

Since the evacuation of the rebels some of our boys have visited their fortifications. As was supposed they had evacuated in a great hurry, destroying as much as possible. They have blown up some of their magazines and others partially. They also rendered useless some of their large guns. On the Shipping Point battery was planted an English 120 pounder rifled gun. This monster piece of ordnance weighs over 10,000 lbs. Under it they had made a fire after loading it to the muzzle with sand, but the great thickness of the breach had rendered it impossible to heat it sufficiently to ignite the powder.

At the extremity of the point an exploded gun was found bearing an inscription which states that it burst Feb. 15th. On that day your readers will recollect that I wrote a communication to the "Journal," dated at the sand pit right opposite, where, with the two guns composing our section I was on picket. It seems also that there were several logs of wood mounted on gun carriages, and covered with canvas, to deceive our balloons.

Skirmishing parties of the Mass. 1st, and Jersey 5th, have penetrated as far as six miles into the country, resulting in the capture of several contrabands and one rebel soldier from Texas. One man also was found whose throat had been cut by the rebels upon his refusing to accompany them upon their retreat.

Those of our fellows who have made a visit to the other side, brought back various success stories. One cook has a coffee mill, another a bayonet, and some papers left by a rebel surgeon, another an axe, &c.

In the house on Shipping Point used as a hospital, was found three of our solid shot, two from the Whitworth guns tried Feb. 24th, and one from our guns stationed at Budd's Ferry. It appears from the writing found upon them, that all of them lodged in the house, luckily without injury to any of the occupants.

Contrary to general expectation Gen. Hooker's division still occupies the Maryland side of the Potomac, where for the present we enjoy our *otium cum dignitate*, without even our usual picket duty to do. As the weather has become more settled and the mud less deep, more attention has been paid to drill lately, and every fair morning there has been an exercise by the battery of manoeuvre, or a section drill.

Situated as the division now is, it can be of direct advantage in the prosecution of the war, and doubtless you will soon hear of a movement in this quarter. The prevailing impression is that the division, after being spit up, will be sent to reinforce other portions of the army, and there is a report in camp that this battery will join Gen. Burnside.

To-morrow we make a march to Run Point in order again to exchange our guns. Instead of our present bronze cannon we are to have rifled iron regulation guns. These pieces are fitted for throwing all kinds of projectiles, thus combining the advantages of the howitzer and field gun.

Run Point is about five miles up the river and has steamboat communication with Washington.

Since my last a new battery from New York had joined the division. They have four guns, all of the regulation pattern.

HOPLITE.

NEWBURN, N. C., March 17th, '62.

Mr. Editor.—With your permission I will try and give your readers some idea of the manner in which the Secesh objected to our coming here. We paid them a slight visit at Roanoke, but they did not give us a very extensive reception there, yet gave us to understand that they intended to do it on a much larger scale at the next place. This now seems to be the place that they referred to, and I can assure you that they made very extensive preparations here, for their batteries and breastworks extended some six or eight miles up the river, and they were well mounted, and manned, and their reception was a warm one while it lasted; but it did not last as long as our Yankee spunk and endurance, which was some eighteen or twenty miles long; but they rather out-winded us, for they run out of sight and have not been heard of since. They had sufficient regard for our wants to leave us a large quantity of clothing, tents and provisions. They strewn their clothing all round the battle-field, and left tents enough standing for our use, so we had to erect none of our own. In the freight depot there is some twelve or sixteen thousand bushels of the best white corn that I ever saw. In the engine house there is a large quantity of shell and shot which dorkies they call *gunkan pills*, but I rather think they must be a little Quackish, for they did not seem to operate as effectively as the genuine Yankee Pills, but that may all be owing to the climate. I have no doubt that they would operate effectively on them if administered by Yankee hands. They also used large quantities of cotton for breastworks, thousands of bales so the dorkies say, but the Yankees thought it was not in the right place, so they took it and intended to send it to Yankeeedom. I have not as yet informed you when and how we got it, and how much it cost us, which I will now try to do. We left Roanoke Island, that place where nothing but snakes and yankee soldiers can live, the 10th, and came to anchor at little below the light-house on the main land, about 5 P. M. Soon after there came on a blow, and we lost the best anchor of our boat, the Guide, formerly the Admiral. We remained here until morning, when we again started for Hatteras, which we came in sight of about 4 P. M., and again came to anchor; here we received a mail from home, and heard of the success of the Secesh bat-

tery on the Potomac, but it did not dampen the courage of any of us, but it rather inspired us with a desire to pay them off in some of our medicine pills. In the morning the order came to move on as fast as possible, and at 8 o'clock we were again on the move. I took my position on the hurricane deck, and viewed the beauties of this land, where folly reigns, and nature smiles. It is indeed a beautiful place, the trees are clothed in their foliage and every thing presents all the beauties of summer. Nothing but nature presented itself to our view, except a small sail boat which hove in sight and one of our gunboats soon captured. This ended this day's work and we soon after came to anchor. Here we remained until morning when the troops commenced to disembark. Our Regt., the 24th Mass., went ashore on the Pilot Boy, with 15 boats in tow, loaded full. Col. Stevenson was the first to land. He went into mud and water up to his waist. The color guard following suit. The gunboats kept up a heavy fire all the time. They commenced shelling the woods early in the morning, and continued it all day. They found two rebel gunboats in a cove or creek, which they shelled and destroyed. In the afternoon it came on foggy and rainy, and the soldiers made but little progress. They found one battery with 3 guns deserted. At night they laid down in the rain and mud, and awoke in the morning wet, and the recipients of a shower of shell and shot to dry them; but they were not long in returning the compliment—those that could—many of them however were unable to fire their guns, as the powder had got wet, but the points of their bayonets were not too wet for a charge, and they paid their respects in that way until they routed the rebels. They came to one breastwork between 2 and 3 miles long, with heavy brass and iron rifled cannon; but Yankee pluck soon changed sides with them. At first they were on the wrong side, but soon got on the right side. They also had bomb-proof batteries. But nothing stopped our progress; on we went, by land and water, but they went first. They had one battery covered with two heavy guns, nothing but their mouths to be seen. The Hunchback gave them one pill in the shape of a 125 lb. shell, which dismounted one gun, and drove screeching out. One gun drove their ideas of bomb-proof batteries from their heads, but left them their legs, which they made good use of. They burnt the bridge and set fire to the city, but left two good fire engines to put it out with, which we did after it had burned the bridge, and part of the lower end of city. One large hotel, the largest in the city, was burnt before we got here. The most and best part of the city still stands, and the darkeys still stand and strut in the streets, clothed in the best cloth and silks that Secesh afforded. Their masters' and misses' clothing seems to fit them well. I do not think they could find a better fit, or better cloth any where. They seem to think the same, as a parting compliment to Southern chivalry. One of our gunboats threw a shell into one of the rebel camps they were leaving; what damage it did I have not learned, as they took the pieces away with them. We found one new battery on the other side of the river yesterday, with 12 guns; this is on the right side yesterday; all the others are on the left. Some of the Regts. also found 3 field pieces in the woods that the rebels left.

I enclose a specimen of Secesh correspondence, picked up by one of the 24th, which I consider a valuable and suitable appendix to my own.

J. H. S., Co. H,
24th Regt., Mass. Volunteers.

The following is a fac simile of the letter mentioned by our correspondent. Our readers cannot fail to notice the peculiar spelling, the close similarity in punctuation to Wilson's rules on that important subject, and the high-diction which characterizes it throughout, more especially when the author stoops to dabble in the giddy mazes of poetry.

"Feb 21st 1862
Dear friend I
this evening sent myself to drop you a few lines to let you know that I am well and hoping those lines may find you enjoying the same good blessing of health. This to inform you that I received your letter 14th and was glad to hear from you one more time. I have nothing of interest to write to you at this time. It is the same old 7 and 8 your folks is all well as far as I know your sister Sally was hear the other day she is well Mr W— is well we had a fine singing last night you just ought to have bin here for the singing for we had lots of fun Mr Bob W— held the singing for us we had a fine time and I thought of all you Bay Turn over [Here endeth the first page.]

REMEMBER THEM
Remember them yes while there's life in this I heart it shall never forget thee should you fall But I hope you may not your spirit shall dwell with the brave your deeds by your country shall never be forgot while freedom weep over your grave you march to the Roll of the drum it summons the Brave to the plain where you will contend for our homes which perchance you may never see again The Roseate sweetest of morning Gay flowers may unfold while each Brook Adorning Sheds streams of Liquid gold to me all nature B-autifully proves A blank deprived of thee

well so much for that By A Friend
this to inform you that I Sprained my ankle and did not walk for one week But is so that I can get along very well now I heard Last week that the yankees had taken Newbern and had killed the Last man Dr Gray made this Lie and told it and all the folk was just ready to start to newbern for to whip the yankees Back well I must bring my Lines to a close for the Present Please excuse Bad riting and spelling so no more But still Remain as ever your friend on till death By R E M—

To Mr James F D—

[The following we find on the last page. It is surrounded by a halo of glory—we suppose it is that, for when it was made the artist evidently had not heard anything definite

from Newbern—consisting of for-get-me-nots in unromantic black lead pencil and red ink.]

"Forget me not Forget me never Till younder Brites Shall seal set forever

By R. E. M—
To Mr. James F. D—

Letter from the Union Guard.

ALEXANDRIA VA., Mar. 20th.

Yesterday we started from Camp California for Alexandria, distance about 4 miles. We passed about 7 miles of cavalry, if they had been in line. We are quartered in a Methodist Church. Cos. A and F occupy the basement, which is a vestry. We had the pleasure of eating our meals by gas-light—quite a contrast from the glimmer of a candle. After supper, two gentlemen of color, brought from Centerville as servants to Lieut. Crane and Sergt. Bennett, tripped the light fantastic to the sweet notes of a fiddle. The upper part of the house is occupied by a portion of the regt. It is a neat edifice with side and singing galleries, marble desks for the preacher, and one hundred pews. Dr. Bunt was the late pastor, but being a strong secessionist deserted his post. Opposite stands the Baptist Church, Rev. Mr. Phelps, pastor, who is Union to the back bone. Dr. Bunt did all he could to convert Mr. Phelps and society, but failed in the attempt; now his house is desolate, except when occupied by troops. I have heard of playing cards on the steps of churches, this morning I saw it done at the altar.

B.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Items.—The Directors of the South Reading Bank have declared a semi-annual dividend of 3 per cent., payable on the first Monday in April.

The writer of the communication from Camp Hamilton, which appeared in the Middlesex Journal last week, in a recent letter to his family, states that he had received 50 letters from different sources, desiring from him a description of the encounter between the Monitor and Merrimack.

Mrs. Willis, of Providence, R. I., who has been stopping with her sister, Mrs. Maxam, in South Reading, for the last year, had a large tumor removed by Doctor Br-nham, of Lowell, on Tuesday of this week. Doct. B., with two other physicians, went to Providence in the morning, and after an operation of two hours succeeded in removing the tumor weighing 35 lbs. A letter on Wednesday from Mrs. Maxam, who accompanied her sister to Providence, states that Mrs. Willis was very cheerful before and after the operation, and appears to be doing well.

Ossian E. Dodge gave a musical concert at the Town Hall, on Monday evening.

The annual meeting of the South Reading Horticultural Association will be held at the rooms of the Insurance Company, on Tuesday evening next.

Corporal Geo. W. Townsend, of So. Reading, who was wounded in the hand in the battle at Newbern, N. C., arrived in town on Thursday.

M.

For the Middlesex

The water continued to rise, we threw overboard all the barrels and three quarters of our cargo, to lighten the ship; but all to no advantage. We then raised the flag at half mast, and down, and fired signal guns several times, as signs of distress. The guns were faintly heard by the gun boat Mt. Vernon, as she was returning from a skirmish with a rebel steamer about sixty miles distant. Had we been heard, first by the rebel steamer, we might have been taken prisoners, and under the circumstances, without serious objections.

The Mt. Vernon ran up to within half a mile of us, and anchored, and sent a boat to learn our condition; and the commander of the Mt. Vernon being an experienced seaman came on board our ship and took command, our captain appearing wholly beside himself and unable to do any thing whatever.

A line was passed from the Mississippi to the Mt. Vernon, and for nearly three hours an unsuccessful attempt was made to draw us off the shoals. Friday, after lightening us of all our cargo, to our great joy the attempt succeeded. The wind was then rising, and without this aid we must have gone to pieces. After partially stopping the leak in our ship we put on steam and followed in the wake of the gun boat all night and in the morning arrived at port a few miles from the rebel town of Newbern, in North Carolina. We could see the steeples and some of the houses in the place. Several U. S. Gunboats came to us, and four rebel gunboats were seen lying off Newbern.

About two miles to the leeward was a small rebel tug boat, with a flag of truce, but for what purpose I do not know. Gen. Butler, you may believe, was some angry with the captain of the Mississippi for running us aground. He has caused him to be arrested and it is said, put in irons, on reasonable and strong suspicion that he was acting in the rebel interest. Col. Neal Dow was with us, perfectly calm through the whole trouble. Thanks to God, we are all safe now, though the voyage from Fortress Monroe was almost a combined chapter of danger and accidents.

My health has been very good, with the exception of a cold, which I took on the night of the gale, and from which I have nearly recovered. Indeed, I rather like the excitement.

Our food has not been of the best quality, and for twenty four hours we had but one cracker apiece; and the water we drank was condensed from salt water. But a soldier must not stand for trifles, and I do not complain.

While lying off Newbern the Mt. Vernon left us suddenly, and returned in three or four hours, bringing to our side a rebel schooner, that was taken while trying to run the blockade, laden with salt and coffee. Her cargo was transferred to our steamer, a prize crew was put on board of her, and she sent north. We managed partly to stop the leak in our vessel, still the water came in as fast as the men could pump it out; and we put in at "Seabrook's Island," which belongs to Port Royal. This island belonged to Joseph G. Seabrook, who is now a Col. in the rebel army. His negroes are still here, filthy, and living like cattle. Their condition will soon be improved. Seabrook's mansion is occupied by our officers. The island is pleasantly situated, and the weather is so warm that we go in our shirt sleeves. It is covered with Palmettos, Fir trees, Fig trees and Orange trees. Yesterday, the Commissary clerk and myself went into the woods some distance from the camp. Crickets were singing around just as you hear them in August at home. On our return we attempted to cross a rice field, or "Rice Paddy," as it is here called, and we sank into the soft mud to our knees, and until our feet rested on a bed of oysters, covered with clayey mud, we made for a negro cabin, on the outskirts of the plantation, remaining there while a clever old contraband washed and dried our pants, for which he charged us only five cents each. Our commander fearing we had fallen into the hands of rebel pickets, who are not far distant, sent out a squad of men to find us. You may understand that we were heartily laughed at when we returned to camp.

Our pickets caught two rebels spies last night, and found on them complete charts of our camp. They had been in, in the forenoon, to sell sirup! One of our pickets was killed, night before last, by the rebels, and yesterday was buried with military honors. Our ship is being repaired, and we expect to leave in a few days for Ship Island.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

TOWN MEETING.—At the annual Town Meeting on Monday afternoon last, the following business was transacted under the warrant.

Under Article 1, Hon. O. R. Clark, was chosen moderator.

Under Article 2, the following officers were chosen, being the regular Citizens' Ticket nominated at a caucus on the previous Saturday evening. Town Clerk—Josiah Hovey. Selectmen—T. P. Ayer, H. K. Stanton, Cephus Church. Treasurer—Stephen Cutter. School Committee—O. R. Clark, James Russell, for three years, W. F. Young, for one year. Assessors—Loring Emerson, Cyrus Hancock, Albert Ayer. Trustees of Library—H. T. Robinson. Auditors—Jonathan Clark, Albert Ayer. Constables—A. D. Hunt, Alanson Winn. Collector—Mial Cushman. Fish Committee—C. P. Curtis, Jr., F. H. Johnson, Seth Johnson, Jr., Field Drivers—Louis Neville, B. B. Stanton, N. R. Leman, O. P. Rogers, Charles E. Sanborn, Timothy Wheeler, M. N. Gage, A. F. Boon, E. D. Chaloner, Patrick Crowley. The remaining officers to be appointed by the Selectmen. The Selectmen to act as Overseers of the Poor.

Under Article 3, the report of the Selectmen was accepted, and it was voted that the Selectmen use all legal means in their power to remove obstructions in the streets, in accordance with the recommendation in their report. The Cemetery Committee reported

the amount of funds on hand \$914.13—266 lots not disposed of valued at \$4511—total value of property \$5536.13.

Under Article 4, \$3200 was appropriated for Schools. A motion made by Sumner Richardson to reduce the amount to \$2800, was, after a very lengthy discussion by Mr. Richardson in its favor, and Messrs. Robinson, Wilder, Seales, Curtis and others in opposition, lost, and the appropriation asked for by the Committee granted. The subject of the studies at the High School was also discussed, and it was finally voted as the expression of the meeting, that the Classical Department in that school be suspended, and the school be carried on as an English High School, with a course of studies extended to four years.

Under Article 5, \$300 was appropriated for Highways and Bridges the same to be expended under the direction of the Selectmen.

Under Article 6, \$3800 for the support of the Poor and incidental expenses.

Under Article 7, \$100 for Cemetery.

Under Article 8, \$125 for Library.

Under Article 9, the lighting of the streets by gas, or rather the lighting of the six lamps already erected with the cost of erecting and lighting three others, suggested by the Selectmen, was dismissed. So for the year to come we are doomed to walk in darkness, unless we take a lantern to guide our steps. Verily this is a "penny wise and pound foolish."

Under Article 10, \$175 for the Fire Department, the members to receive \$3 each per year.

Under Article 11, voted to raise \$2000, to pay a note of the town due July 22, 1862.

Under Article 12, voted to borrow \$1800 for a term not exceeding one year, for aid to the families of the volunteers enlisted in the U. S. service in accordance with the provisions of the act approved March 18th 1862.

Under Article 13, voted that the Collector of taxes be instructed to allow a discount of five per cent. upon all tax bills for 1862 (except single bills) paid previous to the first day of November, and to cause all tax bills that remain unpaid by Jan. 1st, to be promptly collected according to law, giving notice by attaching to all tax bills a copy of this vote.

Under Article 14, voted to authorize the Treasurer under the direction of the Selectmen, to hire a sum of money not exceeding \$4000, to meet demands upon the treasury in anticipation of the taxes.

Under Article 15, voted, that the Selectmen be instructed to take a lot of land in the Wyman District according to law, unless a lot of land can be obtained at a reasonable price, and locate the Wyman School House thereon, and that all previous votes upon this subject matter are hereby rescinded.

Under Article 16, Messrs. S. T. Sanborn, T. P. Ayer, and E. A. Wadleigh, were appointed a committee to report at the next Town Meeting such amendments as are needed in the By Laws of the town.

Under Article 17, voted to refund to Peter Warren, the amount of a poll tax assessed by mistake to him for his son Frank in 1859, who was assessed and paid a poll tax in Woburn for that year.

Under Article 18, voted, that the Selectmen keep recorded, in a book for that special purpose, the laying out of all Streets and County roads in town.

Total amount of appropriations: \$10,200, being only \$850 less than last year. The regular appropriations are \$9025 less than the last year, the difference is owing to additional appropriation of \$2000 to pay a note that comes due, and \$175 for the Fire Department, which with the \$850 makes up the \$9025.

The meeting dissolved at 7 o'clock.

LYCEUM.—At the meeting of the Lyceum last Tuesday evening, the question, "Ought dancing, card playing, billiards, bowling, theaters, and operas to be countenanced in this community?" was debated in the affirmative by Messrs. A. F. Boon, E. D. Chaloner, B. B. Stanton, and A. Norton; in the negative by Messrs. Sumner Richardson, and S. Wilder. The vote on the merits of the question was 24 in the affirmative and 4 in the negative. The exercises next Monday will be essays, readings and declamations, and it is expected that C. C. Woodman, Esq., will participate in the same, by reading some selections from Shakespeare.

EXCERPTS.

HARD TIMES COFFEE.—Such is the name of a new coffee, introduced by Newell & Son, Market St. It bears the scientific attestation of Prof. A. A. Hayes, State Assayer, and is an exceedingly pleasant and invigorating beverage. It is sold for less than half the price of ordinary coffee, and is accounted by veteran coffee drinkers as about equal to "old Java." It is not only healthful, but can be drunk by those to whom the coffees hitherto in the market are positively injurious. Those who would have a very pleasant and healthy drink at a very moderate price, should try the "Hard Times Coffee." Such as are sceptical, should visit the establishment of the proprietor, where they can test a steaming cup of it.—Boston Post, March 18, 1862.

Special Notices.

NOTICE.

At WARREN ACADEMY, classes in French and Drawing have been formed. The department in French is under the immediate charge of Mr. A. SONNELL. The classes in Drawing will be under the direction of Mr. H. G. PETTEE of Boston. Any one wishing to join either of these Classes can do so by applying to

D. W. SANBORN, Principal.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
No bills shall the Town of Woburn of goods sold or delivered will be paid by the Selectmen unless vouchers are produced showing that said bills were contracted by one of our Board, with the exception of those contracted by such other boards or departments as are authorized to contract in the name of the Town; but the bills in these exceptional cases must be approved by the Boards or Departments by which contracted in order to be allowed by us.

By order of the Board of Selectmen of Woburn, JOHN CUMMINGS, JR., CHAIRMAN.

SCURVY AND SCORFLOUS Eruptions, Which soon cover the bodies of those brave men who are fighting their country's battles. Night air, and food, and clothing rains will make bad worse with the strongest, therefore let every man supply himself with HOLLOWAY'S Ointment, it is a certain cure for every kind of skin disease. Only 25 cts. per Pot.

Married.

MORRISON—BURNES. In Cambridgeport, March 23d, by Rev. C. A. Skinner, Mr. Elias W. Morrison and Miss Alice L. Burnes, both of Brighton.

Died.

BURNHAM—In South Reading, March 22d, Mrs. Mary E. Burnham, aged 34 years.
WATTE—In South Reading, March 24th, Mrs. Clarissa Watte, aged 84 years.

HARD TIMES COFFEE.

The trying times and the high price of coffee has demanded that a good substitute should be found for pure coffee, and the manufacturer of the Hard Times Coffee has succeeded in the invention of an article which meets the requirements of the times, and which our State Assayer, Dr. Hayes, pronounces free from any deleterious substance. It is sold at a very low price, and is, in fact, about equal to pure coffee.

Manufactured by H. B. NEWHALL, Manufacturer of Coffee, Spices and Cream Tarts, No. 50 North Market Street, Boston. TRY IT—You can get a pound of any Grocer in Woburn.

Certificate of Dr. Hayes.
"HARD TIMES COFFEE." This substitute for the more expensive kinds of coffee has been analyzed chemically and microscopically, and found to be free from any deleterious substance. It also corresponds in composition with the manufacturer's statements. A. HAYES, M. D., State Assayer, 10 Boylston Street, Boston, Feb. 25, 1862.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS

ARE OFFERED AT

G A G E'S

TO GENTLEMEN

Who are about to order

SPRING CLOTHING!

Call and see his Stock of Goods.

Tenements to Let.

TO LET in Woburn Centre, FOUR TENEMENTS, to one of which is attached a Stable. Rent from \$20 to \$150. For particulars apply to JOSEPH KELLEY, Woburn, March 22, 1862.

Rubber Clothing Company,

ONLY WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

AGENTS FOR NEW ENGLAND

OF THE CELEBRATED

Metropolitan Universal

Clothes Wringer.

This wringer is WARRANTED good for one year, and is the only durable and reliable machine of the kind in the market. AGENTS wanted in every town and city.

RUBBER CLOTHING CO.,

37 Milk Street, BOSTON.

A Wonderful Little Microscope,

MAGNIFYING small objects 500 times, will be sent to any applicant on receipt of two silver sixpences. We are now receiving five different powers for one dollar. Address Mrs. M. S. WOODWARD, Box 183, Philadelphia, PA.

REMOVAL,

D. C. T. LANG,

Surgeon Dentist.

Cor. Wagon and Pleasant Sts.

Woburn Centre, Mass.

FOR SALE,

IN WOBURN CENTRE, with live minutes walk of the Woburn Branch Depot,

A First Rate House,

containing nine or ten rooms, with hard and soft water in the kitchen; attached is a small Stable and about thirteen thousand feet of land, with a variety of fruit trees, Strawberry beds, &c. Will be sold on very reasonable terms. Enquire of A. CARTER, WINE STREET, Woburn, March 8, 1862.

TO LET.

The estate formerly owned by John Flanders, consisting of a Small House, Shop and Stable, House opposite, and vacant at the "running pump" place, so called. Apply to

THOMAS W. A. JOHNSON.

Woburn, March 8-11

CARPETS AT LOW PRICES.

THE current of trade is always turned to that House which sells at the lowest prices. From the great auction sale of English Carpets in New York, on the 23d inst., we are now receiving English Tapestries, Velvets and Brussels, which we shall sell for less than "importers' prices."

Also, an invoice of elegant Tapestries, imported by Alexander T. Stewart & Co. Also, an invoice of the new production of H. L. and the celebrated American manufacture of Tapestries and Velvets.

Also, 100 lbs. State Mills Tapestries for the year. Also, an invoice of Old Cloths, assorted widths, for bed and table use. Also, an invoice of Carpet Matting, assorted widths, at low auction prices.

We make no variations in prices.

We buy all our goods for cash down.

We make a sale for cash down.

Conditions made known at the sale.

NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 HANOVER ST.,

Opposite American House.

March 15-3w

FARM AT AUCTION.

BY virtue of an order from the Honorable Court of Insolvency for the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, will be sold, by public auction on the first day of April next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the premises in the Wilmington of said County all the right title and interest which John Beckman, a farmer, now of Charlestown, in said County, conveyed to Joseph Davis by two Mortgage Deeds; the first of which is dated December 1st, 1853, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the Northern District for said County, in Deeds book 74, page 62; the second of said deed is dated December 31, 1856, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the Northern District for said County in Deeds book 13, page 112; said premises are the same formerly occupied by said Beckman, and lie on the north side of the road leading from Salem to Lowell, and abut on the west, (and for Eastern Parker, Jonathan Manning, and the late Josiah Carter) on the north, land of the late James H. Sturges; on the east, land of the late Wm. Bancroft, and Sylvester Carter; and on the south, the said road.

JOSEPH DAVIS.

Wilmington, March 19th, 1862.

FRANK B. DODGE,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,

ALSO, DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware

Musical Instruments, Fancy Goods, &c.

For Sale and to Let.

Weston's Old Stand, Main Street, Woburn.

Nov. 1, 1858.

A LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL

Isometrical Perspective View of

JERUSALEM,

AND THE

CITIES, TOWNS, MOUNTAINS

AND

VALLEYS

IN ITS VICINITY.

This work is commended to the attention

of all who are interested in

SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND BIBLE CLASSES.

THE VIEW IS

84 FEET LONG AND 54 FEET WIDE,

ELEGANTLY LITHOGRAPHED

AND

BEAUTIFULLY COLORED.

It is mounted on canvas, with rollers, and

will adorn the walls of the

SUNDAY-SCHOOL, the

LECTURE-ROOM, the

STUDY, or the

LIBRARY.

It has been constructed from

The most Authentic Sources,

And will be found

AN INVALUABLE AID

to those engaged in

LECTURING ON THE HOLY LAND,

OR IN

IMPARTING INSTRUCTION

—TO—

School Classes

On the Subject to which it Refers.

A Descriptive Manual bound in muslin and

an Outline Key accompany the View.

PRICE TEN DOLLARS.

The following extracts from letters show

the opinion of eminent Biblical scholars in

reference to this work.

Rev. S. IRENEUS PRIME, D. D., Editor

of New York Observer.

"I trust that it will hang on the walls of

tens of thousands of our Sunday-school

rooms."

Rev. JOHN P. DURBIN, D. D., Author of

"Travels in the East," &c.

"I can heartily, and with confidence, recom-

mend it to be used by Sunday-schools

and Bible-classes."

The late Rev. JAMES W. ALEXANDER,

D. D. of New York.

"It ought to stand in the very highest rank

of striking graphic illustrations of Scrip-

ture."

Rev. EDWARD N. KIRK, D. D., of Boston.

"I welcome this rich and beautiful map as a

vivid exhibition of the general features of

the Holy City and its environs."

Rev. JOEL HAWES, D. D., of Hartford

Conn.

"As I look upon the map, I seem to be

present in the midst of scenes which I visited

fourteen years ago."

Rev. MARK HOPKINS, D. D., President

of Williams College.

"Short of an actual visit, nothing can be

better adapted to give an accurate, vivid and

lasting impression of those sacred scenes."

Rev. W. S. TYLER, D. D., of Amherst

College.

"I can testify from personal observation to

the faithfulness, as well as beauty and dis-

tinctness, with which Jerusalem and its en-

vironments are represented in this view."

Rt. Rev. W. B. STEVENS, D. D., Assistant

Bishop of Pennsylvania.

"It will give an admirable idea of Jerusa-

lem and its adjacent places."

Rev. JOHN F. LANNEAU, for 10 years a

missionary in Syria and the Holy Land.

"Admirably adapted to Sunday-school and

Bible-class instruction."

The late Rev. N. MURDY, D. D., of Eliza-

beth, N. J.

"It cannot fail greatly to assist teachers of

Sunday-schools and pastors in the Bible-

classes."

Rev. FRANCIS VINTON, D. D.

"Remarkably distinct in the delineations,

and well calculated to impress relative localities

on the memory."

Also highly recommended by

Rev. GEORGE R. CROOKS, D. D., Editor

of the Methodist.

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